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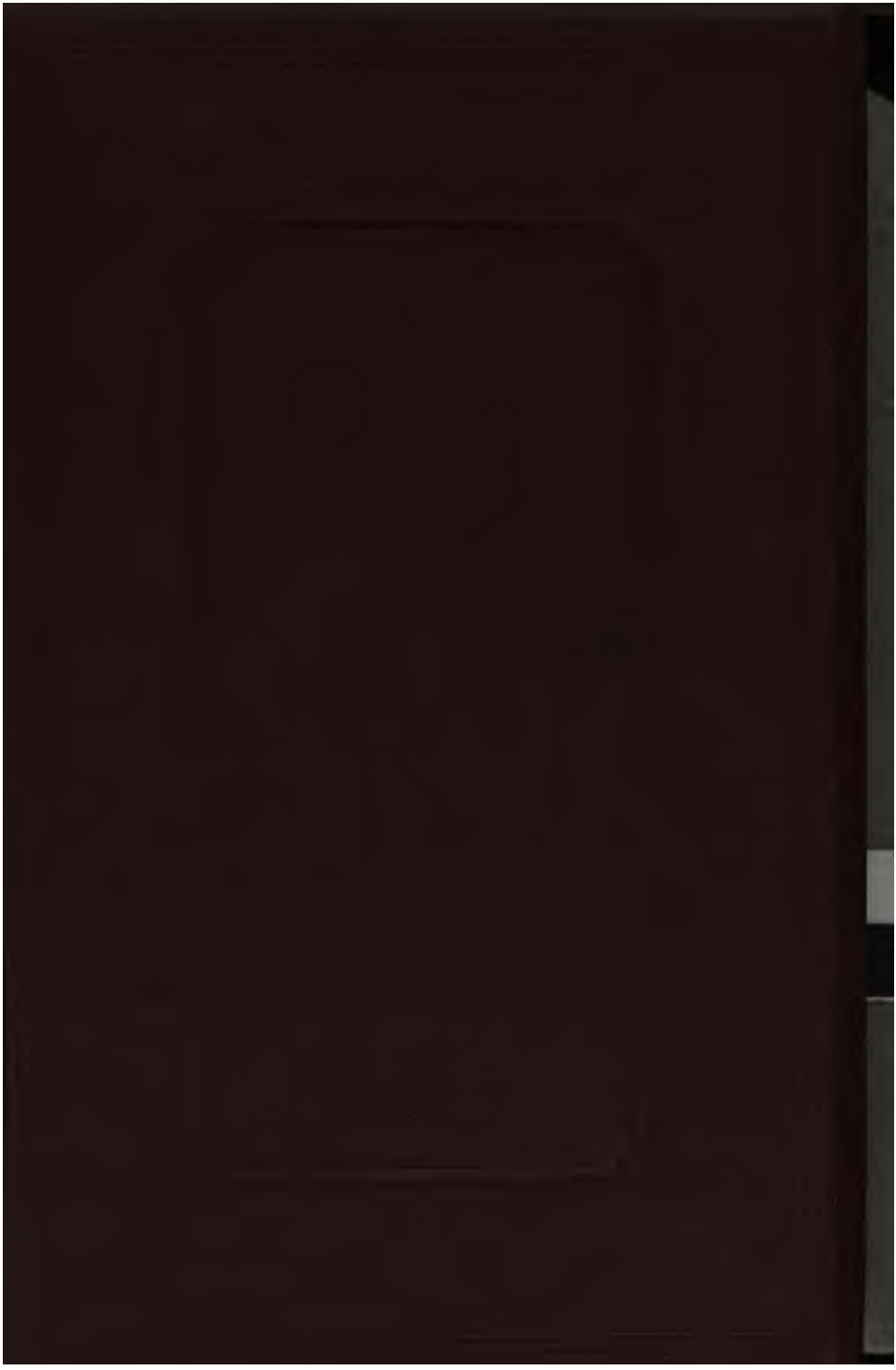

CHARLIE VILLARS AT CAMBRIDGE.

VOL. II.

CHARLIE VILLARS

AT

CAMBRIDGE.

BY

GEORGE L. TOTTENHAM.
TRINITY COLLEGE.

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat."—HORACE.

"Not smoke from light, but light from smoke he means to bring."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHARLIE VILLARS AT CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

'If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch.'—THACKERAY.

VILLARS betook himself to his father's house with no very clear idea of how he was to spend the four months' vacation before him. He had nothing to read for immediately; the Little Go was some way off, and there was plenty of time, he thought, for his degree. For the present, therefore, he turned his attention to amusement.

The London season was at its height, and as Lady Mary and Blanche went to all the best balls, he found no difficulty in getting invitations *ad libitum*.

Going out in London had as yet the charm of novelty for him. Hitherto, having either been at Harrow or at his private tutor's during the gay months of the season, he had had no opportunity of

becoming acquainted with the pleasures of hot and crowded rooms night after night, the brilliancy of ball-room conversation, and the varying cordiality or coldness of calculating mothers, according as the prospects and position of their victims became better known to them.

Apropos of balls and ball-room conversation, a somewhat cynical friend made some rather pertinent observations to me the other day upon this subject. 'Why is it,' he said, after having enunciated many far from polite sentiments regarding young ladies, 'why is it that they devote so much time to "practising," and the education of their fingers, and give so little attention to the improvement of their minds?'

I replied, that I thought music a very desirable accomplishment, and that he couldn't mean to say that he wished young ladies to amuse their partners with philosophy or metaphysics between the figures of a quadrille.

'Of course music is a very good thing for them to cultivate,' he said; 'but you know they always give it up when they marry, and so what good has it done them? Then, as to philosophy, I don't want them to talk on heavy subjects in a ball-room, or on any subject that requires any mental effort. But by improving and enlarging their minds they may be able to talk pleasantly and intelligently on light subjects.'

'But so they can, many of them,' I said.

'One in a hundred, perhaps,' he broke in im-

patiently. 'If they never read anything but trashy sensational novels, how can they ever have any ideas? If they were to read books containing good, sound, useful knowledge, and pick up notions on different subjects, they might call in their partners to assist them in arranging the lighter part of them. And their partners might, perhaps, be able to fill up an odd corner with a little one of their own.'

'But men are just as bad,' I rejoined; 'they are as little able to talk as young ladies.'

He admitted that dancing young men were not a brilliant lot as a rule, but insisted that young ladies were the worst, for even when conversation was made for them, they were unable to contribute. 'To take an instance,' he said, 'Have you heard such an opera?' (a common ball-room question,) is generally answered by 'Yes' or 'No;' and if the questioned party has a great amount of conversational enterprise, she possibly adds, 'Isn't it pretty?' and her partner has to fish about for some other subject to interest her with, finding she is unable to discuss this one any further. Now just think,' he continued, 'what a fund of conversation there is in that simple remark!'

'Of course there is,' I said, interrupting, 'for any one who understands music.'

'And for those who don't, too,' he answered. 'You needn't know anything about the science of music to discuss the comparative merits of different singers or different operas, or different actors or stage effects, and the multitude of other matters

into which the subject may lead. But you must have a certain amount of intelligence and clear-headedness and power of appreciation and discrimination, and other qualities which are not to be acquired from reading contemptible novels.'

I tried to persuade him that the majority of young ladies had many attractive qualities which made up for a deficiency of information; but he persisted in his cynical view of 'female youth,' as he called them, and wound up by saying,—

'I'm sure that many men would take much more kindly to their quadrille, if it wasn't such a bore making conversation to suit their partners. They wouldn't go off with such a feeling of relief when they had deposited their insipid accompaniment by the maternal side again. I'm not peculiar in my opinions,' he added; 'many men think the same, and give up going to balls in consequence after the first year or two. Sensible mankind gives in after that time.'

I didn't attempt to argue further with him, but settled in my own mind that young ladies found him a bore, and generally refused, if possible, to dance with him; and that he had, therefore, out of pique, adopted this very unnatural view of that heavenly amusement, quadrille-dancing.

Charlie at any rate had not yet experienced these *désagréments* of London society; and, therefore, launched himself into the whirl with pleasurable anticipations.

There were many other Cambridge men to be

met with wedged in doorways, or sauntering through tedious square-dances. (What objectionable expressions 'square' and 'round' are, when thus applied!) They were chiefly from amongst his own set; Murray, Egerton, Lowry, Rochfort, &c., Vivian, Damer too, in his element; the delight of nonsense-loving ladies, who spoke a common language with him, and thought him too charming, *so* good-looking, &c. &c. It is fortunate that there are different tastes among women as regards men; but it does seem odd that they should like as a man a creature whom nature evidently intended to be one of themselves, and has fashioned entirely in their likeness. Yet they do take to these monstrosities. Perhaps they pique their curiosity, or the similarity of tastes creates a common interest. Some men admire masculine women, so I suppose women who admire feminine men must have equal allowance made for the peculiarity of their taste.

CHAPTER II.

'Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes;
It clamor cælo.' *—VIRGIL.

THE week after Villars left Cambridge he received a list of the May examination. There were nine classes, and he was in the third; a place very much higher than his most sanguine anticipations had led him to expect.

Many other lists had been delivered in London the same morning; and when Charlie appeared in Rotten Row, he was loaded with congratulations from Egerton and others, who joined him riding; so that he began to think a third class a very respectable place. And so it was, for an Athenæum man.

The names being in alphabetical order, he appeared last in the list, but took care to explain to his family that he might be at the head of it, if every one had his proper place.

Rowley appeared much lower down, in the sixth; —cricket *versus* reading; the latter went to the

* Enthusiasm for rival champions—shouting.

wall. Marston and Vivian were in the seventh; and Charlton nowhere. He had hardly looked at his subjects, and thought it rather a fine thing to be plucked.

Russell had got his first; and Exmoor's somewhat dull capacity had scraped a way for him into the eighth.

Charlton's friends, Davies and Walker, had just missed being posted (*i.e.* not getting through), and thought the ninth class rather a proud position.

Rotten Row was very dusty, the crowd of horses very great, and the heat becoming oppressive; so that Charlie, after lingering for awhile under the shade of the trees, turned his horse's head towards home.

Cambridge *v.* Marylebone was going on at Lord's, and Egerton promised to come and lunch, and go up there with him afterwards — Charlie's house in Grosvenor Square being on the way.

Egerton had already a slight acquaintance with Blanche Villars from the previous season, and now from being Charlie's friend their interest in each other was considerably increased.

They had met once or twice at balls, and both Blanche and Lady Mary thought him a very charming depository for Charlie's affections. His gentlemanlike bearing and easy well-bred manner always did recommend him favourably to mothers and daughters, who were indifferent to the fact of his being a second son.

When Blanche heard that they were going up

to Lord's, she insisted upon going too. She was a great patroness of cricket in the country, and had been initiated into the mysteries of different kinds of 'legs,' 'slips,' 'cover points,' &c., by Charlie, during his holidays from Harrow.

'You think I don't know anything about cricket, Mr. Egerton, I suppose,' she said. 'I do, though, I always go up to Lord's on the match-day. And I shall go and see the University match too, now that Charlie's at Cambridge.'

'If you're coming up this afternoon,' said her brother, 'you may as well take us up in the carriage.'

Lady Mary was appealed to, and was willing to have the carriage ordered earlier for that purpose. The bell was rung, and the order given for half-past three, to give the elevens plenty of time to get luncheon over before they arrived.

'You're a great cricketer, I suppose, Mr. Egerton,' said Blanche, when they had taken up their position on the ground; 'so if I want to know anything, you must explain, please. There now,' she continued, not listening to Egerton's disclaimer of any cricketing talent, 'why wasn't that out? he caught the ball.'

'It hit the ground though, first, under his bat,' said Charlie; 'didn't you see?'

'Now I want to know why that man stands such a long way off, over there, near the wall.'

'Oh, because Singleton's a tremendous hitter,' said Egerton; 'and they've got slow bowling on.'

'I see; and is that Mr. Singleton at this end? Get me a card, Charlie; I'm going to mark the runs.'

'I'll get one when the boy comes round, but you'll dirty your gloves.'

'I don't mind my gloves. Have you a pencil, Mr. Egerton?'

After some fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket, Egerton produced the end of a cedar pencil. 'I'm afraid you'll find this as dirty as the card.'

'Never mind,' said Blanche. 'Now, Charlie, I'm waiting for my card.'

'Cards of the match, gentle*men*!' sounded from an urchin a few paces on.

'Two wickets down for thirty,' said Charlie, looking over the card before delivering it up; 'and they made 120.'

'Why, isn't this your friend Mr. Rowley?' said Blanche, pointing to his name. 'You never told me he was playing; he hasn't been to see you since you came up to London. I shall tell him I'm quite angry with him.'

'I suppose he's been playing cricket all the time; there was a match at the Oval all the early part of the week.'

Egerton attributed his forgetfulness to pique at Charlie's intimacy with him. He didn't know Rowley as well as we do—(*we*—the reader and myself.)

Murray came by at this minute, and after bowing to Charlie's sister, with whom he had a dancing

acquaintance, turned to congratulate him upon coming out so high in his 'May.'

'I 'm through my degree,' he added, 'I heard this afternoon. The list doesn't come out till the evening.'

Egerton inquired at once whether Lawton and others of their friends were through. But Murray could only speak for himself and Lawton, who had also passed. 'Are you coming to the Pavilion?' he asked, moving on.

Charlie looked at the carriage, and said they would come on presently.

Lady Mary soon after suggested that there were many cards to be left, and that Mr. Egerton and Charlie wanted to go and see their friends. Blanche, therefore, rather reluctantly returned her pencil, and told Charlie to be sure and tell Rowley to come and see them, and then drove away, leaving them to walk round the ground with Egerton, exchanging nods or words with the friends they met at intervals.

Rowley went in sixth wicket down, and made a fair score, which, backed by some good fielding in the early part of the day, brought him in as last choice for the eleven, and he went home almost excited with delight.

Villars waited to congratulate him, when he saw him in his light blue cap, and Rowley promised to come and see his people. This he never did, being of a retiring disposition, and rather shy by nature, though the extreme placidity of his manner con-

cealed his shyness from the casual observer. He didn't go out in London, and fancied, perhaps not unnaturally, that he would be looked upon as 'a young man from the country' by people who frequented gay society; and avoided them accordingly.

The University match was played on the following Monday. The weather was fine, and the ground as usual was surrounded with a circle of carriages two or three deep, containing dark or light blue shawls and bonnets according to the inclinations of the occupants. Past and present University men thronged the ground, making locomotion only less unpleasant than on Eton and Harrow days; and the match was exciting enough to please the most apathetic spectator.

Oxford won the toss, and made 159 in their first innings; Cambridge, 141. It was therefore anybody's match at the end of the day. The excitement naturally was increased the next day, as they started so even for the second innings. Oxford made 130, leaving Cambridge 149 to win. A slight shade of odds was laid on Oxford; men play nervously when there are a certain number of runs to be made, and the outside always fields up to the utmost. When the dinner-bell rang, Cambridge was one wicket down for 20—no light at present thrown upon the result.

After dinner three wickets went down in rapid succession, and six to four was laid on Oxford; occasionally seven.

Singleton came in fourth wicket down, cool and

steady enough for anything, and began by a drive for three to the carriages by the Tennis Court. The runs began to creep up—forty—fifty—sixty—seventy—till the leg stump of the fifth goes down to a shooter, and the telegraph announces seventy-three for five wickets—seventy-six to win.

The applause begins to be more subdued, except as each successive ten appears on the board. Eighty—ninety—and then Singleton is run out by a splendid piece of fielding at cover point—six for ninety. The seventh goes for 101. Eight for 115. Then there is some sharp hitting, which brings the score up to 130; notwithstanding the efforts of the Oxford men, who are doing all they know to save every run. Another hit for three, and Cambridge is getting triumphant; when, next ball, the ninth man is caught at the wicket—the faintest possible touch (he declared stoutly when he got into the Pavilion that he never touched it at all): and now Oxford holds up its head. Sixteen runs wanted and the last man in.

Rowley is the last man, and his University doesn't put much confidence in him. He begins with a most unnerving 'squeak.' A good length ball just misses taking his off-bail, and the Oxford field throw up their arms, and whistle in astonishment at his 'luck.' The next he snicks to leg for one—nervous, evidently,—and the other man gets one away for two. Thirteen to win, and Rowley a little more confident after running two or three runs. One by one they pull up, till eight only are wanted.

Hardly a sound is heard after 140 has gone up. Oxford bowler begins to despair and pitches one up to leg, which Rowley catches and puts away right into the middle of the carriages for three (nearly frightening an apoplectic old dowager into a fit).—Five to win,—never was such a match. 'How's that?' cries the wicket-keeper, in an ecstasy of eagerness—horrid moment of suspense,—'Not out;'—and he returns the ball to the bowler, who has lost his cunning for the next ball by the unnatural excitement of the last moment; and gets put away to the 'on' for two.

Two maiden overs follow, then at intervals two singles are made and the scorers stand up.

'A tie! a tie!' is heard all round the ground.

Two balls in succession are let off, but the winning hit is made off the third, straight between long-off and cover-point into the crowd, amid the most vociferous applause. The pent-up excitement vents itself in waving of hats and clapping of hands, and every extravagant demonstration of delight on the part of the Cambridge men, who swarm across the ground and take up Rowley and his partner bodily from the ground and carry them on their shoulders into the Pavilion.

Proud moment it was for Rowley,—the last choice too; the match won by steady, judicious play,—*qui cunctando restituit rem.* Yet as he thought over the events of the day in bed that night, he couldn't help fancying that he had not experienced the same lively gratification which he had enjoyed

on that memorable occasion when he saved his house match at Harrow in a very similar way. When he was cheered in the house in the evening, and even his tutor called him σωτῆρα τῶνδὲ τῶν δόμων—the saviour of the house — from the Greek play they were reading at the time.

Undoubtedly, however trite the sentiment may be, there is nothing in after-life to be compared to the little triumphs of our schoolboy days. The recollection of them, at certain times, comes floating back in a flood of delicious memories, plashing up against the margin of the mind, and sending up a fresh spray of old associations, which flash and sparkle in the sunlight of the heart made young again; instil new life into the languishing vigour of our interest, penetrating into every nook and crevice of our being, and transporting us back to the scenes of our early youth, to win over again our schoolboy victories. Pleasant as it is to think over a brilliant innings;—that drive to the Pavilion,—that leg-hit out of the ground,—that cut behind the wicket; there is not the same zest in the after contemplation of the applause which your best hits elicited, not the same raciness to the mature palate in the acclamations of one's contemporaries, as there was in the eager, joyous shouts of admiring schoolfellows. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* But alas! no rose is without a thorn; and the feeling of regret that such days can never come again; the melancholy thought that the happy years of youthful enjoyment are passing

away, brings with it a sigh as sad as the memories of the past were sweet:—

> 'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
> Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
> Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
> In thinking of the days that are no more.'

Still, to return to the present; there is no denying that it is a proud thing, let it be as uncomfortable as you please, to be hurried along on the shoulders of an admiring crowd, sharing the members of your body, to the best of your power, with the individuals below you. Few positions, probably, are more uneasy to the body; few, perhaps, more gratifying to the mind.

Let us leave Rowley to sleep over his innings, and the University to dream of their victory:—

> 'What studies please, what most delight
> And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.'

CHAPTER III.

'*Guild.* O my lord, you are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.'—*Henry VIII.*

As my object in writing this book was to have it read—(in order that the public might have a clearer notion of the inner life of the University)—and as I am told by some that the subject by itself will be uninteresting to the general world, I intend, on the same principle as Lucretius says,—

'pueris absinthia tætra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,—' *

to provide a certain amount of fashionable sugar for the benefit of those to whom the University draught may prove distasteful. Accompany me therefore, all such, while Rowley dreams of his innings, into Lady Templeton's drawing-room, where Villars and others

* Physicians when they purpose to give nanseous wormwood to children, first smear the rim round the bowl with the sweet yellow juice of honey.—*Monro.*

of our acquaintance are disporting themselves among the fair.

Lady Templeton's balls were always good. Independently of being a countess, she was a fashionable woman, what in the days of Almack's would have been called a person of *ton*, and the kind of person who is now called 'smart.' Smart people make smart balls, and therefore good balls; as good company is generally the chief element in a good ball. A ball *may* be a smart ball, and yet not a good one; but it can hardly be a good one without some little element of smartness.

Rank does not necessarily constitute fashion in the gay world of London. Many a stately dowager who is worshipped at country balls, and has the whole county under command, is nothing but a bore in London, perhaps hardly known to many who don't go much into general society. There are certain people—some of higher, some of lower rank—whose presence ball-givers are anxious to secure, and who are only to be met at the best houses, and these are the smart people.

It is observable, too, that the people most sought after are those who can afford to be select; who have no daughters to take them to every ball they are asked to, and who never therefore become common. As the generality of London society is conducted on the 'give-and-take' principle, daughters necessitate very often a promiscuous acquaintance, for they must go to a certain number of balls, and really good balls are comparatively rare.

A duchess may generally command the best company, being, as one may say, *ex officio*, at the top of the fashionable tree. But an ordinary duchess is not at all unfrequently less sought after than others of lower rank, who are better known in the world of fashion.

Somebody has said that duchesses and marchionesses are as necessary at a ball as soup and fish at dinner, and that the rest are like *entrées*—you may change them. Smart people are equally necessary to a good ball; more so, in fact, than the common-place duchess or marchioness.

However, Lady Templeton had both the advantages of rank and fashion, and therefore the best people were always to be met at her house.

Charlie had gone there rather early, after dining out, and was standing at the top of the stairs talking to Egerton.

'You young men should be dancing,' said Lady Templeton, coming up to them in the interval of receiving her guests. 'I can soon find a partner for you, Mr. Villars, if you come with me.'

Charlie obeyed with becoming alacrity, and was introduced to a grim, but dignified, old dowager, who introduced him to her daughter—Lady Florence —— he couldn't catch the name.

A quadrille was in course of formation, and Charlie having found a *vis-à-vis*, conducted his partner—a rather tall, insipid-looking young lady—to her place.

There was an embarrassing pause for a moment

or two after they were settled. Neither could think of any remark to begin with.

At last a happy thought struck Charlie. 'Were you at Lord's to-day, Lady Florence?'

'No' (with a washed-out look of inquiry as to why she should have been).

'Don't you care for cricket?'

'Oh, no!'

'You don't take any interest in the University match, I suppose?'

'No; was that played to-day?' (Lady F. was coming out.)

'Yes; haven't you a brother at either place?'

'No.'

This subject was evidently a failure.

'Have you been in London all the season?'

'Only since Easter.'

'Are you beginning to get tired of it?'

'Oh, no!'

'I've only just arrived.'

'Really!'

Interval for dancing.

'Do you go out a great deal?'

'We go to a good many balls.'

'Don't you care for the Opera?'

'Oh! yes' (with a weak emphasis on the last word.)

Another interval for dancing. Charlie began to think of the Frenchman, who, after exhausting his stock of questions, and getting no contribution from his partner, burst out at last with, '*De grâce, Mademoiselle, risquez quelque chose.*'

The quadrille at last came to an end, and Lady Florence declining tea (to her partner's intense relief), returned to her original position under the maternal wing.

Charlie joined the stream that was setting towards the tea-room, and came across Emily Charlemont at the doorway. 'We met, 'twas in a crowd,' he said, as he took her offered hand. 'May I have the next dance?'

The next was engaged, but the one after was at his service; and in the meantime he stood at the door and looked on.

The fair Emily was dancing with Murray, and Charlie followed her animated glance as she talked, with feelings of something more than disapproval. He fancied he had a sort of vested right in her smiles, and was jealous of her showing cordiality to any one else. If he had asked himself upon what foundation this undefined feeling rested, he would have been at a loss for an answer. But Murray was a most particularly unpleasant person to see her smiling upon. Charlie knew, not from personal experience, but from general observation, the fascination of manner which Murray could exercise if he chose; and was beginning to feel aggrieved at the bare fact of Emily's dancing with him, or with any one in fact but himself. Fortunately the dance was over before he had worked his mind into a storm, and he secured her as soon as he conveniently could for the next.

'I haven't seen you since Lady D——'s ball,' he said, as he offered his arm.

'I believe not,' replied Emily. 'Why don't you come and see us?'

'Well, I haven't been in London very long, you know. I *have* always been intending to come.'

'Balls are so much better now since you Oxford and Cambridge boys have arrived,' said Emily, provokingly.

'We call ourselves men, I believe,' laughed Charlie. 'I'll forgive you this time. But why do we make them better?'

'Oh! because you don't hang about the door like those stupid creatures over there,' pointing to the doorway; 'you're not *blasés;* you dance—'

'But you can never be at a loss for partners?'

'Oh, of course not. But then one likes to see others dance as well as oneself.'

'Do you know Lady Florence? (I don't know what her name is,') asked Charlie, presently, 'standing over there with her mother, Lady M——, the one with the diamonds?'

'Oh, yes. I know her. She's very nice.'

'Is she? I didn't find it out. I couldn't get anything but "yes" and "no" from her. Tried her on every subject.'

'Perhaps she's shy; it's her first season.'

(It was Emily Charlemont's second.)

'You ought to be dancing,' she added, calling

Charlie's attention to the fact that his *vis-à-vis* was advancing and retreating most correctly without any notice from him.

'I should very soon be *blasé*, I think,' he said, when he had done dancing, 'if I had to undergo many Lady Florences in the evening. It's quite a relief to talk to you after such an infliction.'

'You take me as a corrective then, I suppose; not a very great compliment,' returned Emily, gaily.

'I wish correctives were always as pleasant.'

'Our conversation is getting very medicinal,' was the laughing rejoinder. 'So you won the match to-day?'

'Yes; and you never came up.'

'We had to go to a breakfast; and couldn't get away in time.'

'I wandered round the ground most disconsolately till seven o'clock looking for you.'

'Poor creature! It's almost a shame to make you dance after such fatigue.'

'The fatigue was nothing to the disappointment,' replied Charlie.

'Well, you may come and look for me to-morrow at luncheon, if you like. I'll tell mamma you're coming. Here's my partner; remember,—two o'clock.'

And Emily sailed, or rather tacked through the crowded doorway out of the tea-room, where the latter part of the conversation had been held. Charlie watched her retiring form, and thought

what a contemptible little creature the man was who had carried her off. He was still wondering why she danced with such an apology for a man, when Blanche touched his arm,—

'Ah! here you are at last,' he exclaimed. 'I thought you were not coming.'

'We had to go to two parties first.'

Egerton came up at this minute and claimed Blanche as his partner. Charlie delivered her up with a Grandisonian bow, and went in search of one for himself, while the other two made their way into the dancing-room. Both rooms were by this time very crowded, and dancing with comfort was out of the question, so that Blanche soon retired behind the inner circle, that they might talk more at their ease.

The conversation very soon turned upon Charlie, the subject most interesting to them both.

'Don't you think he's very good-looking?' asked Blanche, looking admiringly across the crowd to where he was standing.

'Very, I think,' said Egerton, 'he looks so gentlemanlike.'

'Yes, doesn't he? And, do you know, I think, so few men do. I hope you don't think me very severe, Mr. Egerton?'

'Not at all; I quite agree with you. I think, though, that one sees more respectable-looking men in London than anywhere else.'

'Yes, I dare say. I suppose the best of the men come to London. But I never see any one to compare with Charlie.'

'No; he certainly cuts out most men. But then he *is* such a nice fellow; it's only natural he should look it. I hope you like hearing your brother praised, Miss Villars; I don't know anything bad to say about him.'

'Anything bad of Charlie! of course not. He's perfection.'

'He is almost, I think,' answered Egerton. 'It's so pleasant to find some one who appreciates him. Nobody can help liking him, but every one doesn't know him as well as I do.'

'Dear Charlie!' exclaimed Blanche, 'praise him as much as you like; you won't tire me.'

'What I like so much in him,' continued Egerton, 'is, that he never by any chance says or does anything the least offensive to any one. I never heard him make a personal remark; and you can't say that of many men.'

'Oh! he's too charming,' replied Blanche, enthusiastically.

'I 'm absolutely devoted to him,' said Egerton; 'I've never in my life liked any one half as much as I do him.'

He looked across to Charlie as he spoke, his eyes lighted up with affection, and Blanche looked up at him gratefully, and felt that it would require no effort to love such a friend of Charlie's.

There was a great difference, however, in degree, between the natures of Egerton and Villars; which the many had no opportunity of detecting. Warm-hearted and affectionate though Charlie was, he

was incapable of the enthusiastic friendship which Egerton felt for him.

Although warmly attached to his friend he could be happy without him, while from Egerton's thoughts he was seldom or ever absent. He felt in a much less degree that longing for the presence of the friend he loved, which, for Egerton, deprived all pursuits of their enjoyment, when that friend was not by his side.

Villars had less of romance, less of sentiment in his nature. Those walks in the early morning through the dim twilight of the shadowy streets, had not the same romantic charms for him. He was less sensitive. His whole soul was not wrapped up in the being on whom his affections had been fixed. He was not so keenly alive to the slightest falling off in word or look from the love which he expected. He was less watchful to attribute want of feeling to inconsiderate or careless expressions, and to make himself miserable by brooding over an unintentional slight. They are not the happiest of men who are victims to extreme sensitiveness—who are continually on the *qui vive* to detect something which may give them pain. What hours of unnecessary wretchedness have been caused by a word or a look, to which a meaning has been assigned far other than it was intended to convey! what despair has resulted from a fancied repulse! what misery may have been produced by a careless expression!

Villars might have had two great friends at the same time — not so, Egerton. If he had one real

friend, he gave his whole heart to him until it was voluntarily returned — seared indeed, but not utterly withered; the heart of youth, fortunately, can recover from trials to which in maturer age it would succumb.

Though Egerton's was an enthusiastic nature, it was not an impulsive one. Enthusiasm begotten of impulse is short-lived; but an enthusiasm, such as he felt for Charlie Villars, which was the growth of time, and had been matured by experience, withstands many a rude shock before it bows its strong stem; and withers not away till every particle of nourishment has been withdrawn from beneath its roots.

On the whole, Charlie would derive more pleasure from his friendships throughout life. Though he would not experience the thrills of passionate affection which enthusiastic natures are liable to; on other hand, neither would he be subject in like intensity to the bitter pangs of slighted love, or to the gloomy despondency which might result from fancied neglect,—

'Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.'

CHAPTER IV.

'Non vultus, non color unus.'*—VIRGIL.

'So you haven't forgotten,' cried Emily, as Charlie was announced at luncheon-time next day.

'Did you suppose I should? — How do you do, Mrs. Charlemont?' shaking hands with that voluble person.

Mrs. C. started off at once. 'We thought you had given us up altogether, you haven't been to see us since you came to town from Cambridge; and talking of Cambridge, my nephew is coming to lunch with us to-day. You don't know him I think; charming young man.—Trinity Hall is his College—a great man for rowing. We promised to go and see him row this year, but really we had so many engagements, Emily could not tear herself away, — and I suppose you are very gay too,—dancing every night. It keeps young men out of mischief, so it's very good for you. And how is Lady Mary? I thought she looked tired last night, — poor thing! I'm sure I often long to be in bed, but Emily—'

* Varying in its aspect.

'Oh! come, Mamma, dear, I never keep you up very late,' exclaimed her daughter.

'Well, my dear, I dare say you're a great deal better than some, but really'—here the door opened and 'Mr. Mainwaring' was announced. An ordinary but gentlemanlike man (most Trinity Hall men are gentlemanlike) entered, and shook hands quietly with Mrs. Charlemont and her daughter.

'You know Mr. Villars,' said the former by way of introduction, 'he's at Cambridge—my nephew.'

Luncheon was announced, and while we are on the stairs the reader takes me aside and asks, 'Who is this Mr. Mainwaring?'

I reply, 'He is the son of Mr. Charlemont's eldest sister. The property was entailed and he had no son.'

'Where is the property?'

'In Warwickshire—very good house, I believe; but he isn't of age yet, so Mrs. Charlemont still lives there.'

Delayed by these particulars, we enter the dining-room after the others are seated.

'Are you going to Henley next week?' inquired Mainwaring of Villars.

'No: what for? Oh!—the regatta. No; I don't take much interest in it.'

'Oh! but it's so charming down there,' said Emily, 'the scenery is quite lovely—you really ought to go—Mamma has promised to take me down.'

'And some of your College boats race, don't they?' said Mrs. Charlemont. 'I remember last year some light blue boats; but, dear me, I dare say I'm confusing them. The Eton boat is light blue, Henry; is it not? You ought to know all about it.'

'Yes; there's one Eton boat. But there are some Cambridge ones too, and a good many University men row.'

'Oh! and it's so lovely — all the boats, and the river, and the trees,' said Emily. 'You really ought to see it, Mr. Villars,—you ought to take an interest in the Eton boat.'

'Why? I wasn't at Eton.'

'To be sure, I forgot; Henry was, though — we went down to see him row one year on the 4th of June.'

'If it 's so charming, I shall very likely go down then,' said Charlie, 'there 's plenty of time to think of it before next week.'

'We have sent you a card for Friday week,' said Mrs. Charlemont, 'and we shall expect you to stay very late, and dance a great deal. I 've no patience with young men who stand about the doors and don't dance. I 'm sure they're not ornamental.'

'But I always do dance,' said Charlie.

'Yes—oh, I 'm sure you do. Now, Henry, here, we can't persuade him to go to a ball at all. He says they bore him. I think young men have no business to be bored. It 's their duty to dance.'

'I 'm sorry I can't see it in the same light, aunt,' said Mainwaring.

'You positively must come on Friday,' said Emily; 'I shall never forgive you if you don't.'

Mrs. Charlemont's house was in Prince's Gate; where, as everybody knows, the houses are not large enough for a ball. She herself was not a very popular woman. Some people said she was vulgar—mainly because, from talking very fast, she didn't take time to choose her words. Her balls, therefore, were never very good; very crowded, usually; and a deficiency of what the *Morning Post* calls the *élite*.

Charlie, notwithstanding Emily's praises of the scenery of the Thames and the attractions of Henley, did not go down. Egerton had been down one year, he said, and found it very slow; very few people he knew there.

He did, however, attend in Prince's Gate on Friday night, and having danced the last dance with Emily when the room was almost empty, wandered home in the clear morning light, with a cigar and his thoughts, reaching Grosvenor Square long before the latter were exhausted.

The Wimbledon meeting began about this time, and he drove down with Egerton one day in the following week to see the Oxford and Cambridge eights shoot. Russell had, to his great disgust, just been cut out of the Cambridge eight, but consoled himself with the reflection that he should have lost time at Wimbledon instead of reading, if he had been shooting.

Charlie agreed with Egerton's experience of the

previous year, that it was a remarkably uninteresting sight for outsiders. Cordial but dirty-handed Volunteers shook them by the hand and made ugly marks upon their gloves, and fat, perspiring corpses jostled them in a most unseemly way, looking upon them as intruding civilians. Accordingly, after taking a look at the 'running deer,' which didn't at all accord with Charlie's notions of that noble animal (he fancied a stuffed beast running from point to point in the open—not a gimcrack Cremorne kind of affair, sneaking along a high mound), they re-entered their Hansom and returned to town.

'See you at L—— House, to-night?' said Egerton, getting out at the corner of Eaton Place, where his father's house was.

'Yes, I suppose so. Tell the man to go to Grosvenor Square,—*Au revoir.*' And they went on their respective ways.

The Eton and Harrow match was played on the following Friday and Saturday. All the world, of course, was there. The usual number of excited young ladies and dozing dowagers in the shade, carriages which had been sent up the day before, or before the rest of the world was astir in the morning, to get a good place. Champagne, strawberries, ice; boys in light-blue ties, boys in dark-blue ties, small boys, big boys, dirty boys, and clean boys, all intensely enjoying themselves. Putting to shame by the exuberance of their delight those selfish, inconsiderate, cold-blooded parents who don't care to put themselves out of the way to give their sons a

gratification which they set so much store by, and which they feel the withholding of so keenly.

The match ended, as it generally does now, in a victory for Harrow; and when the sons, nephews, or cousins of the different houses had returned to their schools, the general world began to think about leaving town.

Villars also began to think what he should do. His family were going to Homburg, and Egerton wanted him to come to Goodwood the last week in July. The Charlemonts, too, were going to Homburg. (*Query*—Had Mrs. Charlemont been observing Charlie's attention to Emily?—I wonder.)

Eventually he decided to let his family start without him, on the 20th; and he remained behind to go down to Brighton for the Goodwood week. He took up his quarters with Egerton at the Bedford the Saturday before, and they drank in the sea breeze with considerable gusto, after four or five weeks of the poisonous atmosphere of London drawing-rooms.

Neither of them had been to what is called 'the ducal meeting' before;—and were gratified accordingly with the beauty of the course, and the gay scene on the lawn, which penny-a-liners love to expatiate upon.

Every day they went over; train to Chichester, and fly from thence through the park, with 'a leader up the hill,'—and comfortably back in the evening. Except on the Cup-day, when there was the usual scramble and struggle, and Egerton in attempting

to get into the carriage where Charlie had already secured a seat, had his arm shoved through a window. A torn sleeve hardly contributed to his enjoyment, as he was obliged to confine himself all day to the ring; where indeed his betting arrangements gave him plenty to do.

The weather was charming, and the costumes under the trees picturesque and gorgeous. Charlie picked up a friend in Rochfort to ease him of his shyness, and wandered about amongst them, seeking for something to devour. Lady Dufton soon met his hungry eye in close proximity to jellies and champagne, and with Rochfort in tow he bore down upon her.

The magnificence of her costume,—(oh! for the pen of the correspondent of the *Court Journal* or *Morning Post!*)—I cannot describe. Suffice it to say, that it had attracted a little crowd of admiring men, who divided their attention between her and luncheon. There were other ladies sitting round, only less gorgeous, mostly belonging to Lady Dufton's party; Lord Dufton's place being in the neighbourhood. Charlie and Rochfort shook hands and accepted her invitation to feed.

'There's plenty of room here, Lord Rochfort,' said an elderly lady, making way for him next to her daughter (Rochfort was to be a Marquis some day). The individual addressed thanked her, but preferred standing; and the party continued to eat and talk till the saddling bell rang for the great race.

The great race was, as is sometimes the case, won

by the first horse; and Egerton, who had gone for the second, *more suo*, lost his money. He seldom won indeed, but continued to lose in the expectation of eventually winning. He liked the excitement; and, in fact, could not well do without it, now that he had regularly gone in for it. The Ethiopian may almost as soon think of changing his skin as the man in whom the love of excitement and gambling is born attempt to break himself of it. The effort of moral courage which it requires is greater than many natures can exercise. Egerton, however, was not so entirely a gambler as all that; he liked the excitement and saw no reason why he shouldn't indulge his taste.

Charlie had backed the winner for a small sum, just to have an interest in the race; and was calculating on paying his expenses at the Bedford therewith. Frequenters of that establishment need not be told that one does not live there for a week for nothing. However, *l'homme propose*, &c., and Charlie did not pay his expenses with his winnings.

Walking down the cliff after dinner, they met Rochfort, who had come down there with a friend for the night. He was on his way to a house which his friend had frequented in previous Goodwood weeks, which was only opened during race-weeks, and which was vulgarly termed a 'hell.' The locality need not be specified; it was a fashionable one.

Charlie and Egerton turned back with them, and were let in cautiously by a man who recognised Melton, the friend above mentioned. He had lost

money enough at these kind of places to make him pretty well known.

He showed them the way upstairs, and they entered a room where an unknown game to Villars, which turned out to be chicken-hazard, was going on. They looked on for a few minutes, and Melton called for a 'brandy-and-soda.' 'You can ask for anything you like to drink,' he said, as they strolled into the adjoining room, where there was a *rouge-et-noir* table. Taking out two or three notes from his pocket, he threw them down without looking what they were, and lost. Then a couple of sovereigns, and won. Charlie was emboldened by his success, and seeing other people playing in half-crowns, to try his luck, and had soon won a handful.

Then there came a run upon one colour, and he proceeded on the doubling principle till he had lost four or five pounds, in addition to what he had won.

'This won't do,' he said to Egerton, who had just come in from losing in the next room. 'I shall have to go on and win this back;' and he changed a larger note, getting ivory counters instead of sovereigns in return. Playing in counters doesn't appear to be the same as playing in gold, and the consequence was that he threw them down recklessly, and was soon cleaned out.

Melton and Rochfort had gone, and Egerton had lost all the money he had brought with him; so Charlie was obliged to stop, and they left the house poorer and wiser men. Experience is an expensive item in the human kit.

Charlie was in great disgust at losing more than he had won at Goodwood. 'I'll take my oath they didn't play fair,' he said, when they got into the street. 'Didn't you see that I always won when I played in half-crowns, and directly it came to paper lost immediately? Besides, those infernal counters sell one so awfully. You never think of their being sovereigns. N. B. I don't play *rouge-et-noir* in a hell again.'

'"Quoth the raven, 'Never more,'"' said Egerton, solemnly. 'I always lose at chicken-hazard,' he added. 'I lost a lot of money at Newmarket one night we stayed after the races. It's a great mistake, depend upon it, not winning.'

On Saturday they left Brighton in the morning for London. Charlie was bound for Paris the same evening to join his family at Homburg, and Egerton was on his way to Scotland the next week, to meet his father in the Highlands.

He accompanied Charlie to Victoria in the evening, and they parted with promises on either side of frequent correspondence.

CHAPTER V.

'*Tilburina.* He's here,—he's there,—he's everywhere.'—*The Critic.*

HOMBURG was, as usual at this time of year, full of English people, who had come to drink off the effects of a London season. German princes were frequent, and one or two English royalties were expected. There was the usual air of gaiety, bands, gay dresses, and gambling; and Charlie, to whom the scene was new, was for a few days fairly amused. The only thorn which marred his rose was Murray, and his attentions to Emily Charlemont. If he went with her to the Kursaal, Murray was there; if he accompanied her to the band, Murray was there; and if he escaped to the outskirts of the town, Murray was there also. He began to hate Murray, though Murray was always particularly agreeable and pleasant to him, and he found it very hard to return his greetings with the necessary cordiality.

As an antidote to Murray, he found Vivian's society most soothing, and his attractive and gentle manners made him a great favourite with all Charlie's family.

The latter had not been many days at Homburg when a letter arrived from Egerton. 'This effusion,' as a country newspaper in my immediate neighbourhood once gracefully expressed it, 'I append for the delectation of my readers.' Egerton would have commenced with '*Dearest* Charlie,' only he thought it didn't sound manly, and confined himself therefore, though rather reluctantly, to the conventional positive. Other people's letters are generally uninteresting, but as the reader is well acquainted with the writer, and will understand the allusions, I don't scruple to copy this in full:—

'*Inverballoch, Ross-shire.*

'DEAR CHARLIE,

'It seems an age since I left you in London, and I haven't been able to write before, as there actually wasn't a sheet of paper in the inn where I have been staying with my father. We came down here yesterday after having pretty good fishing. I wish you could have come for the 12th; they say there are heaps of birds, and more deer than there have been for a long time. Couldn't you manage to come later on? Homburg must be an awfully slow place; and this is heaven among the hills. There is an awfully jolly loch just below the house, and woods and mountains all round, and not a tourist in sight? What do you do all day? I hoped to have found a letter here from you when I arrived. Not a sign. There was one from Lowry, which wasn't

quite the same thing. He and Rochfort are reading at Ryde, with a lot of other fellows, that they don't know. He says it's awfully slow, there's nothing to do but walk on the pier. Your friend Charlton is there too, with another coach, and Travers, and one or two more. They make a most fearful row, I believe; Travers was taken up one night, and put into the station-house—very good thing for him. There was a Cambridge reading party at an inn we went to one day on the west coast here; Marston was the only one I knew. They were only going to be there a month, he said. I've come across a lot more casual acquaintances up here, and the place positively stinks of reading parties, I'm told. I don't think I have any more news. Oh! yes, I heard from Castleton. Shooting somewhere in Argyllshire. I wonder what Murray's doing. Write at once and let me hear how you're getting on. I shall be miserable till I hear from you.

'Ever yours very affectionately,

'HARRY EGERTON.'

'Dear old Harry!' exclaimed Villars, as he finished the letter, 'I must write to him.'

'Is your letter from your friend Harry?' asked Blanche, looking up from the book she was reading; 'what is he doing? I'm quite interested in him.'

'You may read his letter if you like,' said Charlie; glancing through it to see that there was

nothing she ought not to see, and then passing it over.

'What a nice letter!' said Blanche, when she came to the end; 'you ought to write to him at once.'

'I'll write this afternoon.'

'Why not now? you haven't anything to do. Come, Charlie dear, you are so dreadfully lazy about writing; sit down at once;' and Blanche rose from her chair, and prepared the necessary equipment for the operation.

'I shall tell him he owes my quick answer to you,' said Charlie, as he sat down to write.

'Please don't. He might think it unkind of you.'

'So he might, how stupid of me,' said Charlie, as he began—'Shall I send him your love?'

'Certainly, if you like,' replied Blanche, laughing. Presently she said, 'Of course, I didn't really mean what I said, Charlie, about sending a message from me.'

'Oh, it's in now. You're too late.'

'I don't believe it,' said Blanche, jumping up and looking over his shoulder. Turning to the beginning, she read:—

'*Hotel de* ——, *Homburg.*

'DEAR HARRY,

'I was awfully glad to hear from you. I'm afraid I shall not be able to come and shoot, old boy! as they want me to go with them through

Switzerland on our way home. I should like it awfully; but I don't see how it is to be done. There are a good many people here; so that we have very good fun. Vivian is here. He's an awfully nice fellow. I always thought him a very good fellow; but I like him better than ever now. Murray is here too. I don't care much about him. We go and gamble, or wander about the gardens in the morning, and listen to the band after dinner; and the time passes pretty quickly. The *rouge et noir* is very different to that infernal Brighton place. I have won a few Napoleons; but I don't play very high. I don't think I have anything else to tell you. Write to me again here. We shall not leave for a fortnight or so.

'Your affectionate friend,

'C. VILLARS.

'P.S.—My sister is looking over my shoulder, and tells me ——' He was proceeding to write, when Blanche laid violent hands upon his pen, and made him scratch it all out again; causing Egerton much waste of time trying to discover what there could have been under that black mass of scratches. The allusion to Charlie's growing partiality for Vivian caused him considerable uneasiness, and he hastened to deprecate the possibility of his transferring his affections to any one else.

Among other people at Homburg this year were

Lord and Lady Dufton. The former had come for the benefit of the waters, and the latter for the gaiety and to accompany her husband.

Lady Dufton has not yet been sufficiently introduced to the reader. She was, as we have seen, a strikingly handsome woman of middle age; the charms of her youthful beauty merely matured into the full bloom of matronly magnificence, which middle-aged and elderly men admire. She was fond of admiration, and as Lord Dufton was an easy-going man, and allowed her to do pretty much as she pleased, she gratified her taste to an extent which, as some Mrs. Grundys avowed, exceeded the bounds of propriety. In fact, her name had been coupled unfavourably with more than one exalted personage, with what probability of truth it is not for me to say. However that may be, she found it amusing always to have more than one elderly *beau* to her string, and generally had one or two young marquises dangling about her in addition. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, if stories were occasionally told of proceedings over which propriety would draw a veil.

Lady Dufton had taken a great fancy to Charlie Villars, and had shown him marked favour on more than one occasion. This favour, flattering as he felt it, was somewhat similar to the feasting of Damocles, for the enjoyment of it was almost marred by the snubbing and frowns which he suffered in consequence from candidates of far superior position, and, as they thought, of far greater attractions.

Lady Dufton, however, knew that they were always safe, whenever she chose to smile upon them, and amused herself in the meanwhile by the anger which her capriciousness produced.

'You go to Baden for the races, of course?' she said to Charlie one evening as they were listening to the band after the usual early dinner.

'I hadn't intended to,' he answered.

'Oh, but you ought to go. Come with us,' she added, with a charming smile which brought the colour to Charlie's cheek.

'Dufton is making a party, and you must join us.'

'Of course I couldn't refuse such an offer,' said Charlie, not noticing the savage look of exalted person on the other side, who now cut in: 'You haven't asked me to join your party, Lady Dufton; am I to be left out in the cold?'

'Oh, Lord A——, I thought Dufton told me that you were coming. Of course you can, if you wish it. I suppose Lady Mary isn't thinking of going,' she inquired, turning to Charlie. But that individual has just espied Murray in the distance holding an animated conversation with Emily Charlemont, and had ears no longer for the voice of the charmer. 'A thousand pardons, Lady Dufton. Were you speaking to me?'

Lady Dufton repeated her question, and Charlie continued to talk absently until he was pulled up for answering at random to some remark. He rose soon after, and sauntered across to where Emily was

sitting, betraying to Lady Dufton's observant eye the cause of his want of attention.

Emily received him very cordially, but Murray didn't appear to think it necessary to leave, so after talking for a few minutes he strolled into the Kursaal in no very agreeable frame of mind. Fortune, however, smiled upon his napoleons, and doubled them for him, when his recklessness ought to have been punished with loss. In the excitement of winning he forgot his ill temper; and being joined by Vivian at the door on his way out, Richard became himself again.

'That man looks rather like suicide,' he said, as a wild-looking individual passed them rapidly by. 'Shall we follow him and see where he goes?'

'Heaven forbid,' answered Vivian. 'I 'm sure I don't want to see a man blow his brains out.'

'I was so surprised,' said Charlie, 'when I first went into the room here, to see every one so quiet and everything so orderly. I expected to see people tearing their hair, and looking like mild devils; didn't you?'

'I forget what my first sensations were,' answered Vivian. 'I 've been a good deal in Germany since I was a small boy. You 're not coming my way, are you?' as they turned down the street. 'Good night, then.'

Baden races came and went, and Charlie joined Lady Dufton's party, and saw many gay ladies and much bad riding. Lady Dufton's cordiality had cooled a little, since she had found that his attention was

engaged in another quarter, and she left soon after with her lord for Paris, *en route* for England.

Charlie and his family proceeded to Switzerland, and stayed for a few days at Lucerne, which was overrun at this time by every kind of objectionable tourist. The odds were very small against your sitting between your tailor and haberdasher at any given *table d'hôte* on the line of Murray.

At Lucerne, to his great astonishment, he met Rowley one morning coming out of the Hôtel de l'Europe.

'This *is* luck,' he exclaimed. 'Where on earth did you turn up from?'

'I've been here for two or three weeks,' answered Rowley, 'with a reading party.'

There were further mutual explanations from which Villars learned that Rowley having been made a *Quidnunc*, had played his last match at Woolwich, and having little or no cricket near him in the country, had come out to Lucerne with Singleton, Wilson, and two or three others, to pass the time. Nominally he was reading, but actually he was enjoying the scenery and fine weather until the partridge-shooting began.

'I saw Exmoor here the other day,' said Rowley, 'he's been climbing mountains. His brother was with him, and another fellow.'

'What's his brother's name?' asked Charlie, adding; 'I didn't know Exmoor went in for Alpine climbing.'

'Peyton's his brother's name,' answered Rowley;

'he was at Eton, I believe; he's coming up to Cambridge next term. He seemed rather a nice fellow.'

'Have you been doing any mountains?'

'Nothing but the Righi.'

'I fain would climb, but that I fear to fall,'

I suppose it's tremendously exciting; but I don't think I should have head enough to climb precipices. It always strikes me as if it was rather like putting one's head into the lion's mouth, doing all this, just for the love of adventure.'

Rowley had not thought much upon the subject, so he merely acquiesced.

'You must come up and see my people,' said Charlie; 'we go away this afternoon. By the way, you never came in London, as you promised.'

'Well, you see I was always playing cricket. I never could get away.'

'Come on now, at all events. I expect my mother and sister are in.'

Rowley accompanied him willingly enough, where there was no occasion for shyness, and was cordially received by both.

From Lucerne gradually down to Geneva, from Geneva to Paris, and thence to Mottistone, the Villars party travelled, arriving at home about the middle of September. The corn was all cut, and mostly carried, and the stubbles, which no infernal machine had clipped too close for cover, were clear. Mr. Villars, therefore, started out with Charlie the

day after their arrival, and they continued to start out with others till the time drew near for the latter's return to Cambridge.

There had been frequent correspondence between Egerton and Villars. The former had returned from Scotland for a few days, and was in London, where Charlie had arranged to meet him the day before going back. It seemed but a few weeks since they had left Cambridge, and it was difficult to realise that four months had gone. Nothing like variety to pass time—new idea!

CHAPTER VI.

'Credula turba.' *—OVID.

'Id gratum est mihi me quoniam tibi dicis amicum.' †—CATULLUS.

MANY men had already returned to Cambridge. Some had come up to read for their degrees in November, among whom were Rochfort and Lowry. Some were in for the Little Go *post mortem*, and others who had taken high classes in the May examination, were going in now for their Little Go, instead of in the ensuing March. A few had been in for professorial certificates; a few more had come up for the Newmarket First October Meeting, and had remained up; and a great many had been tired of staying at home, and had returned earlier than necessary to see their friends again.

Freshmen were rampant. Their examination was just over, and the greener sort were parading the streets in all the pride of rentless academicals,

* Fond crowd.

† The mere fact of you calling me your friend is delightful to me.

and the best kids; here and there one making sport for the multitude by gracefully twirling round his finger the traditional stick.

The small Colleges having mostly returned before Trinity, the town very soon resumed the usual term-time appearance.

There were greetings in the Market Place; shaking hands at every corner; theatrical embraces from demonstrative individuals; *amoris integratio* everywhere for a day or two, and then every one began to settle down to the serious business of amusement, or reading, as the case might be. The tutors met their pupils of the different years in lecture-room, and arranged the lectures they should attend (only five a week are required from the second-year); and the regular routine began at once.

The freshmen engaged the attention of the University for a week or two. Every one inspected their faces as they came up chapel, in the expectation of discovering a friend; or looked over the list at the porter's lodge with the same object.

The year before had been slightly in favour of Harrow, and this year nearly all the best men were from Eton.

There was the Newcastle man who went naturally to King's. There were two of the Eton eight; and out of a fair-sized bag of fellow-commoners, Eton contributed four or five, not to mention a brace of noblemen. Cricketers, too, they sent, but not of much account. There were minor scholars from minor schools, who were little known beyond the

limited circle of their friends. And there were sprinkled here and there specimens of the tight-trousered crew, whose brilliant scarves and short tails augured well for their future notoriety in the sporting world of Cambridge—

'Si votre ramage se rapporte à votre plumage
Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.'

'I've put up a tea for to-night,' said Rochfort one morning to Charlie, in the Athenæum; 'ask freshmen, and tell any one you see. I'm off to my coach.' With this injunction he gathered up his books and proceeded to his morning's grind; a bottle of champagne having already preceded him, in case he and Lowry should find the labour exhausting.

Charlie sat down and wrote a note to Mainwaring, to Trinity Hall, asking him to supper; another to Vivian, and another to a Harrow freshman, who he thought was a likely man for the Athenæum.

In the evening he had the satisfaction of watching the freshmen undergo the same ordeal of being trotted out, which he had gone through himself the year before. Most of the fellow-commoners were there, and various men (or boys) from Eton and Harrow, who had been good fellows at school, and presumably might be so at Cambridge, though the qualifications are very different. Exmoor brought his brother, who had come up as a fellow-commoner. He was a bright, clever-looking fellow, evidently

looked up to with much respect by Exmoor. Mainwaring came too, and looked very much out of his element.

The freshmen herded together after supper, and could not be induced to play loo, having, like all others before or after them, a firm belief that loo meant going at a hand gallop to perdition. There was one exception, in Stopford, a cheery-looking Etonian, who sat down with a grin and lost his money like a man.

Charlie persuaded his Harrow freshman, whom he called Drummond, to play whist with him in the quiet room upstairs, with Vivian and Mainwaring to make up the four. Just as they had commenced, Egerton and some others burst into the room, 'Not going to play loo, Charlie?' he said; 'well, you might have asked me to play with you.'

'I'm coming in presently,' was the reply.

'I'll bet you don't,' thought Egerton, 'you'll go home with Vivian.'

Egerton thought that Charlie saw a great deal too much of Vivian now. He hardly ever waited to walk home with him, as he used to, and was generally deficient in the smaller duties of friendship, which formerly he had so correctly fulfilled. It was not easy, however, to hate Vivian for being the cause of this, much as he was disposed to do so. No one could have really disliked Vivian, he was so harmless, and so evidently free from any intention of offending, so gentle, and so gentlemanlike, that, like Balaam's, any one's curse who felt evilly dis-

posed towards him, would have turned perforce to blessing.

Villars on this occasion did not walk home with him, but sat down to loo after playing a couple of rubbers of whist, and Vivian went away by himself.

Egerton took occasion to mention his grievance as he walked home with Charlie at twelve o'clock.

'I never see you at all now,' he said, 'you're always with Vivian.'

'My dear Harry, I only played whist to-night because I wanted to keep Drummond in countenance, and you know you never play, so what would have been the good of my asking you?'

'I don't mean to-night only, but always. You never come to my room as you used last term. In fact,' he continued, in a whimsically doleful tone, 'I have serious thoughts of committing suicide if you don't let me see you oftener.'

'What an old duffer you are, Harry!' exclaimed Charlie; 'am I not to like any one else besides you?'

'No, nobody.'

'Rather hard lines, old boy.—Will you come to breakfast to-morrow?'

'What time?'

'Half-past nine; Vivian's coming.'

'There you are, Vivian again.'

Charlie laughed gaily.

'Poor fellow! he shan't be bullied, he isn't really coming.'

'Why trample upon my feelings in this way?' cried Egerton, half smiling, half angry.

'I won't do it again,' said Charlie, taking his arm affectionately, 'it was only chaff. I hope you're not angry, old boy. You know I'm as devoted to you as ever.'

Egerton was happy again and went home with spirits revived, pondering over these last few words, and raising out of them an airy structure of enduring friendship, around which bright visions flitted of romantic happiness. Under their soothing influence he laid his head upon his pillow, and golden Thought sank to rest in a soft haze of happy fancy, to rise again in yet brighter dreams.

CHAPTER VII.

'He remembers that *glorious* long vacation when lectures were not, and chapels were few; and when he met a few quiet friends for "a Shakespeare."'—*Sketches from Cambridge.*

'Fossa undecim pedes lata.'—*Lat. Gr.*

RUSSELL looked in next morning on his way to the Union, to know why Villars had not been in for his Little Go. 'It's so much better to get it over,' he said, 'if you are going in for honours.'

'Well, you see, I never expected to be in the first three classes,' said Charlie; 'and then I never thought of reading for it in the Long.'

'I had rather a squeak for it in the algebra paper,' said Russell. 'I was awfully nearly ploughed.'

'Does one paper pluck you?'

'If you get one D, you're done for. A fellow once got all A's but one; and got a D for his Paley, and they plucked him.'

'What awfully hard lines! Does nothing but a D pluck?'

'Oh, rather. Two C's will do as well. I don't exactly know what B's do.'

'Make honey,—don't they?' suggested Charlie, with a guilty look.

'*μή μοί γε, μή μοι*, please don't,' cried Russell, deprecatingly.

'By the way, were you up here all the Long?' asked Villars.

'From the 1st July till the 12th of September; and precious slow it was too.'

'What on earth did you do?'

'I hardly know. Read in the mornings, and played cricket in the afternoon. There were always matches going on;—or rowed. Read again in the evening. Then we got up a Shakespeare club. Lambton, the don, you know, and Townsend and one or two other men you don't know; and we used to read a play in each other's rooms in turn two nights in the week. Played whist sometimes, and the time went along somehow. Some men played croquet and bowls outside the library the greater part of the day. They made such a row with the clicking of the balls, that some of the dons sent out and stopped it till the afternoon. Collyer was driven nearly wild, I believe.'

'Wasn't it Collyer that sent to the man who had rooms over his, to tell him not to walk about, that his room, as the name implied, was a *sitting*-room.'

'That's the man. I must go. Have you anything to do to-night?'

Charlie was not aware of any engagement.

'Will you come and play whist then at nine? Townsend's coming, and Preston, and we want a fourth.'

'I shall be delighted, only I don't know either of those fellows. Townsend's a don, isn't he?'

'No; he's only a bachelor. He missed his fellowship last time. Preston took his degree last March; you remember him at Harrow.'

'He was a long way above me. I don't suppose he remembers me.'

'You'll come then?' said Russell, opening the door, and shutting it on receiving an affirmative.

The door was opened again a few minutes after to introduce Leete, the old man of the drag, with a card of the meets, which he deposited on the table. He then stood with his hat in hand conversing about the hunting prospects for the season, the weather, and other light topics, till Charlie suggested a glass of wine. *Exit* Leete, smacking his lips.

Castleton and Exmoor had succeeded to the joint mastership of the drag, *vice* Lawton deceased (as far as the University was concerned). Castleton had refused to take the responsibility by himself, as he said he didn't seem to see paying half the expenses out of his own pocket, as Lawton had been obliged to do, owing to the subscriptions not having been paid up. Many men put down their names for five or ten pounds to races or steeplechases, or the drag, or other subscriptions, without thinking of con-

tributing anything beyond their autograph; and make all manner of excuses when applied to, ending eventually in leaving it unpaid. It is a cheap but a very mean way of getting credit for liberality, and entails more contempt in the end than it has gained favour in the beginning. Some men appear to have no conscience on such matters, or at all events no shame, and are quite content to see others made the losers by their ungentlemanlike behaviour—*parcus sui, alieni profusus*, is the principle they go upon.

There had been the usual drag luncheon two days before, and to-day Stow Fox was the drag.

Three or four freshmen had come out to be taught the easiest way of breaking their necks with satisfaction to themselves, and there were a good many of the old stagers left. Villars and Egerton had lunched together, and were jogging on quietly on their hacks, when the main body came up, and they had to quicken their pace and go the next six miles at a gallop.

'This is all very well for you, Castleton,' said Charlie, as they pounded along side by side; 'but I haven't been cub-hunting. I shan't be able to stir to-morrow, after riding the drag on the top of this.'

'Do you all the good in the world,' said Castleton. 'Why weren't you cub-hunting? you had the chance.'

'I don't think it's any fun getting up at four o'clock in the morning to potter about after a wretched little cub.'

'No fun!' cried Castleton in astonishment.

'Why, I go out the very first day they begin, and never miss a day if I can help it. It's glorious sport. I'd hunt every day in the year if I could, and more besides.'

'You'd like to have nothing but leap years, I suppose,' said Villars, laughing.

'Hark to him, Harry! Does he ever inflict you with this kind of thing?'

'Not often, I'm thankful to say,' was the reply. 'I should have to cut his society if he did,' and Egerton as he spoke looked over to Charlie with an expression which meant 'so likely that I should cut you for anything.'

A little further, and they arrived at the farm-house where the dogs were shut up, and found half a dozen men waiting there already. There was a short delay for tightening of girths, changing horses, collecting half-crowns, &c., and then they started off down the road for half a mile or so, and turned in at a gate to the left. The dogs hit off the scent at once, and the whole field were soon across the plough, and well on their way to the brook, which generally empties one or two saddles, and brings more than one horse to grief. A nasty little place it is too, at the bottom of a slight incline which is usually slippery, not pleasant to go fast at, and not easy to go slow at, so that directly the first horse has got well in, the rest of the field have to turn aside, and find out a crossing somewhere else.

Castleton was leading, and rode his horse judiciously over. Charlie's, not being so well trained,

or so well ridden, refused; and, being persuaded to try it a second time, only got his forefeet on to the opposite bank, and floundered back into the water. Here he plunged about, cooling his flanks, while Villars picked himself up and made vain attempts to induce him to 'come up.' The freshmen riders were not sorry to have an excuse for going round, and Charlie felt rather angry at having to come up after every one else, covered with mud and dirt; he fancied, too, that the freshmen smiled, which was very aggravating to second-year feelings. He didn't wait, therefore, for the rest, but trotted on with Egerton to the inn at Caxton, where their hacks were waiting, and only recovered his good-humour after a couple of glasses of homebrewed.

A large party dined at Litchfield's in the evening, and were kept in fits of laughter by Stopford, who had never been troubled with much shyness, and was as much at home as if he had been in his third year. He astonished his hearers by one or two startling anecdotes of his past experiences in different situations, and showed signs of budding powers of invention, which afterwards came out and blossomed in great luxuriance.

He was just such a liar as the man who describes himself in the *Spectator*—'It is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature.' He had got so into the habit of telling lies that he hardly knew, I believe, when he

was telling the truth. As no one believed without reservation anything that he said, his peculiarity did very little harm, and gave a great deal of amusement.

It was nearly half-past nine before Charlie remembered his engagement to Russell, when he seized upon his cap and gown, and rushed from the room, saying that he had promised to go and play whist.

'Who is he going to play with?' asked Castleton.

'Vivian, I suppose,' answered Egerton, and his spirits wrapped themselves in a heavy coat of gloom for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

'I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards.'—C. LAMB.

'And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with Nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Some more acute, and more industrious still
Contrive creation.'—COWPER.

TOWNSEND has just remarked to Russell that his Athenæum friend did not appear to be coming, when Villars entered the room.

'I'm awfully sorry for being so late,' he said; 'I didn't know what time it was.'

'You're in plenty of time,' rejoined Russell; 'we've only just done tea; you'll have some, won't you? You remember Villars at Harrow, Preston?' he continued, by way of introduction, as he poured out a cup of tea.

Preston replied with an air of constraint that he supposed he must have been there with him, but he didn't think he remembered him. Reading men always look with suspicion upon Athenæum men, to whom they have a kind of cynical aversion, fancying that the latter think it a condescension to associate with them. Consequently they abuse them heartily whenever they have the opportunity, and endeavour to avoid a further acquaintance, which might disabuse them of some of the erroneous notions which they have formed about them. Their aversion is generally mingled with a tinge of contempt, of different shades towards the individuals, but strong against the body, whom they look upon as empty-headed, brainless votaries of pleasure; incapable of saying anything worth listening to, and grossly ignorant on all the commonest subjects of knowledge. A good many, perhaps, answer this description; but take any set of men in the University—excepting, of course, reading men—and there will be found just the same amount of ignorance and vacuity of brain as among the members of the Athenæum. And the latter have other qualities to redeem their want of knowledge, which many sets have not. 'Oh, he's an Athenæum man!' is quite enough, either for a Third Trinity man, or the upper set of reading men—the former hate him forthwith, and the latter despise him.

Villars was not looked upon with such utter contempt by Townsend and Preston, as he had got a third class in his May, which afforded a fair pre-

sumption of a certain amount of intelligence. And as he had the happy knack of adjusting himself to the society in which he was placed for the time being, and was neither stiff nor supercilious, by the time the first game was over all were at their ease, and disposed to be agreeable.

'Rowley said he should look in presently,' said Russell, as he cut the cards, to Villars.

'Oh, I'm very glad. I've hardly seen him except in chapel.'

'He was in your house at Harrow, wasn't he?' asked Preston. 'Ah! talk of an angel,' he added, as the door opened, and Rowley appeared.

Charlie had many inquiries to make about what he had been doing since they met in Switzerland, and was deep in shooting when he was called back by 'Your play, partner,' from Townsend. What a convenient expression 'partner' is, if you don't know a man quite well enough to call him by his name.

'I'm very sorry,' exclaimed Villars. 'Is that against us?' pointing to a ten of spades—'the knave!'

'You can beat that, Preston,' said Russell.

'There you are—"the royal consort of the crown of spades," as Pope calls her.'

'Have something to drink, Rowley?' asked their host.

'Make yourself quite at home,' said Townsend, laughing; 'sit down if you like; we make no charge for chairs.'

'Has it occurred to you that we're playing whist?' suggested Preston, calling the attention of the others to the game. 'No more trumps, partner?' he asked, as Russell played a small card of another suit.

'That's the prejudication you should resist,' said Russell, whose Paley was still fresh in his head.

'Quite so — if Paley had ever played whist with you, he would have illustrated his definition of miracles by your play; Russell getting through a rubber without revoking, a thing contrary to experience.'

'He might have said then that it was a contest of opposite trumpabilities between my partner and you,' said Townsend, not being able to follow suit next round.

'Hume might have said so, Paley would have said that it was a fair way of putting it.'

'What do *you* think, partner?' asked Townsend. 'Paley is a pleasure to come for you.'

'That's all right,' exclaimed Villars, who had been deliberating anxiously which of his last two cards he should play first to win both tricks— 'that's mine too!—Paley must be awful stuff to learn, isn't it?' he continued, after the explanations were over, which follow generally at the end of a game.

'Oh! it's real jam. Paley in the middle, with Mechanics underneath, and Algebra on the top, make a delightful sandwich. You'll enjoy it next term.'

'I heard a man ask the other day why Paley wasn't made a bishop; thinking that the *Evidences* came from the present distinguished editor of the classics.'

'That's nearly as good as the man who asked me seriously whether Anno Domini didn't begin at 300.'

Quoth Townsend, amid the general laughter, 'And he said, Saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him*.'

'Russell thinks he can crow over us now,' said Rowley, who was standing up looking on, 'having got through.'

'I don't mind the Algebra or Mechanics,' said Villars.

'Are you a swell at Mathematics?' asked Preston. 'Are you going in for honours?'

'I did intend to. I'm not quite sure whether I shall, now.'

'Lots of men come up, intending to go out in honours, and come down to the poll.'

'I haven't given it up yet, though.'

'You can't put off reading till your last year, if you mean to stick to it.'

'Eyes in the boat,' cried Russell: 'it's you to play, Townsend.'

'There you are then,' returned Townsend, putting down a card; 'row on, all. Well rowed, sir,' as Villars took the trick.

'Are you going to row this year?' inquired the latter of Russell.

'Oh, yes! we go down every day. It's immense fun watching the freshmen row. I took a boat down yesterday. You never saw such a lot of duffers in your life.'

'Many new members in First?' inquired Townsend.

'A goodish lot, I think. I put down a lot of Harrow men.'

'I've got a Harrow man, Drummond, coming to me to coach—do you know him?'

'I do,' said Villars — 'he's a very nice fellow.'

'You don't mean to say he's weak enough to coach with you,' said Preston. 'I pity him.'

'The young man has shown great discrimination in his choice of a private tutor,' rejoined Townsend, with serio-comic dignity. 'From what I have seen of him, he appears to be a very promising pup, and I have hopes of making a good dog of him.'

'Is he the only one you have?' asked Russell.

'Not at all, sir; their name is Legion—a most thriving kennel.'

'Was it one of your pupils who construed ὀψίας γενομένης* "Oh, generation of vipers!" the other day?'

'Or said the nominative of "nobis" was "nobs," and that there was another word very similar to it, "vobs, vobis?"'

'Who also said the infinitive of "spero" was "sperre," like "fero, ferre?"'

* When the evening was come.

'I scorn your base insinuations,' said Townsend, laughing—'*et meâ virtute me involvo.*'

'I suppose Wood thought of Medea's sentiment,' said Preston, 'when he sent him to you,'—

'χρὴ δ' οὔποθ' ὅστις ἀρτίφρων πέφυκ' ἄνηρ
παῖδας περισσῶς ἐκδιδάσκεσθαι σόφους.' *

Russell and Townsend laughed heartily at the quotation, and Preston was allowed to score one. Villars laughed, too, for company, though he didn't understand what it meant.

Εὖ νὴ τὸν Ἑρμην· ὅτι λέγεις δ' οὐ μανθάνω.†

my partner thinks,' said Townsend; 'it's rather a shame though, talking shop like this.'

'Can't we talk mathematics?' said Villars, appealing to Rowley.

'I'm afraid I don't know enough about them to be facetious.'

'Mathematical wit conducted on mechanical principles would be very edifying,' said Preston. 'I wonder if any one could screw a joke out of a cylinder or a rigid bar.'

'Not without a very powerful lever.'

'I should think not; and any number of systems of pulleys, wheels and axles, and all the rest of it.'

* No sensible man will ever have his children made too clever.

† Good, by Hermes; (aside) I wonder what he means.

'You might use a wheel and axle on a senior wrangler's brain as long as you liked,' said Townsend; 'let down the bucket and draw it up again for ever, and it would always come up empty.'

'I believe some senior wranglers are not such imbeciles as people suppose,' said Preston. 'Jones, for instance, has lucid intervals, and talks like an ordinary human being.'

'Ah! but he's a *rara avis*. Isn't it Sir William Hamilton says their one faculty has been developed so much to the prejudice of the others that they're little better than idiots.'

'I believe he does say something of the kind.'

'I don't think I shall go in for honours,' said Villars; 'if one is to become more or less of an idiot by reading mathematics.'

'Oh, you'll be right enough; it's only the high wranglers whose brains come to grief for anything else but calculation.'

'I suppose Thompson is safe to be senior wrangler this year,' said Russell.

'Well, Jackson's coach says that "his parts are solid, and will wear well," and I know he has been reading awfully hard in the Long.'

'They'll have to wear well if they're to stand all the exercise he gives them. He's read ten hours a day for the last year.'

'I expect Thompson 'll come to the scratch much the freshest of the two. *Neque semper* Thompson, &c. He may be seen on the river

occasionally, and I don't suppose any one ever met Jackson out of senior wrangler's walk.'

'He makes a figure of any given joint at the scholars' table, I believe; solves problems with unknown quantities of potatoes; and has been known to eliminate his bedmaker frequently if she interrupted his calculations.'

'I saw him drawing figures in the middle of the road the other day with his stick, like Archimedes in the sand—perhaps he's a Pythagorean—and poking about in a gravel-heap—trying to find x, I suppose.'

'Ah! it's a sad sight,' said Townsend, laughing. 'Talking of drawing figures,' he continued, 'did you ever hear the story of Porson looking over some fellow's shoulder in the Senate-house, while he was answering one of the questions, which was to draw a map of some place or other. From his paper he might have been doing an exercise in hieroglyphics, and Porson asked him what he was doing—*μάψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον*—the man answered, without moving a muscle—good, wasn't it.'

'Excellent, if true,' said Preston; and in his laughter there was 'a dying fall.'

'You know the story, of course, of Porson being found in the early hours of the morning under some dinner-table, with the decanters empty, and candles burnt out, and hiccuping to some one who stirred him up—"*οὐδὲ τόδε, οὐδὲ τἄλλα.*" You see the joke,—"toddy and tallow."'

'Excellent, if true,' repeated Townsend, maliciously. 'At any rate it's better to be an in-

ebriated scholar than an unsociable wrangler; ὃ μὴ γένοιτο that I should ever be taken ill of mathematics. You understand, partner,' he added, looking at Villars, 'that I mean the higher branches, to which the Junior Optime doesn't aspire.'

'But there are lots of tremendous swells,' said Villars, 'who were high wranglers.'

'Yes, but what good are they as social beings? They can tell us all about the planets in which we don't live, and perhaps form a pretty correct guess of the probability or otherwise of the moon being made of green cheese. But we don't get any practical benefit from all their wandering among the stars; and the satisfaction of knowing the probable time of a star's decease is a poor anticipatory compensation for ending your own life at the bottom of a well, like our friend Thales of Miletus.'

'Oh, but,' said Russell, 'those scientific fellows *are* of some practical use.'

'How? they don't help us to live, except the mechanical part of them, *they* contribute a little to our comfort.'

'But hydrostatics, and dynamics, and all those things, come into practical use,' said Villars.

'Of course, all these minor branches are useful; but what 's the use of all their complicated problems, the differential calculus, and all those other things that one hears about, but doesn't even understand the meaning of?'

'Advancement of knowledge,' said Preston.

'Well, I suppose it amuses them, and doesn't

do us any harm. But I must say I'm all for utility.'

'I suppose you don't think much of Geology, then?'

'No, not much; it 's curious, perhaps, to know that we began by being zoophytes, if we're to believe all these fellows tell us. But I think half the things they assert as indisputable facts are mere matters of surmise.'

'Surmise! not at all,' said Preston; 'they have certain known facts they go by, and deduce their inferences from perfectly legitimate sources.'

'I dare say their logic is unanswerable; but it 's the easiest thing in the world to get up a chain of argument, in which each link shall be perfect, and yet the whole may be an absurdity—Witness Whateley on Napoleon.'

'Oh, that 's all very well for abstract reasoning,' said Preston, laying down his cards. 'But when you have facts to go by—when you find the same remains in the same relative position in all parts of the world, common sense shows that there 's nothing strained in the arguments they deduce from their discoveries.'

'Oh, I quite agree that their arguments may be very logical and very plausible, if you follow them in their own line. But take a bird's-eye view of the subject, and doesn't it appear monstrous presumption for us to arrange the growth of the world, some thousands of years ago, by principles deduced from present experience? They give no credit either to

the Supreme Power which called the elements out of chaos into existence. If you believe in the inspiration of the Bible, I don't see how you are to believe in geology. You go in, I suppose, for Shelley's Spirit of the Universe.'

'But it 's perfectly possible to reconcile the Bible account and the discoveries of geologists. It 's very easy to suppose that these arrangements were all conducted according to natural laws which Supreme Power sanctioned.'

'Then are we to collapse eventually according to natural laws? or is the time to be fixed by a higher power than nature, who, according to your theory, only pulls the wires?'

'He may certainly, when He thinks fit, alter the course of nature so as to produce any catastrophe He pleases; seeing that according to my idea, all nature is under His control, and works by its own laws, subject to His power of reversal. And I don't see,' continued Preston, reverting to the beginning of the discussion, 'why you should not reason from the experience of the last century or so (the correctness of which can be proved) backwards, till you come to the original creation. If inference and deduction from fair comparison are ever to be depended upon, it is in geology.'

'Well, I don't much believe in it,' said Townsend, resuming his cards; 'your tertiary formations, and your "pleiocene" and "meiocene," you'll never persuade me are anything but conjectures.'

'Have you quite done?' asked Russell, who had

been an amused and attentive listener with Villars during this discussion, 'because, if you have, we'll go on playing whist.'

The other two laughed, and expressing themselves sorry for having been carried away by their excitement, proceeded to hark back to where they had left the game. Rowley had disappeared long before, and Villars soon after rose to go, as it was almost twelve o'clock. Having paid up his small losses, he said good night, and ran across the grass to the gate.

He couldn't help contrasting the evening's conversation with that to which he was usually accustomed, and it need hardly be said that the latter did not come out favourably. It seemed as if he had been breathing a different atmosphere, the inanities and weaknesses of his usual conversation left behind. He felt, too, as if he had spent a profitable evening, which was an entirely new sensation, and agreeable from its novelty.

Gentle lady reader,—

> 'Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness
> And give it way; I know thou canst not choose.'

CHAPTER IX.

'My young gentleman, who has a smattering of taste, and would not willingly be thought ignorant of anything remotely connected with the "belles-lettres," experienced a degree of surprise mixed with mortification that he should never have heard of this poem (Spencer's *Epithalamium*), Spencer being an author with whose writings he thought himself peculiarly conversant.'—C. LAMB.

'Tell us what has chanced to-day
That Cæsar looks so sad.'—SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER lecture next morning, Charlie paid a visit to Russell to inquire what sort of a coach Townsend would be likely to be. The second-year men's Little Go came on the next term, and it was necessary, therefore, to begin to read at once. Russell of course recommended his friend, and Villars accordingly went to his rooms to see if he could take him.

Townsend was a rising coach, and already had four or five pupils of different kinds. With one of these he was engaged, endeavouring to drum a little Cæsar into his head, when Villars entered. He faintly smiled on hearing the object of his visit,

and said that he should be very happy to take him. He couldn't pretend to coach him in mathematics, but this probably he didn't require. Would eleven o'clock suit him in the morning, or would he prefer the evening? After a few more preliminaries, it was arranged that they should commence with Cæsar the next morning.

Drummond was crossing the court as Villars issued from Townsend's rooms.

'I've just been engaging your coach,' said the latter.

'Have you? He's a clever man, I believe. Come and look at my rooms,' said Drummond in reply.

Drummond had come up as a cap fellow-commoner, and had rooms near the Lodge on the ground floor. He was a man who pretended to great admiration for the fine arts and *les belles lettres*. His walls were hung with proof engravings of celebrated pictures, and his book-case filled with the newest works of polite literature. He knew the names of nearly all of them.

There was a bust by Canova on a light pedestal at one corner of the chimney-piece, and one by Marochetti at the other. A small landscape, by Claude, hung over a carved oak writing-table, and a little yellow Cuyp served as a *pendant* in the opposite corner. There was a piano in a recess, and an easel alongside of it. There were curtains of Turkish stuffs drawn across the doorways, and furs upon the sofa. A plate-glass screen in front of the

fire-place. Little frames of Swiss carving, and ornaments of Venetian glass and ormolu on the mantel-piece and table; and little knick-knacks scattered about the room, which had been picked up in Italy, Germany, and other parts of the world;—for Drummond had travelled a great deal, and possessed a certain refinement of taste and general accomplishment. He was a good performer on the piano too, and a bit of an artist. Having all these accomplishments, he thought it right to pretend to a knowledge of literature and art; and having but a very superficial acquaintance with these subjects—the barest smattering of knowledge—he was continually exposing himself to the ridicule of men who were better read, and less forward. His room, however, was certainly a very charming retreat, and Charlie gazed round him in surprise. 'You haven't been long in making yourself comfortable,' he said.

'Oh, there are a lot more things to come yet,' answered Drummond; 'there's a little table being made for that corner, and I've ordered an exquisite vase from Goode's for the middle of this table. Then my father has promised to send me one or two more pictures.'

'I remember your room at Harrow used to be very swell always,' said Villars, 'but it wasn't anything like this.'

Drummond looked very pleased at the praise which his arrangement had elicited. 'Won't you have something to drink?' he asked. 'I've got

rather good hock here—very good with seltzer in the morning.'

Villars declined with thanks. Freshmen always think that the proper thing to do is to offer you a glass of wine, or something of the kind, when you go to see them.

After staying five or ten minutes, Charlie proceeded on his way to the Athenæum, promising to come and see him again when his rooms were finished.

In the Athenæum Egerton was seated alone, looking over the newspaper.

'Good morning, Harry,' cried Charlie, as he entered. 'I was just coming to see you.'

'I will be bitter with him, and passing short.'

'Were you?' answered Egerton, as though he might have been 'thinking on the frosty Caucasus.'

'Why, what's the matter, old boy?' asked Charlie. 'You're as sulky as an old bear.'

'Am I? I didn't know it.'

'I suppose it's because I went to play whist with Russell last night. Confess.'

Egerton's manner began to thaw. He couldn't, however, bring himself to say that he thought Charlie had been with Vivian. 'You didn't tell me you were going to play with Russell. Who is Russell?'

'You know well enough — a Harrow man. You've nothing to be jealous about, so come along,' and Charlie, as he spoke, took him gently by the

arm. 'Let's go and order the trap for the Cambridgeshire.'

Egerton rose, the ice gradually disappearing before Charlie's genial manner; and before they had arrived at Pratt's he had recovered his usual spirits; his foolish jealousy carefully locked up in the depths of his own sensitive heart. He felt that he had made a considerable ass of himself, though none but he knew the exact reason; and he did his best by redoubled cordiality to remove the unfavourable impression he feared his fit of uncalled-for ill-temper must have left on Charlie's mind. He agreed therefore with alacrity to play tennis, after they had with some difficulty engaged a conveyance for the following week, and they walked up to the New Court, near Fenner's. Villars had served his time at the old one, and became a fair player, and was now promoted to the larger one, where in the afternoon some good tennis might be seen. He had not yet, however, arrived at that pitch of confidence which justified his taking the court between two and four o'clock, and usually gave up his reading before luncheon for an hour or two, to play in the morning.

Next week the Newmarket Houghton meeting commenced, and the Cambridgeshire provided the usual excitement for gentlemen of a speculating turn of mind.

'Do look at that fellow,' exclaimed Egerton as he drove home with Villars at the end of the day. He pointed as he spoke to an individual who was

careering across country alongside of the road, pretending that he was riding a race, and looking back every now and then to see if the rest were near him, laughing insanely the while, and evidently much the worse for liquor. 'This is as good as a play,' continued Egerton, convulsed with laughter, 'he *must* come to grief directly; there are a lot of little grips — in that field.'

'Providence certainly watches over drunken men,' rejoined Villars; 'how on earth did he get over that fence?'

It was indeed little short of a miracle; and no thanks to himself, that his horse didn't put his foot into the grip beyond. There is an end, however, to all things, and soon there yawned before him one of those charming gulfs which run across the Cambridgeshire fields; deep cuts sloping inwards, which have broken many a horse's back before now. Neither horse nor rider observed this chasm till they were close upon it, and the former hesitating upon the brink brought himself and his rider in a heap to the bottom; where they floundered about in the water and mud till the others who were following came up. Egerton stopped their fly, and they ran across to see if there was any harm done, but found the individual picking himself out of the ditch covered with dirt, only a little shaken, and rather sobered by his fall. The horse was lying on his back, kicking violently, and making hopeless exertions to get upon his legs; which the banks between which he was jammed effectually prevented.

There was soon a little crowd collected round—one undoing his girths, another taking hold of the bridle, and several more laying into him with their whips to induce a continuous movement of the muscles. The owner of the land came up, and said it served them right for riding over his land, and they might get him out as best they could; none of his men should help 'em. The good man, however, was pacified after a time; and as the crowd which was collecting promised to do more damage to his fences, he graciously allowed one of his labourers to dig about the horse's hind-quarters and introduce a rope under him. In this way he was turned over upon his legs, and began to proceed more or less gaily along the bottom of the ditch. As there seemed every probability of his reaching the top, Egerton and Villars returned to their fly.

'It's a wonder he didn't come to grief before,' said the former. 'I remember that fellow riding the drag once; he got the worst fall I ever saw, over the last double post and rail at Cottenham.'

'Do you know him?' asked Charlie.

'No, I only know him by sight, his name 's Bonham. He and two or three other curious-looking beasts are always going about together. You must have seen them driving to the drag sometimes. They're about the worst lot in the University. Do nothing, I believe, but play billiards and drink beer, or brandy and water all day.'

'He looks rather a caution.'

'I believe that's the man that had a fight with

the dean at Magdalene. He came in awfully drunk one night, and was making a row in the court—the dean came out and he knocked him down.'

'I've seen him at Jockey Club meetings, I think.'

'I dare say. There are a lot of fellows of a very similar nature in the Jockey Club; they're obliged to have them in to get their subscriptions for the races.'

The Jockey Club at Cambridge, which is of comparatively recent invention, is supposed to be founded on the same principles as *the* Jockey Club. The whole thing, however, is a mere farce. There is a general meeting once a term to elect stewards, who make all the arrangements connected with races, and are supposed to settle disputes. But I never heard of a dispute being referred to them. The general public is shy of referring disputes to men who, to all appearance, are guided solely by their own interest in the settlement of all matters connected with their department.

CHAPTER X.

'Such was the talk they held upon their way.'—SOUTHEY.

IT was Sacrament Sunday at Trinity. A droning don has just delivered one of the usual pithy sermons, and the Master proceeds, with stately gravity, from his stall up to the Communion Table. While he is on his way we may inquire for a moment why it is that College sermons are always so good. Surely, one great reason must be because so many of the fellows only take orders that they may retain their fellowships, which otherwise they might be obliged to resign after a certain number of years. Of course, they would indignantly deny such an accusation, and I don't mean to say that this is the reason for taking orders in every case. But when we hear a man highly praised for refusing to commit himself—in order to retain his fellowship—to certain vows, which he might not be able to keep, it is only fair to suppose that it is the frequent occurrence of the opposite line of conduct which makes it a merit to adopt the right one. Besides, one sees that the mathematical don is mathematical still; and that the gay don continues

in his gaiety, thinking no more of his vows, now that his three hundred a year is secured. (It must have been a fellow of a College who told his parishioners on one occasion that he couldn't give them a sermon as he was engaged to dine.) Is it, then, to be wondered at that their sermons should be so earnest and so edifying, when their minds have never been directed towards the materials of preaching?

We rejoin the Master, who is followed by the fellows—senior and junior—in a goodly row, which is brought up by the bachelors. They range themselves round the altar rails, and non-communicants leave the chapel. Soon there arises an unseemly noise of scuffling feet and suppressed conversation as they herd together, not through the ante-chapel and out of the door, but into a sort of dirty yard at the back of the chapel, which is filled with a noble collection of wine-bottles from the fellows' table. Hence, amidst much crowding and jostling and pushing, they are let out one by one through a wicket, at which the marker stands taking down their names as they pass. To such indignities is the undergraduate subjected who does not wish to stay. And all because the College desires to know who does stay, in order that those who are going into the Church may be guaranteed to have stayed a certain number of Sacraments. It was thought lately that to condemn the undergraduates to a period of probation among broken bottles, was an unnecessary insult; and therefore the ante-chapel was made their pen instead; and they were let out like sheep by the door

in a similar manner to the bottle-yard arrangement. The confusion and noise naturally penetrated to the interior of the chapel, and the Dean actually found fault with the undergraduates for the unseemly disturbance which was the natural result of this most objectionable practice. Of late, I believe a new rule has been adopted, of causing communicants to register themselves at the Butteries!

The way in which the Sacrament is conducted is not calculated to inspire the feelings which it is intended that it should. Villars' remarks to Egerton on the subject, as they walked across the court, are only the expression of what many others think.

'I never feel,' he said, 'as if I was at the Sacrament here, so I never stay now. It's done so methodically, and no one seems to think much about what he's doing. Besides, they conduct it in such a curious way, I never know when to sit down or kneel or stand. I was kneeling, the last time I stayed, close to the rails, at the wall, and one of the dons came and sat down upon me.'

'I declare I could hardly help laughing the first time I stayed,' said Egerton, 'when the plate was passed round afterwards to the dons. I know it was horribly wicked, but some of them did look so absurd. And then, when the Master bowed to each side, as much as to say—Are you ready? off! and they all started down the aisle in procession.'

'What an awful shame, Harry!' said Villars, laughing in spite of himself. 'One oughtn't to joke about it.'

'You were sitting in Iniquity this morning,' continued Egerton, 'did you see the two fellows behind me with their surplices sewed together? It was the best thing I ever saw. The man sitting next to me did it when they were kneeling down, and when they got up of course they couldn't turn round. He did it so gravely, too, I was nearly splitting with laughter all the time.'

'I saw a row going on,' said Villars, 'but I didn't know what it was. Did you notice that man on the other side,' he continued, 'crossing himself and bowing down to his knees every time "Glory be to the Father" came?'

'Yes. There are two or three fellows who do it. It irritates me awfully. Such infernal hypocrisy! I know one of them; he has candles of curious size, and crosses, and incense, and all sorts of bosh in his room. I believe he's a Roman Catholic really, only he doesn't confess to it. And while he does all this, and thinks himself infinitely more pious than any one else, he thinks nothing of doing heaps of other wickednesses that ordinary beings are abused for. I've heard that he even plays cards on Sunday.'

'Don't some of them teach in schools, and visit?'

'I believe the Low Church party do that. I've met fellows occasionally,' added Egerton drily, 'coming from visiting in Barnwell.'

Charlie smiled. 'I respect a man if he does what he thinks right, and doesn't parade his religion; but I can't stand "cant."'

'That's why I hate Dissenters so much,' answered

Egerton, 'they always seem such a canting, hypocritical lot,—quoting Scripture at one for everything, while they're full of malice and evil speaking against their neighbours at the same time. I used to hear a great deal about Dissenters from my private tutor, he was eaten up with them, and dead against the whole boiling. I believe he thought a Dissenter couldn't go to heaven.'

'My tutor was much the same,' said Charlie; 'if he ever got upon his Dissenting hobby after dinner, he used to ride it over us till all was blue. You know, I always think that doctrine, and all that kind of thing, doesn't matter much; as long as a fellow is really religious, and does what's right, and doesn't do what's wrong.'

'Well, so do I; but I suggested one day to my tutor that I had heard some one say that the best sermon was the one which gave the least evidence of what particular persuasion the preacher of it belonged to. He was horrified; a sermon without doctrine! Of course I shut up. I suppose he was right.'

'But I think a Dissenter may be just as good a man as one who belongs to the Church of England. I don't know what the points are on which they differ, but I don't expect a great many of them do either. I should think the greater number of them are hereditary Dissenters, or become so out of pique, or from some such cause, that has nothing to do with doctrine.'

'But there are different sects, and I suppose they have different opinions,' said Egerton; 'however,

I don't know much about them. But I think all those Low Church publications, tracts, and so forth, are the most sickening trash for any Christian to be condemned to swallow.'

They had strolled unconsciously some way up Trumpington Street, while this interesting discussion was going on, and Egerton now bethought him that he had letters to write before going to the usual one o'clock committee meeting of the A. D. C. They turned back, and he went to his rooms; Charlie promising to meet him for a walk at half-past two.

The latter proceeded to the Athenæum, and joined a party who were going to make their Sunday tour of inspection of their horses at Death's.

'Do you take a holiday on Sunday?' asked Villars, as he walked behind with Grey.

'Yes, I never read on Sunday. I'm only too glad to get a rest.'

'You haven't been riding this term at all.'

'It takes up too much time, going to the far-off meets. I never like going out before two o'clock if I can help it.'

'Are you reading very hard?'

'About seven hours a day. I've put it off so long, that I have to put on a spurt now. I go in, you know, next term.'

'I'm beginning to think I shall give up going in for honours,' said Villars; 'I shouldn't take a high place, and it would be such an awful grind reading for them.'

'My father would be awfully cut up, if I shirked it,' said Grey; 'otherwise I think I should. There's no doubt about it—one can't amuse oneself half the time one is up here and be senior classic. If I get a good second, though, I shall be quite satisfied. I don't in the least regret not having given up the years in which one enjoys life most, to hard grinding; which, after all, only brings one a small amount of κῦδος.'

Charlie pondered without replying.

'Isn't that Marston?' he said presently, pointing to an individual in a low hat, issuing with three or four more, who were similarly accoutred, from a house in Jesus Lane.

'I think it is,' said Grey. 'Those are all Third Trinity men; going out for a Sunday grind, I suppose.'

'Marston was at a private tutor's with me,' said Charlie, 'but he's given himself up so to rowing, that I never see him at all now.'

'I used to know something of him too, but those fellows always fight shy of us.'

The conversation here pulled up at Death's door, where the others were waiting for them. Castleton's horses were inspected first, with the names of their winning races on little plates nailed to the door. The party just looked in at Cunningham's stalls, but as he himself was not there, Tom Hills was shy of showing his horses without his sanction. On to Exmoor's, and Rochfort's hack, which he thought perfection; and then through Death's private stud of

screws. After they had all been gone through, the whole party adjourned to French's, where the invaluable Harty produced cold meats and other food, with sherry *ad libitum*.

Villars left them after luncheon to meet Egerton, and they walked up the St. Neot's Road, and home by the Trinity Ground; thereby avoiding the οἱ πόλλοι of the constitutional walkers.

'We elected your friend Drummond, among others,' said Egerton, as they walked, divulging the sacred mysteries of the Committee, 'I suppose he'll join.'

'I should think so. I don't know that he acts though. He plays the piano.'

'I don't know that that has much to do with it,' said Egerton, laughing.

'Perhaps he sings, if he plays.'

'Douglas asked me to come to tea with him to-night. He plays rather well. He said some fellows were coming to practise: Rowley, I suppose. I wonder who else. By the way, do you think Rowley would care about being on the Committee if he was put up at the end of the term?'

'I don't know that he'd care much,' answered Charlie. 'I should think he wouldn't refuse. What do you think about Drummond for the Athenæum?' he asked presently.

'I think he'd be a very good member,' said Egerton, 'he seems a very gentlemanlike fellow. I suggested him at the Committee meeting last Sunday, but no one else knew him. I dare say

he'll be elected to-day. There's a meeting after hall.'

'Committees must be rather a bore, ain't they, if you're on a lot of different ones?'

'An awful nuisance. We have tremendous fights sometimes at the A. D. C. meetings. Fellows think nothing of abusing like a pickpocket any man you may propose; although he might be your dearest friend. I shouldn't stay on it, only that as orchestra manager one has nothing to do. Who were those?' he continued, as Charlie nodded to a couple of men who passed at the moment.

'Two fellows I was at Harrow with. I hardly know them, but I always make a point of nodding, that they may not think that I mean to cut them.'

'What a bore it is,' returned Egerton, 'having a large nodding acquaintance! I think I know nearly half the University to nod to. It's the greatest nuisance possible, pretending to look pleased at every second fellow you meet, when you don't care a straw about him.'

'I should be sorry even to have a nodding acquaintance with a man who could wear trousers of such a pattern as that,' said Charlie, pointing to some green pantaloons which were ambling in front of them.

'I can't understand,' said Egerton, 'how men can make such guys of themselves; now that fellow can't possibly suppose that there's anything attractive in such a pattern.'

'I suppose he does, or he wouldn't wear them.

I think on the whole, men at Cambridge dress better than they do at Oxford, don't you?'

'They don't go in for dress so much, I think. Oxford men are always thinking of wherewithal they shall be clothed; and they always look more got-up than we do.'

'A good many men don't think enough about it; some fellows look awfully untidy. I saw a man in chapel the other night in knickerbockers.'

'That's awfully low form, I think. Knickerbockers are all very well in the country, but I hate seeing them in a town. I heard an awfully good story of an Eton man the other day. I don't suppose you know him; however, he always wears knickerbockers, and thinks he has rattling good calves. He was seen the other night, from the other side of the street, with his looking-glass on the floor and the candle on the chair, admiring them.'

'How ridiculous!'

'But you haven't heard the best part of it. The man who lives above him heard a devil of a row a few nights ago in his bed-room, and went down to see what was up, and found him rolling on the bed with the tail of his shirt on fire—looking-glass and candle as before. Evidently his shirt had caught fire while he was admiring his muscle.'

'Good! Serve him right,' laughed Charlie. 'Shall we go to hall?' he continued, as they were approaching the Trinity avenue.

'Yes, I vote we do,' said Egerton. 'I don't much care about dining at the Lion every Sunday.'

'Were you ever asked to join the Convivialists?'

'No; were you?'

'No; I shouldn't care to, either.'

The Convivialists, I believe I am correct in saying, grew out of another Sunday dining club, called the 'Anti-dining-in-hall-because-of-the Squash Club.' They are called the Convivialists (or were, the Club having worn itself out), because they had a quiet dinner, and no toasts, except 'the Club,' which was drunk in silence. They used to ask graduates and non-resident friends to dine; and for those who liked it, it was, doubtless, very agreeable and pleasant.

CHAPTER XI.

'*Cham.* Oh, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one.'—*Henry VIII.*

'Quos ubi confertos audere ad prælia vidi,
Incipio super his; Juvenes, fortissima frustra
Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido
Certa sequi; quæ sit rebus fortuna videtis.' *—VIRGIL.

THE following day was the 1st of November, what is called a gaudy day; on which noblemen wear their golden gowns in hall; a red-letter day in the fellows' calendar; a high and solemn feast to commemorate the auditing of the college accounts, and the broaching of a new brew of the audit ale. It is thence called audit-day. I am not sure whether all the saints who claim it as their own ever enter the heads of those noble creatures who keep the day nominally in their memory. The gallery is crowded with ladies and other fry, who watch the disappearance of turkeys, geese, and other unusual dishes at

* 'Whom when I saw resolved in arms to fall
And that one spirit animated all,
"Brave souls," said I, "but brave, alas! in vain."'
DRYDEN.

the pensioners' table, and gaze with admiration upon the silver bowls in which the audit-ale is circulated. Egerton and Villars happened to be passing the hall while dinner was going on, and by the judicious expenditure of a shilling on the Combination-room boy, made their way into the gallery. All the dons, I think, without exception, dine in hall on feast days, and put off chapel half an hour, that they may have full time to enjoy themselves afterwards. Recently the dinner hour on feast days has been altered to half-past six for the high table, that they may have the whole evening before them, and may not present a heated appearance in chapel. Most of the fellow-commoners avoid feast-day dinners, as they are kept,—in hall for a good hour and a half, until the rose-water has gone the round of the table. It will be a mercy to the reader to draw a veil over the sight which met the view from the gallery.

'We may as well get marked, now we're here,' said Egerton, as they descended the stairs.

'Where will you get a cap and gown?' asked Charlie.

'Oh! sure to see some one here one knows.'

There didn't happen to be anybody one did know, so Egerton inquired in the blandest voice of a meek-looking individual, with whom he had no acquaintance, if he would mind lending him his cap and gown.

'Most happy!' was the the reply, and cap and gown were taken off and handed to Egerton, who

gave the meek-looking party his hat and stick to hold meanwhile; put one arm through the gown to give it the appearance of being worn, and held up his cap at the door to catch the marker's eye. This done, Villars went through the same performance, and meek individual resumed his property, with many thanks from the borrowers.

'I never saw such a cool hand as you are, Harry,' said Villars, as they went down the steps. 'I should never have had the cheek to ask a fellow I didn't know to take off his gown.'

'Bless your soul! he took it as a compliment.—I'm going to have supper in my rooms on the 5th,' continued Egerton, as they approached the Athenæum; 'we may see some fun in the Market-place.'

'You're safe to get your windows broken if you do.'

'Never mind. What 's the odds if they are?'

And Egerton had his supper, and saw his fun. Most of the men who came had to run the gauntlet of squibs and crackers, and if they were pugilistically inclined, of stones and rotten eggs.

After supper, when the spirits of the party were somewhat raised, some foolish members began to jeer the mob out of the windows, and received a shower of missiles in return which crashed through the glass on all sides, and were only stopped by the blinds from coming on to the supper-table. They then retired to the upper story, where the same joke was repeated with the same results, and Eger-

ton's landlady came up to implore them to stop, or the mob would break into the house. *Sic animis iuvenum furor additus.* Several valiant spirits hereupon resolved to do some mighty deed, and were with difficulty prevented from rushing out into the middle of the crowd and dying an ignominious death by stoning. After a time, the mob, tired of inactivity, dispersed 'to seek fresh fields and pastures new,' for the display of their valour; and the excited party in the house armed themselves with hunting-crops, hearth-brooms, and whatever else of the kind they could lay hands upon, and sallied forth to do or die. They scoured up and down for some time without finding food to feast their warlike ardour upon, the crowd being engaged in Bridge Street. But soon it returned, and the hearth-broom men were taken in front and rear as they were coming down Rose Crescent. It was a critical moment, the surging mob before and behind, stones and sticks glancing all around. The hearth-brooms were soon broken in the attempt to force a passage to the Market-place; and finding this hopeless they put their backs against the wall, and laid about them with their hunting-crops. This same implement gives a very ugly blow, and the crowd having exhausted their missiles (it being late in the evening), roared at them from a respectful distance,—

> 'While those behind cried "Forward,"
> And those in front cried "Back."'

There is a shout of 'Town! Town!' mingled with the scurrying of feet across the Market-place, and the crowd begin to think of flight. Taking advantage of the opportunity, the hunting-whips and their friends make a rush, and gain the open, dealing destruction as they go, though not escaping without a nasty cut or two from furtive sticks.

They eventually reach Egerton's room again, where they break in out of breath, and relate their adventures, vowing eternal vengeance against the *canaille*. Two individuals who had been engaged in the perspiring amusement of cock-fighting suspend operations to listen, and then renew their endeavours to upset each other.

'Let me introduce you to the Game Chicken,' cried Egerton to Grey (who had just arrived from reading), pointing to Rochfort, who was looking spurs upon the floor. 'Now then, time's up,' continued Egerton, arranging his man again, while Neville did the same for Exmoor, who was the other combatant.

And at it again they went, toe and nail, till Exmoor got one well planted underneath, and 'the Game Chicken' began to look shaky. 'Boots wins,'—'I'll lay a hundred on Boots,'—'Go it, ye cripples;' and Rochfort, after several brave but ineffectual attempts to keep his balance, rolls gracefully over on to his back.

'I'm blessed if I don't have a go with you now, Boots,' cried Castleton; 'you look so d—d cheeky.'

Rochfort was accordingly untrussed, and Castleton took his place.

Most of the party were too excited to sit down to cards; so that when cock-fighting began to pall, cat-hunting was suggested (the streets being by this time pretty clear), and Charlie and one or two others sallied forth to get their dogs. St. Michael's was drawn blank. Toddy just gave one note in the far corner, but the cat ran cunning, and went in like a shot though an area-window. St. Mary's next; where the hounds were no sooner in cover than they found. Tallyho! all round the churchyard—over tombstones and graves, with a burning scent, the field cantering up and down outside. A couple of cats are on foot, and one makes across, hotly pursued, to Milligan and Johnson's area,—gone to ground. The other breaks on the far side, and makes for an earth in another area, but finds it stopped. The hounds are lifted through the railings, and away they go over a fine open line of country, round the corner of the Market-place, and up one or two passages to the next cover in another churchyard. Here it's a case of ''possum up a gum-tree,' and the dogs make night hideous with their barking till the huntsman climbs partly up the tree, and frightens down the quarry with his gown: over the wall, and away again down a lane to King's Parade, through the railings of King's, and across the grass (the dogs handed over, or through the bars), till they run him to ground at last near the Bull. The policemen are beginning to object to the noise, but

that is immaterial. St. Catharine's is drawn a blank. Fair earth, but no cats. Atmosphere of the place injurious to young cats. Prejudice, perhaps, against the master. There is another find in a narrow strip of cover further on, but the scent is bad, and the hounds are whipped off, as it is getting late.

All then jog home together down the Parade, till they are startled by the Town Hall clock booming out the hour through the now quiet streets. They start off at speed to their respective rooms, shouting to their canine property as they go; and the faint good nights die away in the distance on the frosty air.

CHAPTER XII.

'I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequences; for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother.'—*Spectator.*

'Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

"Stop thief! Stop thief! A highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way,
Did join in the pursuit.'—COWPER.

'—— —— you, sir, why the —— can't you look where you're going to?' met Charlie's ear as he turned the corner of Trinity Street one evening soon after the events described in the last chapter. This mild observation proceeded from Charlton's polished lips, who proceeded to explain that he had nearly had his head taken off by a shutter coming out of the adjoining shop. It certainly is attended with considerable risk walking along Trinity Street towards dusk. Above, below, all round you, shut-

ters are shooting out, without the least warning, and rigid boards bristle for half-an-hour or so along the street, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' I have seen a shutter put its head up quietly out of an area, look about it for a moment, and then make a dart at an innocent passer-by, and precipitate him into the gutter. Charlton, having been caught pretty sharply on the head, had some excuse, perhaps, for his strong language.

'Which way are you going?' he asked.

Villars was going towards the A. D. C.

'I'll walk that way with you, then,' he rejoined, to Charlie's extreme delight. 'I'm going to Brown's. There goes a proctor,' he continued, as they turned into Sidney Street. 'By Jove, how those fellows do hate me! Did I ever tell you how I sold one of 'em once?'

Villars had not heard, and Charlton continued,—'The beggar gave chase in the Market-place; but I was too quick for him—bolted into Donagan's, sir, snatched off the fellow's apron who was cutting a man's hair at the time, and made him sit down.' Charlie looked incredulous. 'Fact; take my oath to it. Well, the proctor came in, and said that I had been seen to come into the shop, and he looked at the shopman sitting down, who was much taller than me, and couldn't make it out at all. I went on pretending to cut the fellow's hair in the chair, who was fortunately a man I knew; and the poor devil of a proctor had to slink out again with his tail between his legs. Gad! how we did laugh when he'd

gone. He was new to the game; or I rather fancy, just a few, that he'd have known me by sight.'

Villars laughed, though he didn't believe; but he found out afterwards that the story was actually true as Charlton had told it.

Rehearsals were going on at the A. D. C.; but Charlton, not having been yet elected to the club, notwithstanding his fame among the proctors and their bulldogs, passed on to the pool-room at Brown's.

Carter was offering to toss any one for a sovereign, a fiver, or a pony if they liked, when Charlie entered.

'Now then, Villars, just once, he cried, spinning a sovereign into the air with a most accomplished turn of the hand.

'All right,' replied Charlie, 'head. Thank you (pocketing the sovereign). No, thanks, not any more—once, you said;' and Carter fished out another coin, and sought about for some one else to toss with. He would have tossed with the Evil One for his soul if he had been in Faust's position. He tossed you for every bill, he tossed to settle every disputed point, he even tossed his unfortunate coach in the Long for his hard-earned money, and won. Castleton entered soon after, and gratified him until he had lost four or five pounds.

'I'll just go you double or quits once,' he said at last; but Carter didn't care about that; if Castleton went on long enough of course he must win it back, so he inclined his finger knowingly along his nose,

and said, 'No, I'll go you for two sovereigns if you like.'

'Won't have it,' said Castleton, turning away; 'a fellow with twopence a year, paid quarterly, can't afford to be rash.'

'Did you hear what the Snipe did to Boots this morning?' asked Villars.

'No; what?'

'Some don came and left his card in Snipe's room, asking him to tea and prayers, I believe, some night this week; and he took it to Boots' room and slipped it into the letter-box. Boots wrote a very polite note, saying that he should be very happy to come.'

Castleton and the others who were listening burst out laughing. 'How awfully good! Did he get any answer?'

'I don't know; Boots was rather pleased at the attention, he thought the man had been taken with his appearance, or captivated by his "lordship."'

Poor Exmoor got unmercifully chaffed for many a day afterwards, and entertained most hostile feelings towards Neville for a long time to come. His brother, too, joined in the laugh at his expense, which was the hardest cut of all.

Peyton was a very different kind of fellow to Exmoor: he was clever, well read, and intelligent. Not, however, as men are usually judged at Cambridge, either great at classics or mathematics. Many a man may be a shining light in modern literature and modern attainments, and yet not be

known as a clever man, unless he can show his talent in some branch which comes into the University system. Peyton had a horror of mathematics, except in so far as his intelligence showed him that they were useful for the advancement of science, and the promotion of practical ends. Classics he reverenced from a distance; he had all the capacity to appreciate the beauties of the ancient literature of Greece and Rome, but he lacked the power of learning languages, or the inclination to give up the necessary time from what he considered more useful and profitable reading. A superficial and imperfect knowledge of classics is certainly not desirable in itself, for no satisfaction can be derived from it in the way of perusing with ease the masterpieces of the different languages. All that can be said for it is, that the preliminary training which has brought this amount of knowledge to the mind has not been thrown away. It is the fault of the individual if he does not prosecute his studies sufficiently to gain a thorough knowledge of the subject, and derive the continuous enjoyment which may result therefrom. However, to return to Peyton,—he was acute, observant, and original, and bid fair some day to be an ornament to the state; for it was in this line that his half-defined ambition seemed to himself to tend. Politics and the affairs of the nations of the world had the chief hold upon his mind; and his interest had been fostered and strengthened by a careful and reflecting study of history, encouraged by his

father, who was himself a statesman of no mean capacity. How often it is that the younger son has the intellect of the family, or rather may it not be that he does not hide his talent in a napkin, as the elder is so often encouraged or allowed to do. It has been truly said, that it is not talent so much that makes the difference between man and man, but energy. The energy of the elder son is nipped in the bud; he is educated usually with a view to becoming a gentleman at large. 'Oh, he'll go to Parliament some day, or the army for a few years. He will not have to work for his living!'

Such are the absurd notions which some parents have as regards the educational requirements of their children. Just as if the great end of education was to make money! If it is, then let every one begin at once to study the particular branch of knowledge which his intended profession requires. Let him give up all thoughts of general cultivation, and enlargement of mind, and development of power; except in so far as they may be useful to him in his profession. But if money-making is not the end and aim of education,—if it is desired that boys and men shall grow up to be polished gentlemen and ornaments of society; should be men of cultivated tastes, general accomplishments, and extensive knowledge; and should be able to take an active part in the government of their country—then, if all this is desirable, how ridiculous it is to think that the eldest son need not trouble himself about book-learning! How iniquitous it is that fathers

and mothers should encourage indolence, and allow a distaste for knowledge to grow and increase. Why, it is upon the eldest sons, as the representatives of the landed interest, that the chief government of the country should fall. While the younger sons are filling the professions suited to their particular talents or inclinations, these eldest sons ought to be budding statesmen, maturing their ideas, and preparing themselves for the arduous duty which should devolve upon them. Instead of this, they are allowed to grow up with an insufficient education, and a disinclination for improvement, or at all events for the labour required in the pursuit of it; and the consequence is, that not one in a hundred is fit to sit in Parliament.

When their education, such as it is, is half completed, they are turned into some regiment full of ignoramuses like themselves, to see a little life forsooth! and learn a few of the inanities of the world, to fit them for taking a high position in the kingdom at some future time. The younger son, on the other hand, has no such prospect of ease and indolence before him, and his quantum of energy, therefore, does not grow torpid by disuse, but brightens up as he nears the age when responsibility and independence begin to nudge him by the elbow. He does not allow his intellect to lie fallow, but in many cases turns out, like Peyton, an accomplished enlightened man, by whose side his elder brother appears to small advantage.

But I see signals of distress hoisted by the rea-

der. Our train is off the line.—Where was I? Going out larking, I think, with Exmoor and several others. Murray had come up for the A. D. C., and Lawton and Tom Manners for the steeplechases, so there had been a gigantic larking party organised to entertain them. They were now cantering along towards Histon, with a view to the Cottenham fences to finish up with. Near Histon they crossed the foot drag, who were pottering about in a field near by, vainly attempting to find a hare.

Stopford, who was riding with Egerton and Rochfort, inquired what they were doing, and then proceeded to give his own reminiscences of a run he had had with the beagles at Eton.

'You never saw such a thing in your life. I was left alone with them, and was the only fellow up at the end. We ran straight on end ten miles, and killed in the open. By Jove, I *was* done. Ran all the way back, though, and never felt it next morning.'

'Did you ever hear of Baron Munchausen?' asked Egerton, with a grave face.

'Yes; a devilish good fellow he is too. I've met him in London.'

The others roared with laughter, but Stopford didn't see the joke, and persisted.

'I'll take my oath to it, I know him as well as I do you. It's all nonsense, you may laugh as much as you like.'

'But he never existed,' laughed Egerton.

'I don't care. I know him whether he exists or not.'

'Well, I'll back you, Ananias' (Stopford was always known by this name now), 'to tell a lie and stick to it, against any one,' said Rochfort, drying his eyes with his handkerchief.

Stopford continued to tell of moving incidents by flood and field in which they had been engaged, till they turned off the road, and took a line across country to Cottenham. All went peaceably enough for a time, but at last several sturdy farm-labourers, headed by their master, appeared at a gate which was the only convenient outlet from a field the horses were in, and refused a passage. Lawton, finding that parley was useless, put his horse at them (the gate was off its hinges), and followed by the rest, rode through, the horses and persons of the last two or three suffering somewhat from heavy stakes which the clods made use of as arms. They cantered up the road laughing, and careered over some grass fields, back and forwards over the same fences several times, till there was a cry of 'Farmers!' and two mounted individuals answering to that description were seen on the far side of the next hedge. All turned their horses at once to the fence they had been practising over, and clearing it, got safe away, Egerton excepted. His horse had a nasty habit of refusing occasionally when he was going quick at his fence; and now when Egerton had put full steam on, he stopped dead short when he came up to it, and turned sharp round. The

farmer party had just entered the field at the opposite side. There was no time to coax the brute over, so Egerton glancing his eye round the field, made for a gate which was near his corner. This was mercifully opened by a small boy, whom he rewarded by a shilling as he galloped through. It led him into a farm-yard which opened on to the road, and not hearing any pursuit he fancied himself safe, and was beginning to conjecture which line the others had taken. The rest of his adventures he told on arriving late in the evening at Cambridge.

Having explained how he got out of the field, he continued, 'I was jogging quietly along the road, thinking it was all right, when imagine my disgust at seeing my friend coming down a road at right angles, as I was passing. I rammed the spurs in, and bolted down the road with this devil after me in full cry, holloaing "Stop him! stop him!" at the top of his voice. We astonished the natives in the village as we passed, clattering over the stones like one of the clock; he was only about thirty yards behind me, and a scoundrel of a carter turned his waggon full of brushwood across the road — awfully nearly did for me. I meditated clearing the whole business like Dick Turpin, but thought better of it, and just managed to squeeze through between the horse's head and the fence, giving the carter a jolly good cut with my whip as I passed him. You remember the gate they tried to stop us at before; this was open, and I thought I should be able to pound

CHAPTER XIII.

'I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess,—I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. . . . I cannot *like* all people alike.'—C. LAMB.

BONHAM, the hero of the ditch, in some unaccountable way had contrived a term or two before to be made a member of the A. D. C. Black sheep will creep in now and then to every club; and although the A. D. C. sacrifice a desirable member every October term at the altar of their dignity, they yet manage to elect one or two most undesirable specimens at the same time. Possible Bonham's obscurity at the time had protected him from being known to any one except the friend on the committee who had vouched for his respectability. At any rate, there he was on the ladies' night, swaggering about, looking disagreeably unlike a gentleman.

'Why on earth do you speak to that fellow?' asked Murray of Grey, who had just been talking to Bonham.

'He always comes up and speaks to me—I suppose because we were at Eton together.'

'But why must you be obliged to know a fellow, just because he chooses to push himself into your acquaintance?'

'Oh! I don't see much of him. And I think one ought to be civil to every one. It doesn't cost anything.'

'Civil—yes,' returned Murray, 'never cut a man you have once known, unless you have a very decided reason for it. But I don't call it incivility not choosing to know a fellow who tries his best to know you against your will. I know lots of men hate me because I don't care to acknowledge the acquaintanceship they've tried to force upon me.'

'But it doesn't do you any harm nodding to a fellow; you needn't know more of him than you like.'

'But why should I even be obliged to nod to him when I don't want to know him? A merciful Providence has implanted in us the faculty of snubbing; and I think when a man shows too pushing tendencies, that one ought to make use of one's powers.'

'But then,' rejoined Grey, laughing, 'they say you think such a lot of yourself, you can't condescend to notice them.

'That's their mistake then. If every one was perfectly equal—if there wasn't any prestige attaching to one set more than another—one would all the same have the option of knowing, or not knowing, a man whom one disliked. And, mind you, I don't say that there are not certain circum-

stances under which one may be obliged out of civility to know a man to nod to, that one cordially detests. But what I mean is, that if a fellow chooses to talk to you on every opportunity, and try to shove himself down your throat, you're quite at liberty to spit out the nasty morsel, and show him that his flavour is objectionable. I know a great many men that I had much rather not know now; but I can't cut them for no reason, after having once made their acquaintance. You twig my distinction.'

'Yes; I see what you mean. I don't know, though, that it's worth while putting it in practice. How long are you going to stay up?'

'I don't know exactly. Till next week, I suppose. Are you off, Harry?' added Murray to Egerton, who had just come into the room.

'Yes; I'm going to see Charlie. He's seedy.'

'Is he? I'll come with you.'

This was not what Egerton wanted at all. In the first place, his *tête-à-tête* would be spoiled; in the next, he knew that Charlie didn't particularly care about Murray. Possibly his face expressed somewhat the perplexity of his mind, for Murray had the tact to see that his offer was not responded to with much warmth; and, making some excuse, said that he should go in the morning instead.

Charlie was lying on the sofa when Egerton entered, and his eye brightened as he heard his well-known step. Toddy, too, raised himself from his recumbent posture before the fire, and advanced to welcome him.

'How are you, old boy?' asked Egerton kindly; 'I couldn't get away before.'

'It's very jolly of you to come, Harry. Won't you have some tea?' said Villars, as he rose languidly with the intention of looking after him.

'Please don't move, Charlie,' said Egerton, gently forcing him back again. 'I can get anything I want.—Do you know, old boy,' he said presently as he poured out a cup of tea, 'I'm thinking of changing my rooms; my landlord was infernally cheeky to-day, and I told him I shouldn't stay there any longer. Don't you think it would be very jolly if we could get rooms together somewhere?'

Charlie looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, thinking what his excellent landlady would say to his leaving, and then answered, 'There's nothing I should like so much, old boy, only I ought to have given Mrs. Smith notice. She won't be able, very likely, to get any one to take the rooms next term.'

'Oh! I should think that could be arranged all right somehow,' said Egerton, putting down his cup, and placing his chair by the sofa, his arm resting on the cushion, as he tenderly smoothed the light waving hair from Charlie's forehead.

'It would be very jolly!' said Villars, looking up at him affectionately. 'But do you know of any rooms?'

'I was looking at some to-day in Trinity Street, just opposite. Very good rooms, and only two sets, so that we should have it all to ourselves. When

you're all right again, we'll go and have another look at them.'

Egerton proceeded to say that Murray had been very nearly coming with him.

'I'm very glad he didn't,' said Charlie.

'He's a very good fellow, I think. He saw that I didn't particularly care about it, and so he said he should come to-morrow.'

'I can't like that fellow. He's always very civil, but, somehow or other, I hate the sight of him.'

'Do you, old boy? I think I rather like him. I know some fellows can't bear him. But I shouldn't think he could ever be vicious to you.'

'I believe I know why I dislike him, but I can't explain it.'

'He's a great contrast to Vivian,' said Egerton softly, introducing him of his own accord, to show that he had got over his jealousy; or perhaps feeling at the moment so safe in Charlie's affection that the name might be mentioned with impunity; or perhaps with the delicate intention of drawing his mind to what he knew would be a more pleasing subject, even at the risk of depriving himself of some of the pleasure of the passing moment

'Isn't he?' answered Charlie quietly, refraining from any appearance of interest which might hurt Egerton's feelings, who was thereby encouraged to proceed.

'I suppose there couldn't perhaps be a greater contrast. I don't think Vivian could hate a fellow if he tried. He's always so jolly to every one.'

'That's the worst of him, I think. He's the same to every one. He may like every one else just as well as you, if his manner goes for anything.'

'I must say I like a fellow to make some difference,' said Egerton; 'it's no satisfaction liking a fellow if you see that he's as cordial to every one else as he is to you.'

This Harry said with no desire to depreciate Vivian's merits as a friend in Charlie's eyes. He was above using any underhand means to retain his friendship, if it was not freely accorded, and the return appreciated.

'So do I,' Charlie answered; 'but I think Murray is too much the other way.'

> "'Tis thus, in friendships who depend
> On many, rarely find a friend.'

Egerton soon after rose to go, saying, 'I shall tire you, Charlie; you ought to go to bed.'

'No; please don't go, Harry. I'm not a bit tired.'

'But it's getting late, and you really ought to be in bed. I shall come and see you before lectures in the morning. Can I do anything for you before I go?' he added, throwing an almost womanly tenderness into his voice and manner.

'Nothing, thanks,' answered Charlie, 'unless you'll tell Mrs. Smith, as you pass, to come up. Good night, old boy.'

Mrs. Smith appeared, and was sounded on the subject of her rooms. She should be sorry, she said, to lose Mr. Villars, but it would cause her no inconvenience, as she had an application for the first set of rooms that were vacant.

Charlie thanked her for being so obliging, and said that he shouldn't be so comfortable again, he was afraid; and Mrs. Smith, after inquiring how he felt to-night, gathered up the tea-things, and left him to his reflections.

CHAPTER XIV.

'This music mads me, let it sound no more.'—*Richard II.*

ἐγὼ δέ τις εἰμὶ μελικτάς
κεῖν μὲν τὰ Γλαύκας ἀγγελέομαι, εὖ δὲ τὰ Πύρρα.*
THEOCRITUS.

THE result of these reflections was, that on Charlie's recovery he went with Egerton to inspect the proposed rooms,—saw, liked, and engaged them. The she-owner of the establishment had told Egerton that if he could not bring a friend to take the second set, she could not promise to break the two: she had had enough of that, she said. The last two men who were in the rooms didn't know each other, and used to fight like tigers. One played the cornet while the other was reading; and the latter retaliated by kicking up the most fiendish row with poker and tongs. 'Never had a moment's peace the whole time they was here.'

* I'm a wandering minstrel, and can give you all the last new songs.

'Rather like Boots with his drum,' said Egerton, as they left the house.

πῆμα κακὸς γείτων ὅσσον τ' ἄγαθος μέγ' ὀνεῖαρ, says Hesiod—'A bad neighbour is as great an evil as a good one is a blessing.' Exmoor's neighbour had a piano on the other side of the wall of his room, and played incontinently from morning till night. So that Exmoor had invested in a drum in the vain hope of silencing him at certain hours of the day.

There was an individual in Park Street once on a time who played the organ from 'rosy morn till dewy eve,' to the great discontent of certain parties who were reading on the opposite side of the street. Furtive pea-shooting was first tried, without success; and then an 'ultimatum' was sent in the shape of a letter which prescribed the hours during which practising would not be offensive. Immediate compliance was the result.

'Let's go to the University concert to-night,' said Charlie as they walked up the street after the inspection of their future rooms. 'I've never been to one, have you?'

'No. One has to dress, I believe, though,' said Egerton.

'Well, that's not very much trouble. I can get Rowley to give me tickets. Will you come?'

Egerton rather reluctantly agreed. He didn't much fancy University music.

However, on the whole, they were agreeably surprised in the evening. There was a fair attendance of ladies, and some good piano music. Drum-

mond was especially applauded. He had learnt much from foreign masters, and, for a young man, was a good enough performer. Rowley's voice was better in a room than in the Town-hall. But, as a collection of amateurs, the entertainment was fair, and would have been better if one or two who had no voices had not attempted to sing.

When Charlie and Egerton adjourned afterwards to supper, they found another kind of music going on, provided by Ginger and his company.

A convivial soul had said,—

> 'Let some one sing to us: lighter move
> The hours fledged with music'—and Ginger
> 'Of those below smote his guitar and sang.'

Ginger has now been excommunicated. The undergraduate is no longer allowed to cultivate a taste for the fine arts by listening to the soft strains of Ginger's guitar. Bands and itinerant musicians are prohibited from playing in rooms without especial leave. *Ergo*, they are extinct, excepting white-headed Bob, before mentioned, who is kept going chiefly by the dining clubs.

Ginger was a dapper individual, with his fair share of cheek, and a certain amount of ready wit. Generally formed a pretty good estimate of the style of his audience, and sang his songs accordingly. His troop consisted of two or three more besides himself, and he was occasionally amusing, more often objectionable. '*Extinctus amabitur idem.*' His chief revenue was derived from attending on what

the refuse of the University delighted to call 'drunks,' a feeble specimen of which we have already seen in Charlton's rooms in the May term.

But I don't exactly know why I am devoting so much space to such an uninteresting character. He was an object of extreme aversion to many, Villars among the number, who consequently stayed but a short time in his company, and returned to his rooms to glance over one or two of his subjects for the next day's examination.

The term was at an end, books were coming round for signature, and duns were at every door. Charlie having made his arrangements for a change of rooms, and engaged Egerton to come and shoot the ensuing week, followed the rest of the world to the station, and shortly after arrived at Mottistone.

CHAPTER XV.

'But sweeter far through coming years to trace
That young form's growth in stature and in grace,
To see that brow so promising and brave,
Return each autumn browner and more grave.'
The Bear.—Univ. Magaz.

'*Wolsey.* You are welcome, my fair guests, that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend.'—*Henry VIII.*

A CONSIDERABLE alteration had taken place in Charlie Villars since last we saw him arrive at home at Christmas-time. The boyish expression was fading from his face *pari passu* with the freshness of complexion which had formerly distinguished it. The wear and tear of the last year and a half had shaken him almost into manhood, although he had only just passed his twentieth year. Thought, indeed, held but a very minor place as yet upon his brow, but the innocence and thoughtlessness of the boy were fast merging into the experience and self-reliance of the man. Blanche was alive to the

change, and gloried in it. She looked upon him every time he returned home with renewed pride, and found fresh points for admiration in every change. Charlie, she thought, was fast growing up to her idea of what a man ought to be, or perhaps it was that she thought a man ought to be what Charlie was,—high-spirited, frank, warm-hearted, honourable, courteous, intelligent, manly. And 'manly' does not only mean 'not effeminate,' but the capacity to take a man's part in the pursuits of men, as well as to be able to enter as a man into conversation with the other sex.

Charlie was somewhat taken aback on inquiring casually whether the Charlemonts were to be at Mottistone this Christmas, to hear that they had gone abroad for the winter. 'How very odd! I wonder Mainwaring didn't tell me they were going,' he exclaimed.

'They only left about a fortnight ago,' said Blanche; 'Mrs. Charlemont began to feel delicate again, and the doctors said she had better not stay in England. There's nothing the matter with Emily though, she promised to write when they were settled.'

It had not escaped Blanche's observant eye that her brother was entangled in the meshes of Emily Charlemont's attractions. But as Charlie had never confided his feelings on the subject to her, she prudently abstained from probing them of her own accord. When he chose to unbosom himself, she would be a ready sympathiser; but until that time

arrived, she contented herself with throwing in, with woman's tact, little praises of her friend, which would both gratify her brother and indirectly further Emily's happiness. For the latter had not been so reticent. She had confided to Blanche her partiality for Charlie; as yet it was little more than a partiality; and Blanche had thought that nothing could be more delightful than that her brother should be married to her particular friend. There were, however, one or two little points in Emily which she could have wished to see corrected before she confided Charlie to her care. She had become in the last year much more independent; had assumed a greater freedom of manner than was consistent, as Blanche thought, with the dignity of a young lady. Besides this, while she acknowledged her liking for Charlie (and Blanche's affection magnified this liking into great attachment), she had always two or three men dangling about her, whom she encouraged in an equal degree with him. Blanche was a little indignant at this; she thought that Emily ought to be entirely devoted to Charlie if she professed to have tender feelings for him; and she was therefore rather put out at this sudden move to the Continent, where she thought it just possible that Emily might forget all about her love, and Charlie in consequence be cruelly disappointed at her indifference when she returned.

Lady Mary, on the other hand, was overjoyed at their absence from England at this time; for she would have been obliged to ask them to Mottistone,

and it had not escaped her discernment to observe the position of matters between the two. Mrs. Charlemont, too, she knew would be anxious to get Emily settled, and Charlie, of course, was a very good match for her. She didn't think, moreover, that Emily would make a good wife; she was too fond of admiration, and too agreeable, and Charlie's happiness was not to be sacrificed with impunity. Lady Mary did not confide in Blanche, nor was the subject ever mentioned between them. But to Mr. Villars she did suggest that she thought it possible such a thing might occur, and Mr. Villars had said, 'Nonsense, my dear, it's absurd to talk of such a thing. Why, the boy is not one-and-twenty yet. There's plenty of time for him to think of marrying when he has looked about him a little more.'

Men being much less acutely observant on these points,—it had never occurred to Mr. Villars that anything to be called love might arise between Emily Charlemont and his son, and so he pooh-poohed the idea.

'At any rate,' continued Lady Mary, 'I'm very glad they've gone abroad. Dear Charlie may forget all about her before next season.'

But dear Charlie had no intention of doing anything of the kind. He had been looking forward to seeing Emily when he returned home, and the disappointment only aggravated the pleasure which he felt that he had lost. However, he only said with an indifference intended to be natural, but which, under the circumstances of his intimacy, was very

unnatural, and couldn't but leave the impression that it was only assumed — that 'it was a pity: Miss Charlemont was rather amusing.' He always called her Miss Charlemont now, even to Blanche.

'Harry Egerton is coming here next week,' he continued. 'Grey won't be able to come, I'm afraid, sir,' he said, turning to his father; 'he has to stay at Cambridge to read for the Classical Tripos next term.'

Blanche's eye brightened as she heard that that dear Mr. Egerton was coming, and Lady Mary asked, 'What Egerton is he, Charlie dear?'

'I can't tell you,' answered Charlie, 'any more than that his father has a house in Eaton Place, and another in Leicestershire. Oh, yes,' he added, 'he is some relation of Lord Cary's — I don't know what.'

'Then he must be a son of Phil Egerton, that I remember in my day,' said Mr. Villars, 'though he's my senior by a good many years. He used to be well known in London some years ago, and for that matter I see him driving about now sometimes.'

'His mother, I think, was a Cary, and left him a good deal of money,' said Lady Mary.

And so Harry was settled to the satisfaction of everybody, and turned up on the following Monday, with numerous others who had come to shoot, and amuse each other.

The house was unusually full, and the party a particularly lively one.

On the second evening of their stay they all sat

down, with a few elderly exceptions, to let off their their spirits in a game of Pips.

Egerton had manœuvred his chair next to Blanche, to their mutual satisfaction, and now proposed that they should bank together. Blanche was willing, and the pool having been arranged, Harry was declared first knave.

'Now, what shall I have, Miss Villars? don't you think imaginary ten?'

'Anything you like—Sympathy and Antipathy is rather a good one.'

'Very well, we'll have that—which will you have?'

'Oh, but you don't ask me, if we're banking together,' laughed Blanche.

'Of course not; I forgot. You couldn't go in for Antipathy under the circumstances;' and he proceeded to the next, while the slightest possible rosy colour tinged his partner's fair cheek, as she said, 'Of course there's nothing but Sympathy between us.'

Egerton glanced quickly at her as she spoke, but the glance shot unobserved, and soon it was her to deal.

'Let me deal for you?' said Harry. 'What will you have?—Blind Hookey?'

'No; he's a disagreeable old person. I never win with him. What shall it be?'

'Counting out?'

'Oh, yes. That's a charming one. Now make everybody stake, Mr. Egerton, before you begin;

you don't half look after the interest of the bank.'

Every one having staked, Egerton began: 'One, two, three, four, five,' up to 'knave, queen.' 'I'm afraid we shall lose, Miss Villars—king, bravo! won on the post!' he exclaimed, throwing down a king. 'Everybody pays up into the bank.'

The cards went round, and Egerton had to be called to account frequently for staking too high.

'He's an awful gambler, and never wins,' cried Charlie, across the table; 'I recommend you to look after him.'

'We really must not play so high, Mr. Egerton,' said Blanche; 'you see we are nearly ruined.'

'I've just bought a lot, though,' returned Harry.

'But then I shall owe you so much, if you go on buying.'

'But it's such much better fun playing high, don't you think? It's much more exciting staking half-a-dozen than one.'

'I'm afraid Charlie's right. You talk like a gambler.'

'Oh! he was only chaffing, you know. I'm the quietest fellow possible. I only do it to win for you,' Egerton added, turning his bright eyes upon her.

Blanche looked up and their eyes met: 'What a pretty speech! You deserve to win for yourself after that.'

The game went the round of the table, until every

one had had a turn, including an angry old gentleman, whose daughter had been gambling frightfully, and came down upon him to pay her losses. This same old party, of Pickwickian appearance, was the last of the round, and introduced a new game (I believe of his own invention), which he called 'Timbuctoo.' No one knew it, but he insisted on teaching them, and forgot it himself in the middle.

Timbuctoo over and pool divided; wine and water—candles—bed—for the ladies. Change of costume for the gentlemen, soda-water—slippers—smoke.

CHAPTER XVI.

'Voilà de l'érudition.'—*Les Femmes Savantes.*

'Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity.
* * * * * *
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.'—*L'Allegro.*

GREY had only remained for a week at Cambridge beyond the rest of the world, and had come home for three weeks or a month's relaxation before returning to a month of yet harder training than he had already gone through. He came over, therefore, to Mottistone for the last day's shooting, and remained to sleep, and to have another talk with Mr. Henry Villars upon the advantages of a classical education.

'I'm quite a convert since I saw you last,' said the latter, after dinner. 'I believe that you are right, that we should not have as vigorous intellects, if the mental discipline of classics was done away with. I have spoken to a great many men on the subject, and I find great diversity of opinion. But

every one acknowledges that it is the men who have had this kind of education who show the greatest power. What they might have been under a different course, one can only conjecture; till the other system is tried, one can form no idea of the relative merits of the two. And yet how was it that the Greeks produced such great men? They had no ancient languages to pore over. Those who argue against a classical education say that if they had spent their time in getting up obsolete languages, they would not have turned out the great geniuses they did.'

'That's a mere assertion, which, of course, can never be proved; and when we see great men coming from classical training in the present day, I should rather say that if they had had a similar training in Greece, they would have produced equally great men—it's a fair inference. The reason why they did produce great men is due to influences which could not very well now come into play. Their system was entirely different from ours—an admirable system, no doubt, if it could be adopted—where the faculties of the mind were trained in such a variety of ways, by philosophical discussions, by listening to oratorical displays, by becoming early accustomed to the responsibilities of citizenship, by their military training, their intimate acquaintance with the drama and the fine arts, their careful digestion of what few books they possessed, which is so much more beneficial than

extensive and desultory reading*—and, above all, the incitement to the cultivation of excellence in the appreciation of genius, and the peculiarly gifted nature of the Greek mind, were the chief causes which brought out the great men of Greece. If we could have the same system, I dare say we should produce as great men as we do under our present one. But then we should lose all the benefits of that glorious literature, without, I expect, very much increasing our number of great men; for I don't think the English intellect is satisfactory material to work upon, unless in exceptional instances. The

* Since writing the above, Mr. Farrar's 'Essays on a Liberal Education,' have come under my notice. In one of these Mr. Bowen, writing on the disadvantages of teaching by grammar, says that he is almost tempted to say that books are the great obstacle to education. Grey might have gone further and said that books were the great hindrance to the development of genius. That it was owing to the Greeks having so much less general knowledge to acquire which enabled them to devote all their energies to the particular branch to which their inclination or talent pointed. How many men, nowadays, pass away without leaving their stamp upon the age, merely because they have cultivated omniscience instead of adhering to some one branch of intellectual labour by which they might have risen to the top of the tree. Excellence in any line requires peculiar study; if Shelley had cultivated science as well as poetry, he would not have so nearly risen to eminence in the latter; if Whewell had not gone in for universality of knowledge, he would in all probability have been a yet greater scientific genius than he actually was. If Grote had dabbled in all kinds of other knowledge instead of sticking to Greek literature, we should not have had his History.

Athenians would have called us Bœotians. When we attempt to draw a comparison between modern Englishmen and ancient Greeks, we mustn't forget the difference between our fogs and their clear intellectual air.'

'Oh! I'm no advocate for a comparison of systems,' said Mr. Villars. 'I merely mentioned the argument as being used against our own. I think the Greeks would have been very thankful to have had more books to study. And, besides, we see that the Romans turned out great men from a study of Greek literature, so that we may suppose the Greeks would have done the same if they had had an older one. But allowing that it is desirable to have a knowledge of these languages, and that the mental training which is gone through in acquiring that knowledge is beneficial, I cannot see that the same defence can be made for our giving so much attention to the minutiæ of ancient history and forms of government, which are now out of date. Don't you think so yourself?'

'Yes; I think I agree with you there,' answered Grey. 'If the political economy of the present day was more studied, it would certainly be more useful. And there is where I think the Cambridge system is faulty. They go in so much for precise scholarship, and don't require the languages to be read with regard to their history, philosophy, and morality. So that it isn't always the cleverest men who come out the highest in the list of honours, but the hardest readers, who have

crammed the subjects. For it depends a great deal upon the merits of your coach and his scholarship what place you take in the Tripos.'

'Yes, I have always heard,' said Mr. Villars, 'that the Oxford course was the better in that respect, though they don't turn out such accurate scholars. But don't they talk of reforms at Cambridge?'

'I believe they do intend to modify the examination in some way, but I'm not sure how exactly.'

The examination *has* undergone several changes lately. The history papers have been set with a view to bring out discursive knowledge of the subject rather than bare dates and facts. The composition has been cut down, and papers on the philosophy and philology of the languages are about to be introduced instead. But the conservative spirit in these matters is so strong among the examiners, that it is difficult to get any reform accomplished without almost Herculean labour.

There had been a large party at dinner this evening, and one of the drawing-rooms had been cleared for dancing. The young ladies of the party, therefore, were mildly execrating the gentlemen for staying so long in the dining-room. Let us no longer keep the charming creatures waiting.

Blanche had prevailed upon a middle-aged lady to play the piano, and directly coffee was over a quadrille was formed. Egerton has secured Blanche for his partner, with Charlie and a lively little doll for *vis-à-vis*.

'How delightful these country dances are, compared with London balls!' he said when the first figure was over; 'don't you think so?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Blanche, energetically; 'you know I can't bear London balls.'

'Can't you?' said Egerton, leaning his back against the wall. 'I thought all young ladies liked London so much.'

'Oh! I like it a little. But then one has to do so much, if you once get into the middle of it.—There, you're forgetting your *vis-à-vis*.'

Egerton sprang forward, and made up for lost time.

'Charlie wants to have a cotillon,' said Blanche, presently. 'Do you think there are enough?'

'Oh! plenty, I should think. I don't know much about cotillons, though. I never stay for one in London.'

'Nor do I. I don't like keeping up mamma so late.'

'They're all very well in the country, where one only dances occasionally; but when you're dancing every night in London, you don't want to take so much out of a ball.'

'Come and talk to Charlie about it,' said Blanche, as the last figure came to an end.

The cotillon was eventually given up. It had not been thought of soon enough, and Lady Mary felt some compunction in keeping the servants up to all hours in the morning.

'Do you think I ought to dance with Lady

Florence?' asked Egerton, as he stood by Blanche's side waiting for the next dance. 'Will Lady D—— be very savage if I don't?'

'To be sure you must dance with her. You must dance with every one, and make yourself generally useful.'

'But she is so uninteresting.'

'Oh! no. She's very nice. Go and ask her immediately,' said Blanche, playfully peremptory.

'You'll give me the next valse, then?'

'Perhaps. I shall see how you behave to Lady Florence.'

Egerton proceeded across the room to where Lady F. (whom we have met before in London) was waiting for a partner, and said, 'I hope you're not engaged for the next dance, Lady Florence?'

'I'm afraid I am. I promised to dance with Lord T——,' was the reply, as if it was quite natural that she should be engaged. Perhaps it was in the country, where elderly gentlemen, such as Lord T——, were pressed into the service to keep the ball rolling.

'What a relief!' thought Egerton, as he said, 'I shall hope for one later on then.' After a few commonplace remarks, he threaded his way through the other room, where the dowagers were entertaining each other with scandal, to look for Blanche. 'She was engaged,' he said, as the music began again.

'Dance with Miss M—— over there, then.'

'But I don't know her.'

'Never mind. Well, I'll introduce you if you're shy. Come along.'

The young lady over there turned out to be an improvement on Lady Florence; and Egerton, having acquitted himself creditably, was allowed a valse—after all the dancing strength had been mustered for a sixteen set of Lancers, which was got through with the usual amount of confusion and laughter.

'I must go and relieve Mrs. D—— after this dance,' said Blanche; 'it is so good-natured of her playing so long.'

'But you're not thinking of playing yourself: the dancing couldn't get on without you.'

'Of course it couldn't,' laughed Charlie, who had caught the last remark in passing.

'Doesn't he dance well?' said Blanche, looking admiringly after Charlie's graceful figure.

'Yes, he's a good mover,' said Egerton, gaily.

'A good mover! how can you talk in that horrible way, Mr. Egerton? It seems to me that some men can talk of nothing now without filling their conversation with odious slang. The idea of Charlie being a good mover! just as if he was an old cab-horse;' and Blanche laughed and looked charmingly indignant.

'But I meant it as a great compliment,' laughed Egerton; 'I didn't mean to compare him to a screw.'

'More slang; what is a screw?' asked Blanche, pretending not to understand.

'Why, cab-horses are screws. And old ladies very often,' said Egerton, meaning a play upon the word.

'Do you call Lady D—— a screw, then, because she is lame?' was the innocent rejoinder.

Harry laughing at her mistake, explained that he alluded to the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* (not a very appropriate quotation, by the way).

As the dancing was beginning to flag, they went on to keep the others in countenance, and after one or two more dances, Lady Mary suggested to Charlie that it was getting rather late. Sir Roger accordingly was called for, and danced with great spirit by young and old, excepting, of course, the screws, till they came to the end of the line, and then *finale*.

Egerton had persuaded Blanche to dance the last with him, and now accompanied her to the door to light her candle; for which he was rewarded with a bright look from those soft blue eyes, as she said good night, and followed the rest up-stairs.

Her maid dismissed, Blanche seated herself before the fire with a book, to wear off the excitement of the evening, before retiring to bed. But in vain she attempted to fix her attention upon its pages. Her thoughts wandered after her eyes into the fire, and conjured up many forms in the midst of that shining mass. Foremost among them she ever saw one bright-looking face with dark speaking eyes; that had met hers more than once across the crowd that evening, with a look that betokened a more than ordinary interest. Had she returned it? Surely not.

He was Charlie's dear friend—and so fond of him. But why should she fancy that he thought of her more than as Charlie's sister? Did she think of him more than as her brother's friend?—did she? The fire gave no answer—the coals subsided and took new shapes, but still there remained clear among the rest those smiling features, and busy fancy played about the face and conjured up fresh thoughts. There was Charlie, too,—dear Charlie! and Blanche strove to divert her attention to him and his love for Emily; but that other face was still there, and mingled with all her thoughts about her brother and his sister's friend. Time flies apace when the mind is dissolved in golden reverie, and Blanche was surprised to hear the footsteps of the smoking-room on the stairs.

The candle is now extinguished; the firelight alone flickers fitfully through the room, and plays about those lips which smile so sweetly in her dreams. Reader, can you guess what visions float around her mind when all is hushed within the house; when the light is fading from the dying embers, and all is still, save the beating of that pure young heart beneath the snowy coverlet?

CHAPTER XVII.

'But only mention the word *fox-hunting*, only lead to some subject connected with that fascinating sport, and you will bring the colour to his cheek, and the light to his eye, though age may have dimmed the one, and sorrow furrowed the other.'—DIGBY GRAND.

EGERTON remained at Mottistone till the following Monday, and then carried off Charlie with him into Leicestershire for a week.

Blanche thought it dreadfully cruel of Charlie to go away again so soon after coming home, and was very dull and out of spirits the whole day after they had left. Egerton, too, was unusually silent while they drove to the station, but recovered his accustomed spirits when they got into the train.

Charlie had only brought one horse with him, as Harry had promised to mount him a couple of days if his father's fit of gout was no better. 'Anyhow, even if he's all right,' he said, 'you can get horses from Leicester; fellows often do who come to stay.'

Mr. Egerton, who was the identical Phil of a former discussion, had a place of comfortable size about the middle of Leicestershire, within easy hunting distance of Tailby, the Quorn and the Cot-

tesmore, so that to be put up by him was 'clover' to hunting men; and if he provided a mount in addition, why, benevolent hospitality could no further go. It is not very often, however, that people who hunt in Leicestershire care to mount their friends. Hunting is so much more a business there, and men live there so much for no other purpose than hunting, that if they gave up one of their horses for a day in the week, they would have an idle day themselves,—which to the ordinary hunting man, who has no resources in himself, is perfectly intolerable.

Casual civilities, therefore, of this kind, are more unusual perhaps than in other counties, where the hunting is not made so much of (and is very likely better in consequence). It is something like staying at places where they go in for great bags—where, unless you are there at the regular shooting time, you get none at all—the coverts must not be disturbed. Possibly, too, as people hunt better horses in Leicestershire, they are more chary of risking them out of their hands. However, Charlie was in luck; for Harry Egerton, owing to the continuance of his father's gout, had the use of his horses, and handed over his own to Charlie.

Mr. Egerton had been left a widower at the time Harry, his second son, was born, and had lived a comfortable bachelor's life ever since, never denied himself anything, and was now paying off in gout the indulgence of his previous life. Field-sports of every kind, hunting, fishing, shooting, &c., had kept

him from going prematurely to wreck; and when his gouty fits were over, he was a good-natured, kindly man enough, though peremptory and decisive in manner.

Philip Egerton, the eldest brother, was a person of whom Harry appeared to stand in considerable awe, and very naturally too, Charlie thought. He had never in his life felt so much as if he was shaking hands with a snake. The cold, clammy shake, with the sneering, repellent expression of countenance, gave him a thrill of disgust from which he never recovered during his stay in the house. So different from Harry, with his fresh spirits and warm heart.

There was an aunt, too, Mrs. Greville, a sister of Mr. Egerton's, who usually lived with him, and to whom Harry was devoted, finding a relief in her kindly smile when his brother's cold gaze was fixed upon him. Maude Greville, her daughter, was a lively, unaffected Irish girl, who had never shared her mother's antipathy to the Irish people, and was never happier than when staying among them at her brother's place. Mrs. Greville had never got over her English prejudices, and still thought the Irish peasantry beggars, and dirty, and deceitful. She had never, therefore, won her way into their hearts or homes sufficiently to find out the better qualities which lay hid under the dirty covering of poverty.

Maude Greville was a good and plucky rider, and always accompanied her uncle across country whenever his gout permitted him to hunt. He was, in fact,

the more cautious of the two, and often piloted her through gates, when she would have much preferred to jump the fence; but Mr. Egerton's hard-riding days were over, and Leicestershire was now, in the autumn of his age, just the country for him, where he could see a great deal of hunting without much personal risk. The majority of men who hunt in Leicestershire, hunt there apparently for the same reason. In no county, I suppose, is there less riding; there is a sweet seductive charm about an open gate which attracts the greater portion of the field from the fences, even though they may have to wait their turn among a hundred or two of others, while the hounds are getting fields ahead of them in front. Gaps are accounted the next best thing to gates; twenty or thirty men may frequently be seen pulling up to go, like a row of ducks, through a gap, instead of taking the fence which is practicable at any point for hundreds of yards on either side. Perhaps their horses are too valuable to risk unnecessarily. Perhaps they are,—of course the owners are not afraid of risking their limbs, or they wouldn't hunt at all.

There were two or three other men staying in the house, whose horses either filled empty stalls in Mr. Egerton's stable, or had been billeted on the village. With these Harry and Villars rode next morning to covert.

The meet was about six miles off, at Tilton Wood; and as they approached the place, the red coats which dotted the surrounding country be-

came more frequent, and every bridle-road gave up its quota. There were cheery greetings at every corner, or as they came up with some restive horse which wouldn't stand while its owner opened a gate; and they cantered gaily along the green roads inquiring about, or discussing yesterday's run; what was done after I left; where they went afterwards; and so forth. A long line of red and black was defiling through Skeffington Wood, up the hill, and when they arrived at the top and cantered past the quarry, the meet came in sight. Multitudes of grooms were riding multitudes of horses up and down, and round the little compact group of hounds by which the huntsman and his whips were standing, waiting for the master to arrive. Red coats and black coats innumerable were stretching their horses' legs across the green turf, or were standing about talking to each other, or to the ladies who occupied the different carriages close by. Charlie felt rather shy as he mingled with the crowd, knowing nobody, and seeing Harry nodding to every one who passed; and having exchanged his hack for his hunter, was glad enough when the hounds, followed by what he thought the enormous field, moved off. What would he have thought of a Monday meet, with contributions from the Pytchley and London?

Goodall waves the hounds into Skeffington Wood with a cheery 'Yoick over there,' and the mingled mass of red and black splits up into the different rides.

Charlie had followed Harry Egerton and others down the hill, and before they had got to the bottom,

his heart re-echoes with a thrill to the first note of a hound in covert. Another and another opens, and the music of the pack runs through him as they near the lower edge of the wood, outside of which a fortunate few are standing. Hark! a view holloa! —gone away! The hounds come tumbling out of covert, scrambling over the wattles, and are halfway up the hill already. There's a crushing, and a rush, and a scurry, as all the horsemen make for the gate and gallop up the hill, turning in at another gate to the left. Away they go then, leaving half the field behind at the top of the covert. Grass field after grass field, with flying fences between, and a nasty ox rail here and there; but Charlie is well mounted, and well up among the choice few who don't think of gaps, and he sees more than one red coat upon the ground, and horse with stirrups flying, as he sails over stake and bound and yawning ditch. A few memorable minutes they have, with plenty of room, and no fear of being jumped upon, as the fox heads away to the left, and then turns sharp round towards Rollestone. On they go, the hounds well together, and a burning scent, and the horses begin to lather—through Ilston Spinney, and then, alas! there comes a check. Down come the field, who have been tailing off into the far distance—over the hounds —over the scent,—regardless of the huntsman,— who manages, nevertheless, to hit off the line again, and they bear away to the left of Ilston, and then round in the direction of Burton Overy, pounding along over ridge and furrow (to which Charlie is

hardly accustomed as yet) till the whole field is brought up by a brook with steep banks, in a hollow, with a four-foot wattle on the near side. There is no gate or ford for a quarter of a mile, and several men ride up and down looking for a thin place. The hounds are out of sight over the top of the opposite incline, and there's no help for it. A sturdy farmer on a sturdy horse (probably for sale) leads the way, and clears the whole with a tremendous fly. The hard-riding master follows, digs his spurs in, brings his whip down with a thwack as he takes off, and is over too; one or two more follow, and then Charlie, who has been impatiently waiting his turn, goes at it too. The huntsman and whip were riding slowly down the fence at the time, and Charlie, thinking he should be baulked, half stopped, hesitated, and foolishly went on at diminished speed. The inevitable result was that his horse came into the middle of the gulf, barely getting his fore-feet on to the opposite bank, and Charlie slipped over his head on to the ground, while the horse slid back into the water. Here he floundered about in the mud unable to get up the steep bank; and the rest of the field, finding the only practicable place filled up, galloped round to the ford. Charlie tugged away ineffectually at his horse's head, until a boor, who happened to be at work near by, came to his assistance, and he followed the line the others had taken, with his hat caved in, and his horse in a disreputable state of mud. However, notwithstanding his fall, he was up with the hounds, which

had lost their fox close to Burton Overy, before many others who had gone round; and it was irritating to a degree to see the smiles which his appearance provoked on the faces of individuals who never would have thought of attempting such a place, and were glad enough of having had an excuse to avoid it. He couldn't expect anything else;—why, he went tippity, tippity at it, as if it was a little ditch, &c. &c., were the occasional remarks he heard around; and he was forced to acknowledge that it must have appeared odd his putting no steam on, to those who had not observed the reason. He thought, in fact, that he had made himself ridiculous before the whole field, who were rather glad than otherwise to be able to crow over a stranger; and his horse being pretty well done by the run and his fall, Charlie suggested to Egerton that they should go home.

As the next covert they were to draw was in the contrary direction to home, Harry was agreeable, and they turned off accordingly at the next bridle-road. Charlie could not be persuaded that it was very plucky of him to go at the place at all, and that it didn't matter what one or two men, of no account, might say; and he could hardly restrain his irritation when Philip Egerton at dinner made some cold, sarcastic allusion to his understanding the country better after he had had a little more experience of it.

Two or three men, who had bachelor hunting establishments in the neighbourhood, came to dinner

in the evening, and looked very gay in their evening pink, and talked very pleasantly—on hunting. The day's run, the gallop they had had in the afternoon after Charlie left, the big jump in the morning, which he was complimented for attempting, the Leamington captains of the day before, the Pytchley, the Quorn, were all discussed in turn; and Charlie gathered from the conversation that other packs and other countries were of very small account in the estimation of the men of Tailby. It certainly is a glorious country; but some men will tell you that there is no hunting in Leicestershire; undoubtedly, it is hunting under difficulties. After exhausting the last two days, the dinner-party ranged over the previous runs of the season—where Somebody had killed his horse; where Somebody else had a row with So-and-So for crossing him; where another had been ridden over; how this one rode on such a day; or that one funked on such another day, and so on all through dinner; Miss Greville joining with great animation in the conversation, and contributing her share of moving incidents.

Charlie sat next to Mrs. Greville; and she was rather glad to find some one who, not being an *habitué* of the country, could entertain her upon other subjects more interesting to her than hunting. Nothing so delightful as to go back and ride your own runs over again; but it is not so easy to get interested in other people's, if you don't know the ground they take you over.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.'—COWPER.

'I LIKE your friend, Henry, very much,' Mrs. Greville said to Egerton next day.

'Isn't he a nice fellow?' answered Harry; 'I'm awfully fond of him.'

Charlie entered at the moment, and they proceeded to make arrangements about shooting. It was an off-day for hunting, and Mr. Egerton had a certain amount of game in a certain amount of covert, which he kept for non-hunting days.

Philip Egerton didn't care for shooting; and Villars was glad enough that he didn't accompany them.

'We never go in for a bag,' Harry informed him as they walked towards the coverts they were to shoot; 'just pot away anyhow for a few hours,—that sort of thing.'

'Very good fun I should think,' rejoined Villars, 'on days you don't hunt.'

And so they did pot away till luncheon time, and walked about the country afterwards, meeting one or two other men doing the same thing, and looking horribly bored, and out of their element on the road.

Mr. Egerton's gout improved before Charlie left and he recovered his hearty manner, whenever his, eldest son was not in the room. But even on his father, Philip Egerton appeared to have cast his blight, for he certainly had him in great order, and was generally appealed to by him on any disputed point. He gave his answer usually in a cold decided tone, which no one ever cared to contradict, and the conversation generally languished afterwards to the end of the meal.

Charlie returned to Mottistone the ensuing week, having, on the whole, enjoyed his experience of Leicestershire. The continuous grass was so delightful, even though it had its disadvantages in attracting cockneys and crowds, and the last day he was out there had been some fair hunting.

Blanche was in great spirits at his return, and inquired rather more shyly than usual after Harry, whom she no longer called 'that dear Mr. Egerton.'

The vacation passed quietly enough in hunting, paying visits, and so forth, and Grey had been gone a good fortnight before it occurred to Charlie that in a few days more he also must be on the move to Cambridge again.

Easter was early, and the term short enough to

read up all he had to do before his Little Go examination came on.

On his return, therefore, he set to work with a will, and gave up the mornings most nobly till luncheon time; and the evenings, when there was nothing going on, till supper-time. Egerton, too, was reading now for his degree, and others for the same, or going in with Villars, so that, as Castleton said, 'Every one was very slow,—never can get a fellow to come and feed, or do anything now.'

'*You*'ll have to read next term, young fellow,' rejoined Egerton, 'if you're going out in November.'

'Lots of time for that in the Long,' was the reply.

Rochfort had thought the same, and the consequence was that he had been plucked in November, and was going in for the second *post mortem* this term.

The world generally does not give half enough credit to men like Rochfort, who have no particular object in taking a degree, and who have been allowed to neglect their education up to this point, so that it becomes a real labour reading up to pass. No one hardly appreciates the self-denial which such men practise. They give up idling about in the morning, give up Newmarket, give up riding except for health, give up even their dinner and dine early, and read in the evening till supper-time. They work for six or eight hours in the day, often for two or three months in succession, either to please their

parents in some instances, or that it may not be thrown in their teeth that they were not able to take a degree.

Some men who know little or nothing about Greek or Latin set to work with determined pluck to cram up enough to get them through, and almost live with their coaches until they have passed.

One admires the qualities which are thus called into play, at the same time that the system upon which they are exercised fills the mind with indignation. Poll coaches are the curse of the Universities. They reduce the amount of knowledge required to pass an examination to a minimum, and then condense it into the form most easily administered, and most easily forgotten. They are, in fact, the great obstacle to the ordinary man's deriving any benefit from the University course; and it is in vain to devise elaborate systems of examination as long as they exist to render them ineffectual. Stuffing may be very good for a goose, but cramming will never improve a gander.

I think that, taking a degree, in the case of a man like Rochfort, is a very fine performance, and deserving of much more κῦδος than the actual degree is worth. It is quite as much a feather in his cap as the hard-won honours of Tripos-men.

Rochfort had given up a great portion of the Long Vacation to his coach, and had stuck to him pretty faithfully up to the time of the examination, but had broken down in one subject. He was much cut up about it; since, in the first place, it was a slur

upon his intelligence; and in the next, he should have to go through the same distasteful training a second time.

We can pity him sincerely for not getting through; but we have nothing but contempt for a man like Charlton, who thought it a fine thing to be plucked in his May, and barely scraped through in October. The dons look with an evil eye upon a man who is plucked in his May, and Charlton was a marked man, both from this and from various other causes which had brought his name under their notice.

CHAPTER XIX.

'Mutatis mutandis.'

Awhile to work, and after holiday.'—*Richard II.*

Villars found all his property carefully removed into his new lodgings on his return; and the College porters called soon after to claim their due reward—breakages, of course, not to be laid at their door.

'Did you ever get anything from Swan's sales?' Charlie inquired of Egerton, as he contemplated his rather empty-looking room; his last had been considerably smaller.

'No, I never went to one,' Egerton replied. 'I believe there's a tremendous squash there, and nothing much worth having.'

'But I thought fellows always sent their furniture and pictures and things there to be sold when they go down.'

'Some men do. But it's rather low form, I think.'

Swan's rooms are the great auction market for undergraduate appurtenances; and I believe curious

old wine may be picked up there at nominal prices. It is not a very dignified way of disposing of one's superfluous goods.

Egerton had the lower set of rooms in their new house, and Villars the upper, which corresponded entirely, excepting in the matter of rent; the extra stair taking off a couple of guineas. Fifteen guineas a term is an average price for respectable first-floor rooms, such as Egerton's; and the ordinary price of rooms ranges from nine or ten to fifteen or sixteen. There *are* more expensive ones, but they are rare. Cheaper ones abound.

Egerton was glad enough to exchange the bells and clocks of the Market-place for the thundering omnibuses of Trinity Street, which it was possible to get accustomed to after a few days. The bells in Cambridge are a perfect nuisance, and in the Market-place a plague.

> 'You scarce can hear each other speak for noise
> Of clocks and chimes.'

Some feeble old female, many years ago, left a sum of money for ringing bells night and morning to guide benighted travellers out of the fens, when fens existed in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. The unnecessary custom is still kept up, to the annoyance of quiet people. Can it be possible that the old lady herself sleeps peacefully through it all?

Independently, however, of getting rid of an annoyance, Egerton's new quarters promised to afford him much satisfaction. He used to sit up with Charlie long after the streets were quiet, and the undergraduate world had ceased to trouble the night air; smoking his cigar, and talking on into the small hours of the morning. And pleasant it was coming home at night to a friend's house, instead of going to a solitary bed immediately after coming in. As a rule, it is a mistake for great friends to take rooms together. They see too much of each other in this way, and find that where occasional intercourse had 'charms to soothe,' the constant enjoyment of that friend's society may begin before long to pall. It was not so, however, in the present instance. These two were congenial spirits of different degrees; each full of forbearance and consideration, and neither disposed to be quarrelsome or irritable. Hence the cohabitation turned out a success.

Charlie had given up riding, in a great measure, this term. His riding bills, even though they had been once paid by his father, were mounting up to an alarming extent, and he had been obliged to persuade the various livery-stable keepers not to send in their bills to his tutor, for fear of again offending the paternal eye. Egerton had made the same arrangement, but from different motives. Villars knew that *his* father would have paid his bills at once, and gently rebuked his son's ex-

travagance. It was to avoid this kind remonstrance that made him anxious not to have them sent in. Egerton, on the other hand, knew that his father would be furious if he saw them, and would as soon think of flying as paying any debts that his son had incurred beyond the capacity of his allowance to settle.

He was, therefore, in mortal terror of the consequences, should they meet his father's eye. And though he continued heedlessly to run up his account, he had seldom sat comfortably upon his saddle of late,—

'Post equitem sed(ebat) atra Cura.'*

The nearer he approached the end of his career the nearer approached the time when an *éclaircissement* would be necessary, for how otherwise were they to be settled, unless, indeed, he won a stake over some race, which he lived in the constant hope of some day accomplishing? It was the one bright spot in the gloomy vista—the mirage of the desert.

Charlie, when he didn't ride, or play tennis, or take a constitutional hack, used to work off his morning's reading in a walk with some one or more who required exercise for similar reasons. Rowley was not up this term in consequence of illness, and Russell was generally rowing. The men of his own immediate set were not as a rule constitutional walkers. Drummond was the exception, but he

* Gloomy Care would sit behind the horseman.

was usually with Peyton, for whom he appeared to have conceived strong admiration.

He had tried every one he could find one afternoon when Egerton had gone to Downing Arms, and had just given up in despair when Grey entered the room. 'Come for a walk, Charlie?'

'Just the very thing I wanted. I've been hunting everywhere for some one to go with.'

'That's all right, then; which way shall we go?' asked Grey.

'I don't care; whichever way you like.'

'Let's go round by the Rifle-ground, then. That's a regular reading-walk. I can't get on at all,' continued Grey, 'if I don't have regular exercise. I generally play tennis, but I couldn't get the court to-day.'

'How long do you read?'

'Between nine and ten hours a-day. I thought I'd have a good month of it before going in.'

'Why, I read only four or five, and find it an awful grind.'

'Oh! I couldn't do it for long. It must come to an end, you know, after the examination, and the prospect of that keeps one up. I keep very regular hours—always go to bed at twelve; up at eight; read off and on, coach, &c., till two; heavy lunch; play tennis, ride or walk till five; read the papers and talk till six, or so; and then back to my room and read till bed-time, with an hour in between for tea, or a sort of half-dinner. I couldn't keep up such a regular routine for more than a

month. But then I think one will feel a great satisfaction in having done it afterwards.'

'I couldn't do it,' said Villars; 'I've decided on giving up going in for honours.'

'Well, I certainly couldn't do it for mathematics. Classics are interesting, and sometimes amusing, if it wasn't that one reads them through in such a hurry to cram up as much as possible in the shortest possible time. I declare I can think of nothing else now. My thoughts run into Iambics. I move in a classical mist, out of which a little army of "tips" keep dancing about me. I believe I should be turned into a pillar of tips if I were to go on at this much longer. I actually dream in Greek, and wake up in Latin.'

'I should become a problem then I suppose,' laughed Charlie, 'if I went in for the same amount of mathematical reading. Who's your coach?'

'He lives in Trumpington Street—a miracle of knowledge. I wish I'd gone to him sooner, only that I couldn't have stood this sort of training for any length of time. He gives one a paper of translation that takes three hours, and a long piece of composition,—twenty or thirty Iambics,—that kind of thing—three times a-week. And when you have to do other reading besides—why, it's the devil.'

'Don't you begin to feel rather pumped? Fellows shut up very often, don't they, before the examination comes on?'

'Yes, sometimes. It's very hard lines on a poor

beggar who has been reading hard for three years to come out high in honours, to break down just before, and have to go out in the poll after all. Once or twice men who have been certainties for Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic have shut up, and come out a long way below their proper place.'

'It does seem hard lines. Couldn't it be helped in any way?'

'I don't see how else they are to have a satisfactory test of the respective abilities of the men except by examination. But of course there's a great deal of luck in them. And it doesn't at all follow that the best men are at the top. A man may be lucky in getting pieces that he has lately seen, or having questions set that suit him, and get up ever so many places by this sort of thing.'

'The Mathematical Tripos, I suppose, is harder than the Classical; isn't it?'

'No. Their examination is cut in half—we have a whole week of it. Two papers every day. Hair-curling work rather. Wood gave all the men who were going in for classical, or had been in for mathematical honours a breakfast the other day. It's an old custom, I believe. He sent me a card saying that the father of the College requested the pleasure of my company; but I couldn't go. There were forty or fifty there, I believe. Some one told me that we had to pay for it in the buttery bills; and I naturally believed it, and asked casually at the Butteries; and the fellow laughed at me.'

'Why?'

'He said it was a usual joke at this time of year.'

'What a bore that individual is—every time I go in there to ask about weeks, or anything, he asks me my name, turning over to it all the time. It rather riles me. By the way, do you happen to be going to dine with Wood to-night? I want to find out who's going besides Castleton.'

'No; I'm not. He's not my tutor. I heard one or two fellows saying they were going, but I can't remember who they were. He wouldn't ask me now either, he knows I couldn't spare the time. Did you hear of his gating a man the other day,—I forget who it was, for sending him a three-cornered note?'

'No. How good! I suppose he thought it an insult to his dignity.'

'I suppose so. Shall we go and look at them shooting?' Grey continued, as they were passing the Rifle Ground.

There was a match going on for one of the many silver cups, and the shooters looked very grimy and very excited. It was a near thing between Russell and a Johnian, as the former informed Villars; and there were only two more rounds to be fired. The attendant "pigs," as the Johnians are called (the name, I believe, having no reference to any swinish propensities, but being derived from the stripes of black velvet on their gowns, which resemble the 'crackling of pork'), were, as they always are, very excited in the interest of their man, and very crest-

fallen when Russell carried off the cup which had graced his opponent's room for the two previous years.

Villars and Grey waited to see the end of the match, and then continued their walk along the Barton Road.

CHAPTER XX.

'Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte.'*—HORACE.

TUTORS generally know pretty well what set their pupils are in, and who their friends are; and, if they are wise, arrange their hospitality accordingly.

Mr. Wood was of the wise; and Villars, at dinner in the evening, found Castleton, Stopford, and one or two others whom he knew, with a few genial dons interspersed.

The tutorial garb was laid aside, and Mr. Wood appeared in the simple costume of the host; was pleasantly interested in undergraduate topics, and showed occasional intelligence on subjects not immediately connected with the University. The other dons, who had been chosen judiciously for their conversational powers, or closer proximity to the lower world, fraternized with the undergraduates, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. Stopford—*nam*

* You see how stands *the Castle Hill* glistening with the deep snow.

garrulus idem est — amused the whole table every now and then by flashes of invention, and told his tutor that he probably would have got the Newcastle at Eton if he had not been obliged to go out of training from ill health. He never in reality ever meditated going in for it. He gave his opinion, too, on classics and the University system of education with a most amusing assurance, and pooh-poohed one or two suggestions from his tutor with the easiest confidence.

'You were nearly winning the donkey-race on the Trinity Ground to-day, Anan—Stopford, weren't you?' asked Castleton across the table, when Stopford paused for breath. 'I thought you were a certainty.'

'So I was, but the brute stopped dead short in front of the post.'

'Have you had much experience of donkeys, Mr. Stopford?' inquired his tutor, with unctuous blandness. 'They are difficult to get on with, I believe.'

Stopford, having an idea that he was being chaffed, drew in his horns for a moment or two, but soon launched forth again, with renewed vigour, into the airy realms of fiction.

After dinner they adjourned to the inner room, and Mr. Wood produced some cigars which he could recommend. A couple of whist-tables were laid out when the dessert had been cleared away, and the majority sat down to play, while the others looked on, drank sherry and soda, or went away.

A couple of days after, the whole country was white with snow, and a large number of undergraduates in consequence thrown out of amusement. Snow-balling in the town was the natural consequence. The world put on its shooting-boots and pelted its wife in the court, and in the streets. A general *mêlée* arose in the afternoon from a small beginning in front of Trinity Gate. Two or three men are snow-balling each other—two or three more stop to look on—eventually join in—more arrive—passing boys with trays on their heads become the victims—passing boys become stationary and call other boys—the windows of the adjoining shops begin to suffer—irate shopkeepers rush out, and retreat with their faces whitewashed—the town begins to gather—there are scurries down the streets and stragglers suffer—the shutters are put up on the shops, and the owners glower from an upper chamber at the healthy sport going on below. The omnibus passes, and the driver runs the gauntlet of a shower, his hat is knocked off, and he comes out a whited sepulchre, storming with impotent rage, and provoking screams of laughter from the inquisition. Hoppett comes in sight on his way to hall, and looks nervous, but his dignified air and supposed omnipotence in certain quarters procures him a free passage. The bell begins to ring, the crowd disperse, glowing and wet, change their dress, and so to hall, as Mr. Pepys would say.

'Come and have a game at billiards, Charlie,' called Egerton from his room, when he had finished changing his clothes.

'I thought of going to hall,' answered Villars from the top of the stairs.

'Why, you're going to dine with Stopford, ain't you?'

'No; I can't—I'm going to tea with my coach—I'll have a game after hall if you like.'

'All right then. I'll send to Brown's and tell Mary to keep a room,' said Egerton, turning into his sitting-room. He accompanied Villars as far as the kitchens to order breakfast for the following morning; and his inquiry as to what he could have, was met by the usual monotonous answer of the clerk:—'Pully grilly (*poulet grillé*), salmi of wild fowl, hoofs à la raw (*œufs à l'Aurore*), devilled kidneys,' &c. &c.

There are many other dishes with French names, which are pronounced equally intelligibly by these learned clerks; who rather remind one of Hood's story of the Englishman abroad, who, after calling 'Hoof! hoof! hoof!' for some minutes to a Dutch *garçon*, complained that it was really too provoking to have such a stupid waiter, 'He doesn't even know the French for an egg.'

The Trinity undergraduate might be equally excused for a deficiency of intelligence on the subject of the dishes proposed to him.

Drummond and Russell amongst others were at tea with Townsend, and Villars gained much instruction in the science of whist from the three who afterwards made up his rubber.

Some men at Cambridge, particularly in College,

play whist almost every night; and sometimes sit up playing until daylight. Argal—there are some good players sprinkled about, chiefly amongst the incepting dons.

Preston looked in late in the evening, and said that he had been looking after a Little Go pupil.

'I went up to your room this evening,' said Townsend, 'but you were not in. You really ought to adopt the plan somebody recommended of leaving a glass of sherry outside your door, when you go out, to make up to one for grinding up those stairs for nothing.'

Preston lived up a winding stair over the Queen's Gate, which took as much out of the knees to ascend, as a day's journey on level ground.

CHAPTER XXI.

'His populus ridet, multumque torosa juventus
Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.'*—PERSIUS.

THE following morning Villars accompanied Egerton to Kingsley's lecture. The latter was going in for a professor's certificate; and Charlie, though he fancied that he had not yet entirely decided upon giving up honours, thought that there was much useful information to be gained from these lectures, even if he did not require a certificate. The lecture was a weekly one, on modern history; and the popularity of the lecturer was evinced by the large attendance of undergraduates, and the infusion of dons.

In the afternoon, as arranged the previous night, Russell called for Villars and they walked down to the river to look at the University boat, which had just gone into training.

'Have you heard how Rowley is?' asked the latter.

* At these the populace jeers, and muscular youths turn up their noses and feebly titter.

'Wilson told me the other day that he had had a letter from him. He isn't coming up this time.'

'He won't go in for his Little Go, then?'

'No, I should think not. I suppose he'll get a grace term for his degree.'

'What sort of a fellow is Wilson?'

'Oh! a very good fellow. He's a great Eton man; keeps the beagles, plays Eton football, and talks Eton shop.'

'By the way,' continued Russell, 'have you heard of Charlton's row?'

'No,—what?'

'He has to go before the Master and Seniors to-morrow. He was nobbled by the proctor with another man (Davis, I think his name is), in Barnwell last night. Davis had broken his gates, too; he was gated at nine for something or other; so that *he's* pretty safe to be sent down, even if Charlton isn't.'

'Well, I can't say I pity them,' rejoined Villars; 'I've no respect for any man who frequents Barnwell—awfully low form, I think.'

'The dons hate Charlton, I believe, so I expect they'll be only too glad to have an opportunity of getting rid of him.'

'I suppose there are lots of men,' continued Charlie, musingly, 'who live in the slums, only that one doesn't hear much about them.'

'There are plenty who look as if they might,' said Russell. 'I always fancy that Chesterton and all round there is the St. John's Wood of Cambridge.'

'What's to prevent a fellow getting out of his house at night? Why shouldn't I go out every night if I wished? Egerton could let me down with a "ladder of ropes" and let me in again.'

'But your landlady keeps the key under her pillow, doesn't she?'

'Oh, yes; but I mean haul me up again. The only thing is, a peeler might be prowling about, but then it'd be very easy to watch him out of the way.'

'I daresay fellows do get out in that way often enough—I know they do out of college sometimes—climb over by the back of the lecture-rooms, and get through the gardens of the houses on the other side into Trinity Street—yours, for instance. The proctors go to bed at twelve, so there's no chance of meeting them after that.'

They had arrived at the towing-path by this time, and become mingled with the casual few that were taking a constitutional in the snow by the side of the dark river, or were interested in the University boat.

'I think it's such a good notion,' said Russell, 'comparing these old boating men one meets along the river to the shades on the banks of the Styx. Some of these are rather substantial, certainly, but it's interesting to see how they flit about the shores where they were so celebrated in the flesh in bygone days,—"Shades of heroes that have been."'

'Charon, too, helps the illusion, I suppose,' said Charlie. 'He had something to do with the shades, hadn't he?'

'Oh, the simile is very perfect; the river quite comes up to one's conception of the Styx. It was said at one time that Charon was going to cut his sticks—don't accuse me of being the author of that; I believe it belongs to the same man who was going to write a treatise on bumps, with an especial reference to the head of the river.'

'Who is your facetious friend?' asked Charlie, smiling.

'An Emmanuel man—I don't know his name.'

'Whereabouts is Emmanuel? I'm shockingly ignorant about the small colleges.'

'You pass it going to Parker's piece. You know Smith, don't you? He's an Emmanuel man.'

'You mean that conceited fellow?'

'People say he's conceited, but I don't see it. He knows he's a very good-looking fellow, and a very good oar. But he doesn't think himself any better than he is. I don't call a man conceited for being conscious of his advantages. I think conceit means attaching too much importance to, or exaggerating, your own merits in your own eyes; or rather, attaching too much importance to them is vanity, and conceit is thinking them greater than they are. What do you think?'

'I fancy I see what you mean. But surely Smith gives one the idea of a conceited man.'

'If he held himself as he does, without being such a swell as he is, then I should think he was conceited; that he was giving himself extravagant airs on a very slender foundation. As it is, I think

he is only conscious of his superiority in certain respects, and doesn't care to hide his consciousness. It may be bad taste to parade it, but I don't call it conceit.'

'He 's very unpopular though, isn't he?'

'Among his own set I believe he is.'

'Well, that 's what one means by being unpopular up here, I suppose?'

'Yes, I suppose it is,' answered Russell, after thinking for a moment. 'It isn't easy to define popularity. You often hear that a man was very popular at Cambridge; but there 's no such thing as general popularity. No man hardly, as far as I 've seen, lives with the University generally; he has his own particular set, and he may or may not be popular among them. For instance, a great rowing man may be said to have been popular, but he would have been intimately known only to his own set of boating men. Or a cricketing or a riding man in the same way.'

'There are a few exceptions, I think,' said Villars; 'some men do a little of a good many things, and get on with different sets. The best definition I 've heard of University popularity is, "to be known, and not to be abused."'

'Certainly, fellows do go in more for cutting up their friends than praising them,' answered Russell,

> 'Who steals my money stealeth dross,
> But he that filcheth my good name,' &c.,

'they don't seem to understand. Whatever one says,

too, is sure to come round to one again; the whole thing exactly agrees with my idea of the society of a provincial town.

'Quid de quoque viro et cui dicas sæpe caveto,'

is my principle—"mind what you say about every one, and who you say it to."'

'Are you going to dine with Drummond, to-night?' asked Villars, presently.

'No, I hardly know him.'

'He asked me this morning to come and have "a chop" with him at half-past seven. Townsend and Peyton, he said, were coming, and a couple of others. He 's very clever, I believe.'

'Showy and superficial,' Townsend says. 'Peyton's clever if you like; I heard him talking very well the other night in Lambton's room—the don.'

'Yes, he 's an improvement on Boots.'

'Exmoor may be very aptly described in some one else's words, as an individual with few ideas, and small power of enunciating them.'

'Didn't you know Drummond at Harrow?'

'Barely. Anyhow I couldn't have gone if he had asked me. I 'm going to a Freemasons' dinner to-night, at the Lion.'

Charlie was not a Freemason—didn't see the advantage of it, and had undoubtedly a much better dinner with Drummond.

Drummond was a bit of a *bon vivant* in addition to his other accomplishments, and rather prided himself on his taste in wine, and knowledge of the

art of dining. He had asked Egerton to come with Charlie (the two usually ran in couples to dinners, as their devotion to each other was pretty generally known), and 'the chop' turned out to be a select little party of six; an unknown friend of Drummond's making the sixth, with Peyton and Townsend. Peyton, by the way, had refused to join the Athenæum, thinking that it was composed of Exmoors, and had found his level in a set of well-informed, clever men, in which Townsend, Russell, and Preston were conspicuous.

'Won't you have some Chablis?' exclaimed Drummond, when dinner had commenced, observing that Peyton refused to wash down his oysters with that liquid when it was handed round; but Peyton continued obdurately incorrect.

Soup, in due course, gave way to fish,—fresh salmon, creamy and firm.

'This must be about the first of the salmon, isn't it?' said Egerton.

'I suppose it hasn't been very long in season,' answered Drummond. 'The first of this month, I think, it comes in. You like the thin part, don't you? Henry (to his servant), some from the lower side for Mr. Egerton. There's Hollondaise sauce, if you like it better. I picked up that idea of the water the fish is boiled in in Scotland. I rather like it.'

'Yes, they generally give one that in Scotland. I think it makes rather a poor sance, though.'

The fish was removed, and a curious-shaped

bottle came round. 'That's some Sauterne I brought with me from abroad,' said Drummond, turning to Charlie. 'I think you'll find it very good.'

'Ah! I never drink it, I'm sorry to say,' replied Villars, '"it does so turn me queer,"' quoting from a popular burlesque.

'I can answer for this being perfectly wholesome,' laughed Drummond, sipping his glass with great gusto.

The champagne which followed was equally choice, and the entrées carefully chosen.

'Do try these *quenelles*,' Drummond said, leaning over to Townsend, 'I gave particular orders about them. Are they good?' he added, as Townsend took one upon his plate.

'Excellent.'

'Those are "Kromeskys à la Russe,"' continued the host, glancing at another dish which was being handed round, and pushing the blue and gold *ménu* across to Peyton. The latter didn't care so much about making a business of dinner; and Drummond, finding Egerton the most congenial of the party, attended to him accordingly.

A barbarous gyp, who had been called in to help his servant to wait, had just placed a woodcock's breast, bare of "trail" or toast, before Egerton, and excited Drummond's utmost horror. 'What a savage!' he exclaimed, *sotto voce*, as he sent for a leg with the proper accompaniments. 'Ye gods! look there, too!' he continued, 'poor Charlie has got the wing of a wild duck; fancy, the wing!'

Charlie seemed fairly content under the circumstances, and was feeding away without cayenne pepper or lemon.

Drummond looked at him for a moment, and I believe the meritorious Charlie descended two pegs in his estimation on the spot.

'You'll have a glass of Burgundy after your game?' said Drummond, coming to the relief of Egerton, who acquiesced.

The claret was placed upon the table, he handed round, and the host, after recommending some grapes which had come from his father's place, turned his attention to a conversation which had been going on for some minutes between Peyton and Townsend.

'Oh! I quite agree with you that some of his poetry is very powerful,' said the former, alluding to a new poet they were discussing, 'and I should think one might say that he shows genius; but it's a pity to see a man prostitute his powers, as he does, to bestial sensuality.'

Drummond inquired of whom they were talking, and said, 'Oh! don't you think his —— is very fine?' mentioning the name of his previous work.

'Very; some parts of it,' replied Townsend, 'I don't think he's a young Shakespeare though.'

'I think it's monstrous that a man should be allowed to publish such atheistical beastliness,' said Peyton. 'Have you seen any of his smaller pieces?' turning to Townsend.

'No; but I've heard they're not fit for publica-

tion. His sentiments might have been bred by Petronius Arbiter out of Queen Mab.'

'But though Shelley was an atheist, and shocks our religious feelings,' said Peyton, 'you don't find the same repulsive profanity in his poetry,* except perhaps in his scenes from Faust, which are not original. He treated the subject philosophically, taking an extensive view of it from the height of a divine intellect. Byron was an infidel, and sensual to a degree, but he wasn't a low scoffer and a beast. This man isn't satisfied with holding atheistical views, but he must needs dress up his infidelity in the most loathsome garments. It'll never be said of him that—

'His chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.'

'He's very young,' said Drummond, handing Townsend a box of cigarets; 'he may improve. It's to be hoped so,' he added, with the ordinary commonplace that poets were becoming extinct.

'As long as Tennyson lives we shall have one at any rate,' said Peyton.

'Oh! of course Tennyson's an exception,' said Drummond.

'Well, I must say I don't think he is,' said Townsend, who was something of an iconoclast and

* Had Peyton read the latter part of 'Queen Mab?'

sceptic (by 'sceptic' I mean that he was not inclined to take any opinion ready made, without testing it for himself by observation and careful investigation). 'I know it's very bad taste,' he continued, 'but I cannot admire his poetry. He seems to me to do nothing but turn all the simplest expressions into long rigmaroles of language, which don't half so well express what he wishes to convey as the simple word would. Besides, he's so obscure at times. There are parts of "In Memoriam" that I believe he can't explain himself. He knew what he meant at the moment of inspiration, but the words express no intelligible meaning now.'

'Ah! but there are other parts,' said Peyton, 'that are full of beauty; and his descriptions sometimes even surpass Byron's. What can be more charming than the Idylls?—the pathos of Guinevre,—or the Morte d'Arthur? Then his description of tropical scenery in "Enoch Arden:"—

> 'The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
> And winding glades high up like ways to heaven.'

Perfectly beautiful, I think. Some of his smaller pieces, too, are delightful—the sermon when 'Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man,' slinks out of church is grandly pathetic—and the old grandmother's reminiscences. Oh! I think Tennyson 's a poet.'

'I agree with you, Peyton,' said Drummond. 'I'm a great admirer of Tennyson. Will you pass

the claret, Charlie?' he added to Villars, who was silently picking up information.

Egerton also was partial to Tennyson's poetry, but not feeling competent to take part in the discussion of his merits, he wisely held his tongue.

There was a pause while the claret circulated, which was interrupted by Peyton, who returned to the charge against sensual poetry. 'I can't understand,' he said, 'how English people, who pretend to be so civilised at the present day, tolerate it. But I believe it's true that poets are the creation of their age, and it's only a further proof of the coarseness of the prevailing taste. Why, how ridiculous it is to talk of Fielding's works being tinged with the coarseness of the period, when the novels of the present highly polished and refined period positively reek of brothels.'

'Quite true,' said Townsend; 'and Fielding's novels were written with a moral purpose, and showed great insight into character. But the novels of the present day draw pictures of vice, to excite the mind without pointing any moral, and care little or nothing about character. It's manners, not men, that they depict, and those the most disgusting of manners. I don't defend Fielding's coarseness, because I think he might have chosen language less likely to do harm, just as I think Juvenal might have clothed his satire in cleaner apparel. But they both had a good motive in their writing, and in the vicious pictures of the ordinary novel nowadays the amusement or excitement only of the public is

considered. How different from the works of good novelists like Dickens, and Bulwer Lytton, and others, who, when they do paint vice, paint it in the most odious colours, to deter rather than to attract imitation.'

'And what trash people will read, too!' said Peyton. 'I've read a few of the last sensational productions, and really they're enough to make one sick. In one set you find the principal character always taking one step forward with knotted veins in his forehead, and felling somebody at a blow. In real life you never see a man who is continually taking one step forward. In another lot you're no sooner out of a seduction than you're into a murder, with bigamy and suicide to follow. And in another you find every character, even the most ignorant clown, with his or her mouth stuffed full of allusions fresh culled from Lempriere;—consistency entirely disregarded.'

'Have you read the last of that lot,' asked Egerton, 'where a man is made to stand on a rug of velvet pile, sipping Moselle or Maraschino from a Venetian glass which stood on a *console* near by?'

'What a barbarous notion!' exclaimed Drummond; 'just imagine, alternate sips of Moselle and Maraschino!'

'I suppose the words sounded well,' said Peyton, 'and were put together for effect, regardless of consequences. I forget whether it's in that one that a woman is made to dip a wreath of roses in Burgundy and put it on a man's head. Can you conceive any-

thing more monstrously unnatural in a picture of modern life! anything more fantastically absurd! How any one can get through three volumes of a book of that kind beats my comprehension. High-flown trash, decked out in a gaudy frippery of language that's perfectly intolerable.'

'They're so intensely vulgar too,' said Drummond, 'always talking of titled beauties, and coroneted earls, and so forth.'

'That's the natural consequence of trying to write about a society of which one knows nothing; that's to say, a superior society, for which I suppose the writing is intended. It's very easy for people to describe the life of bargees, and the riff-raff of the populace. We all probably have much the same ideas about them, and we say immediately, "How natural! how life-like!" because it agrees with the conceptions we have formed; and we haven't had any experience to the contrary. But if an intellectual and sensitive collier was to read the accounts of the interior economy of his society, you may be sure he'd find many expressions and sentiments to jar upon his nerves, just as we do when we find ourselves treated of by some one who knows nothing about us. Ladies' maids, I dare say, think these novels charming—such beautiful accounts of dresses and Cashmere shawls, and such good descriptions of "high life,"—just as the populace thinks Lord Dundreary such an excellent likeness.'

'There again!' said Townsend, 'look at the popular taste at the theatres; why, Shakespeare is

comparatively unknown now in London, and even Sheridan doesn't attract. There's nothing draws like an unmeaning burlesque loaded with the most nauseous puns. Aristophanes' shade would be aghast if he understood English, and heard some of the villanous attempts at wit that drive intelligent people from the theatre.'

'I wonder people haven't got tired of them,' said Villars; 'the first one or two were rather amusing, I thought, but there's such a sameness about them now.'

'The nose of the "legitimate drama" is quite put out by these monstrous creations,' said Townsend, 'gone away for change of air.'

Coffee was here brought in, and the party rose from the table.

'Have you read the last volume of Froude?' asked Drummond, seeing Townsend looking over his bookshelves, 'you'll find it up there.'

Townsend had not had time to read it yet; and Drummond, having no idea of reading it himself, offered to lend it.

'Are you an admirer of Charles Lamb?' asked Peyton, taking up a volume of his Essays, which had provided Drummond with heavy reading for some time.

'Oh! yes—Isn't he amusing?' was the reply—'That one about roast pig is so good.'

'I'm sorry I can't agree with you,' Townsend broke in; 'I think it's the silliest rubbish I ever read. I wonder how intelligent people can be

amused by such childish nonsense. Some of his other essays are lively enough, but take them altogether, I think they're very much over-rated.'

'Well, so do I,' said Peyton. 'There's rather a good one on Distant Correspondents; and another on Imperfect Sympathies, that I think isn't bad, but many of them are very poor reading.'

Drummond thought he was safe in admiring Lamb, as it was usual to do so; and he began to be rather sorry that he had spoken. A few moments afterwards he had a fine opportunity for retrieving his literary character, when the conversation turned upon Kingsley's lecture, and some one said that it was upon modern history.

'You don't call Kingsley history, do you?' exclaimed Drummond. He could hardly have explained, if he had been pressed, why he was not history; but fortunately Townsend came to the rescue, and said in answer to Charlie's astonished look,—

'Pleasant romance I should call it.'

'Why?' asked Egerton in surprise—He didn't know that a man who left the orthodox groove to pursue his investigations outside, was not to be trusted.

Peyton struck up for the Professor of History, and there was a warm argument for some minutes on the subject of his claims to the confidence of the English public. Drummond looked out some cards meanwhile, and the evening terminated as usual in whist.

CHAPTER XXII.

'Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientiâ nostrâ?'*—CICERO.

CHARLTON and Davies appeared in due course, on the following day, before the Master and Senior Fellows in Combination-room. The former, nothing daunted by the awful presence, infuriated the Master by his assumed indifference, and listened with careless ease to the enumeration of his irregularities, which had now reached their crowning point. The result therefore, which had been previously determined upon, was that he was rusticated for a year, and the College declined to admit him again into its society. The old Gaunts among the dons were right when they predicted,—

> 'His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
> For violent fires soon burn out themselves.'

But Charlton cared not a jot. He returned at the

* How long, I wonder, Catiline, do you intend to abuse our patience?

end of the year and took up his quarters at Magdalene, which is the usual refuge for the destitute—there being no examination for entrance, and the discipline of the College being of a much laxer nature than that of the majority of the others. I don't mean to say that Magdalene consists entirely of refugees. There *are* gentlemen in the College.

Davies had not been so persistently irregular as Charlton, and had not been plucked in his May. He was therefore only rusticated for a limited period. But the punishment, lighter though it appeared, fell with threefold weight upon him. Charlton's father would only think his son had been too gay a dog. But Davies' widowed mother would shed many a bitter tear over her son's disgrace. The son for whose education she had pinched and starved herself, giving up with a noble unselfishness comforts of every kind, that she might secure to him all the advantages which a gentleman required. Already had her heart been wounded with his ingratitude, with the unkindly return which her devotion had met with. But his debts had been paid resignedly from her scanty means, and he had promised,—with the real intention, at the time, of carrying out his promise—that he would reform. Soon, however, evil example and the pernicious influences by which he was surrounded had eaten in upon his good intentions, and he had relapsed into his former habits, which now had ended in the present catastrophe. A not uncommon result from being thrown among a worthless set of men who come up to College

and

'There form connexions, but acquire no friend,'

amongst whom,

'What was learn'd,—
If aught was learned,—in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures.'

Davies was not naturally bad; on the contrary, much good had been instilled into his heart, and fostered by that loving mother in his early days. He felt now, too late, bitter compunction in requiting so poorly her tender care; and for a time he even meditated flight—anywhere to save him from meeting those tearful and reproaching eyes:—

'Oh, children, there is nothing upon earth
More miserable, than she that hath a son
And sees him err.'

However, he mustered resolution at last to return home—upon the meeting between mother and son let us not intrude. Davies did not return to Cambridge. He may, as many have done before him, have gone from bad to worse until he disappeared from the world into the byways and alleys of vice; or he may, like a few others, have reformed, entered into a respectable profession, and become an useful member of society. Hercules' choice was before him, and which of the two paths he took I am unable to state.

I may, however, take the opportunity of observing that no creature seems to me so contemptibly low as that son who repays the anxious care and the unselfish devotion of a mother in such a way; who has not the moral courage to resist the tinsel attractions of pleasures, the indulgence of which he sees must break that mother's heart, or reduce her to poverty, and who can observe unconcerned the pale cheek, and worn expression which his unnatural excesses are producing. The cruelty and thoughtlessness of such a son are only equalled in degree by the misjudging and fatal hard-heartedness of parents who are living in affluence, and can make no excuses for the youthful follies of their children; who condemn them, perhaps, to a life of unprincipled recklessness, by refusing to relieve them from their difficulties; and who live to repent of the obstinate folly which has left their home desolate in old age, and shut out the natural light which should shed its hallowed radiance over their declining years.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.' *—HORACE.

IT would have gratified Charlton intensely to have known that for two or three days his name was frequently mentioned in every circle in the College. Like many others he confounded notoriety with fame; and even if it was only abuse that was lavished upon him, he liked to be talked about.

Rustication is of rare occurrence; and therefore the victim and his doings are pretty generally heard of whenever it does happen.

Charlton, too, had been a favourite for the 'Cue;' so that his premature withdrawal caused much excitement among billiard-players, and left Bonham installed as first favourite. Charlton had been a cut above Bonham in the social scale of the University. He was not the regular 'object' which persistent billiard-players are. He had not that sickly, unwholesome aspect which the men who frequent the poisonous atmosphere of public rooms

* 'Tis now the time to drink, and beat the ground with foot unfettered.

invariably wear. Charlton belonged more to the swaggering, dressing, roystering lot; and though these frequently mixed with Bonham and his crew, they were very superior in degree. Bonham's great fancy was to have the 'Norfolk Slasher,' or some such other celebrity of the prize-ring to spar in his room; when all the roughs of the University would be collected, and spend a delightful evening in listening to the Slasher's feats. He was often, too, to be seen sitting in the bar at the Blue Boar (or 'Cærulean Pig,' as funny fellows called it) smoking and drinking beer, or brandy and water, and was in fact about as low a style of 'gentleman' as can well be imagined. Enough, however, of a disagreeable subject.

Time wore on, and the Classical Tripos week was over, and Grey 'jolly well pumped,' as he said, coming out from the history paper at twelve o'clock on the Saturday morning.

'Are you going down?' some one asked.

'On Monday or Tuesday. I do feel so awfully happy at having got it over.'

'When do you hear of your place?'

'Oh! not for a month about. Just fancy, some unfortunate wretches have to go in again for the same grind for the Chancellor's Medal next week. Hurroo! no more examinations for me,' cried Grey, throwing his cap into the air, and catching it as it fell. 'There was a miserable man behind me yesterday, with an awful cold, sniffing horribly every half minute, and the man next to him was gradually

worked up to such a pitch of irritation that he burst out at last with—"For God's sake, sir, blow your nose!" The wretch left the Senate House soon after, and has since scratched. Awfully hard lines, after getting so far.'

'Can't he go in again?'

'Not for the Tripos. I suppose he'll go out in the poll next term. One cheer more!' and Grey again threw his cap into the air, and again caught it in the exuberance of his spirits.

'I wish you wouldn't look so infernally happy,' said Egerton, who arrived at the finale of this second outburst. 'I feel very much like a boiled owl at this moment; made myself so seedy reading last night, I had to go to Deck's just now for a pick-me-up.'

'Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am,' continued Grey, quoting the Peri in Paradise.

'You'll wait for the steeplechases, won't you,' on Tuesday?' asked Egerton.

'Oh! yes, I forgot them. Of course I shall.'

The steeplechases referred to were county affairs, in which a University race had been included. As the course was at no great distance from Cambridge, the riding element all turned out to see some remarkably poor animals refuse their fences.

In one race, positively seven out of eight horses refused a stake and bound fence. In the University race there were several casualties, and Rochfort and Exmoor lost their horses at the same fence. Rochfort was the first up; and finding that his horse was

half way across the field, he ran after Exmoor's, which was strolling about handy, jumped on to it, and won the race, to Exmoor's infinite indignation.

Welshers were scattered plentifully through the crowd, and Charlie had the satisfaction of collaring a pickpocket from his horse, and handing him to the mob, who hurried him to the nearest horse-pond, and lynched him there and then.

Two or three days after these exciting events, Villars found himself, after lunch one afternoon, at Fenner's. He had strolled up with Egerton, for want of anything better to do, to look at some small college sports that were going on. There generally was something of the kind to be seen every afternoon in the Lent term.

'Why, what are you doing here?' he asked in surprise, of Marston, whom he met at the door of the Pavilion. 'I thought you were in training.'

Marston was rowing in the University boat.

'So we are,' was the reply, 'but I've hurt my hand, and couldn't row for the last day or two.'

'How are you getting on with your Little Go subjects.'

'Pretty fairly. I don't much like Paley.'

'Isn't it fearful stuff?' said Villars, as he moved on with Egerton.

'Do you ever play racquets?' inquired the latter. 'I don't think this is much fun.'

'No, I don't; but we might go and see who's

playing tennis;' and they wandered on accordingly to Phillips's.

The University Athletic Sports came off shortly afterwards, and the winners of the different races, &c. ran, jumped, or threw curious implements against Oxford in the ensuing week.

Cambridge having gone to Oxford the year before, Oxford came to Cambridge this year.

A 'spacious marquee' was erected on Fenner's, and the fair young Minervas of the colleges 'graced the scene with their presence,' as the penny papers say.

There was an Athletic dinner at the Lion at five o'clock, before the Oxford men returned; and the competitors pledged each other copiously in the flowing bowl. Maxwell, who was the chief athlete, proposed the health of the Oxford competitors in very vinous terms, wandering off into matters entirely unconnected with athletics, and asserting, with much emphasis, *àpropos* of nothing, that 'Mulligatawny was the wine, and d—— the expense.' The latest intelligence of him was—'left speaking, in a jacket:' the vigorous exertions of his friends to get him to sit down having untailed him.

There was the same scurry and confusion at the station as on the occasion of the Volunteers' visit, and the danger which excited individuals run of losing their lives on these occasions has caused the authorities to put a stop to these morning calls between the two Universities. The sports come off now at Beaufort House instead, in the vacation.

Many men were left behind, and the policemen had a busy time of it that night.

Egerton was already in bed when Charlie called out to him from above that there was a scrimmage going on in the street under their windows. Throwing the counterpane over his shoulders, he hastened into the front room, and saw below a heaving mass of undergraduates, Oxford men, and members of the force. One of the latter was just suffering the inevitable consequences of venturing into such a crowd, and only the lower part of his face was visible below his bonnet. Charlie meanwhile had been watching an Oxford man diligently filling with mud a cap which had lost its owner; when filled, the nearest policeman was deftly relieved of his hat from behind, and the cap and mud, to Charlie's infinite amusement, deposited upon his head instead —full measure, pressed down, and running over. The idea may have been borrowed from an eccentric nobleman, who is said to have placed his hat upon the counter in a grocer's shop, and requested to have it filled with treacle; which having been done, after some hesitation on the shopman's part, the hat was lifted, and placed upon said shopman's head. A sovereign was thrown down upon the counter, and *exit* eccentric nobleman briskly.

However that may be, Charlie's laughter attracted attention to Egerton's white figure at the window, and he became an object of interest immediately to two or three romantic individuals below,

who improvised guitars, and serenaded him in impassioned language; others took him for the ghost in Hamlet, and requested him to unfold his tale.

'Who the devil are you, sir?' shouted an Oxford man, who on Egerton's assuming an Oxford identity, borrowed a cap from a neighbouring head, and discharged it at the window, crying, 'The appearance is that of Jacob, but the voice is Esau's.' Intense indignation of the owner of borrowed cap, who rings loudly at the bell demanding restitution. Interval—while an altercation goes on between a policeman and an Oxford undergraduate, who was strutting about in a Cambridge fellow-commoner's gown. Policeman declares, 'I knows yer well enough; it ain't the first time as you've been about these 'ere little games.' Oxford man wishes to know where he had had the pleasure of meeting him before. 'Ah! never you mind; you look out sharp, or you'll not get off so easy this time,' replies the member of the force, who is brilliant at repartee. Policeman loses temper as he is jostled by fellow-commoner—attempts at seizure—general rush to the rescue—more policemen—and the moving mass heaves up the street. Scuffling—shindy—row, and the same fellow-commoner comes flying down the street with a hat in his hand, and policeman 92 X hatless in full cry. The hat is thrown up to Egerton to catch, but misses the window, and falls into the outstretched arms of 92 X, who is soon again surrounded by the crowd, around the outskirts of

which the blue and silver gown flits tauntingly. Policemen at length gather into a body, and walk with an assumption of dignity up the Parade; crowd follow—more baiting in the Market-place—Trinity Street comparatively quiet—Egerton and Villars retire to bed—green curtain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ΣΤ. φέρε, τίς γὰρ οὗτος οὐπὶ τῆς κεμαύθρας ἀνήρ ; *

ARISTOPHANES.

'Hinc metuunt, cupiuntque ; dolent, gaudentque.' †

VIRGIL.

GREY had returned to hear the Classical Tripos list read out on the following morning in the Senate House, and was looking over the newspaper in the A. D. C. (it was the week before the performances), when Villars entered the room.

'How are you, Charlie? pretty fit?' cried the former, shaking hands.

'Not very,' replied Villars; 'my Little Go comes on next week, and I'm rather sick of reading. You're going to dine with Rochfort to-night?'

Rochfort had passed for his degree, and was going to have a dinner in consideration of the same, or because he was going down the ensuing week.

* Tell me, who's this in the gallery?

† The source to them of fear, desire; grief and joy.

Egerton and Neville here entered from their coach, —they were both going in for their degree in June.

'Do you know, I've found such a capital definition of the Snipe,' said Egerton, 'and he won't see it. Euclid must have had him in his head when he defined a point, "a thing without parts or magnitude."'

Neville joined in the laugh at his expense, and when Grey appealed feelingly to Egerton, and said,—

'Who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?'

he exclaimed good-humouredly, 'I'm not going to be chaffed like this by you fellows, you know. Euclid must have been thinking of your face, Harry, when he defined a superficies.'

Egerton laughed and appealed to Charlie whether the Snipe wasn't a funny little dog.

'He had you there, Harry,' laughed Grey, when it was explained by Villars, who was fresher from Euclid, that a superficies was a 'plane surface.'

Douglas came in to consult Egerton about some arrangements connected with the performances, and Grey proceeded to get up the news of what had happened since he went down.

A few minutes before nine the next morning, he was on his way, with two or three other men, who had been in for this Tripos, to the Senate House.

The body of the building was crowded with caps and gowns, and townsmen, and the hangers-on of

the different colleges, and gyps who had come to hear where their masters had come out; a few ladies contemplated the general excitement from the dais, and in the gallery there were a few more, and half-a-dozen dons, the majority of whom had been examiners. As the clock strikes nine, there is a hush of expectation, and the Senior Examiner advances to the front with a printed list. He looks down upon the anxious faces below till the last echoes of the clock have died away, and then gives out with emphasis,—Senior classic—Jones. A tumult of cheering and waving of caps succeeds the announcement; and it is renewed again and again, particularly by the members of the distinguished individual's College, until the Examiner shows a disposition to continue reading. The list is then proceeded with, each of the higher names in the First Class receiving its quota of applause, more or less, according to its College. A pause at the end of the First Class, and many hopes are extinguished in that pause. Second Class—Robinson. The disgust of Robinson at being just cut out of a first! and thus the list proceeds, the cheering getting more fitful as it descends, and becoming limited at the end of the enthusiasm of small colleges, who are half frantic with joy at having an honour man at all. Grey listened with beating heart, as name after name was read out, and his own had not yet come. Was he going to be in the Third Class after all? sickening thought! no, at last,—Grey; but only two below him in the second. However, it was a relief, and he could now take more

interest in the names of others he knew. The list was finished, and the examiners proceeded to organize a scramble from the gallery, throwing down lists on all sides to the struggling mass and uplifted hands below. Happy was the man whose length of arm could arrest a paper in mid air, before it became mangled by the greedy hands around.

Grey didn't care to get knocked about in the ruck, and retired to digest his place, and eat his breakfast. He found it rather a bore being congratulated all day upon having got a second, when he had expected to be half-way up, instead of near the bottom of the class. But he soon got over his disappointment, and agreed with his friends that on the whole, considering that he had amused himself, as well as done a little reading, he ought to be very well satisfied. And by the evening he was in a sufficiently happy frame of mind to be able to say—

> 'To me the past presents
> No object of regret;
> To me the present gives
> All cause for full content.'

The next day he took his degree amid the plaudits of his friends, settled his affairs and retired at the end of the term from the University.

The Mathematical Tripos papers are looked over in a much shorter time, and the list is read out early in February in a similar manner, the excitement being perhaps greater, on account of the prestige which attaches to the Senior Wrangler. He is the

observed of all observers for a few days, and is popularly supposed to walk the streets of London, under the idea that every one there too is looking at him. After the Mathematical Tripos, on one occasion, a man happened to go up to London in the same carriage with the Senior Wrangler, and the wooden spoon, (the name given to the last in the list; why, I can't explain). The importance of the position overcame him, and he couldn't help confiding the interesting fact in a stage whisper to some strangers who got in upon the road; and who knowing little, and caring less about the Mathematical Tripos, looked upon him as a well-intentioned but obtrusive idiot.

The general public may like to know the kind of ground upon which that Senior Wranglers' brains are exercised, so I have copied one or two from a collection of problems, just to give an idea of the sort of papers which are set.

1. A very small elephant, whose weight may be neglected, balances himself upon a spherical ball, whose diameter is 10 inches, which he moves with uniform velocity v up an inclined plane $=a$. At the same time he raises his trunk with uniformly accelerated velocity from a vertical to a horizontal position. Find the locus of the centre of gravity of a fly which makes a complete revolution of the trunk in the same period.

2. A moveable platform is drawn with uniform velocity round a circular path of given diameter. Upon it a walrus, whose weight is W, pirouettes

with constant angular velocity ω on his left hind leg, and at the same time blinks his right and left eye alternately, beginning with the right, at intervals which are in a given Harmonical Progression. At the centre of the circle a given hippopotamus pirouettes with uniform velocity $n\ \omega$ in the opposite direction on his right hind leg, and blinks with his eyes alternately, beginning with the left, at intervals which are in a given Arithmetical Progression. Supposing that they begin to blink simultaneously, investigate the probability of each of them seeing the other with his left eye alone at a given time t.

3. At a Christmas party a mistletoe bough is suspended in the hall at a time t_1, and the party adjourn to the supper room at a time $t_2\ r$. There are m and n males and females respectively, of a kissing age, present; and it is observed that the duration of a kiss, including the preliminaries, varies directly as the square of the bashfulness of the gentleman, and as the cube of the bashfulness of the lady. Find the chance of a certain gentleman kissing a certain lady before supper, (1) when the comparative bashfulness and attraction of the individuals are neglected; (2) when the bashfulness of each individual is observed to decrease in G. P. as the evening proceeds, and the gentleman under consideration has p plain sisters present who may be neglected.

The following Monday the Little Go commenced. The names are arranged in alphabetical order on little pieces of paper all down the long lines of

tables in the Senate House—Vivian and Villars side by side. It was rather interesting to watch the faces of the men who were sitting round; some careless and trifling, fearless of the result; but the majority anxious and earnest, pen in mouth, head on hand, or eyes on the ceiling in the expectation of deriving inspiration from above. Some men had been reading six or eight hours a day ever since they came up for this examination, and frequently didn't pass after all. To a man who has been through a public school it ought to be very simple, but to a great many it is a gigantic snare in the path of their enjoyment.

It is not easy to conceive, much less to induce others to believe the amount of ignorance which there is among some men at Cambridge—generally those who have not been to a public school. Although many of the good stories which are told of hideous errors and confusions—such as that the whale conceived and brought forth butter in a lordly dish, and what the whale said to Moses in the bulrushes; that Shadrach and his *confrères* were three holy men of old, and Jeremiah, the prophet, took and hid them by fifties in a cave, and fed them on bread and water till the whole was leavened; or the well-known one of Jezebel, that Ahab was passing the window, and Jezebel looked out, and he said, 'Throw her down,' and they did so; and he said, 'Do it again,' and they did it the second time; and he said, 'Do it unto seven times,' and they did it seven times; and last of all, the woman died also:

these, and many others of a similar nature, the addition to the story of the good Samaritan, 'and this he said, knowing well that he should see his face no more,' are probably inventions of clever men. Certainly the *vere novo*, 'strange but true,' comes under this head. There are others, too, which might very possibly have arisen from nervousness; for there's no doubt about it, when one is squatted straight in front of a stern examiner, with empty space intervening between oneself and one's fellows —self-possession is apt to fail in some degree, even the most confident. The man who said that we know all about St. Peter's death from his Epistles, was probably nervous. I don't exactly know what to say of the man who announced solemnly that John the Baptist was beheaded because he *would* dance with Herodias' daughter. One of the best stories connected with examinations hails from Oxford, where ladies are admitted to the schools. An unfortunate wight was asked why Moses quitted Egypt. He glanced at the ladies, and looks appealingly to the examiner, whose countenance betrayed no sign of relaxing, and then, blushing up to the roots of his hair, whispered, 'Because of that unpleasant little affair with Potiphar's wife.'

Reason does leave her seat under pressure of circumstances occasionally, and such is the terror of some that they should be plucked, that they burst into a cold perspiration at each question, and make the wildest shots if they don't know anything about

the subject. But putting nervousness out of the question, a Little Go examiner might write a most amusing book on his experience of the inconceivable ignorance and stupidity of some of the men who have come under his notice. Nobody though would believe half the contents. I was even doubtful of my own eyes, when I was shown by a former examiner, some years ago, one or two specimens of the things which can be said and done.

The examiners, gowned and hooded, walk up and down the room, to see that no cribbing or copying goes on, and if a victim is caught, his papers are torn up, and he is requested to leave the Senate House—

> 'As when a student in the Little Go
> Draws from his breast a surreptitious Paley,
> Notes the contents, and floors the paper gaily;
> Then sees with horror from the gallery frowning
> Some dread examiner from Cat's or Downing.'

The devices resorted to are varied and interesting. One man had a coat made expressly for the occasion, with many little pockets, in each of which a leaf, or some other useful information, was deposited. He then drew a plan of himself, and could put his hand at once on the information required. Scribbled shirt-sleeves, and minor practices of the kind are very common; and we have even heard of a man covering with dates the collar of a friend in front, who wore an extra sized one for the occasion. The last new thing, however, occurred quite recently. No

one is allowed to leave the Senate House till the half-hour after going in, and it had been arranged by one man that directly his friend, who was not going to attempt to do the paper, left at the half-hour, he should repair to the telegraph office and send a message with the number of the page on the crib, which the other had in his pocket. The message was sent, and delivered by the examiner, and the paper floored. Such novel ingenuity, however, could not be kept a secret, and it is said that the Vice Chancellor received fifty anonymous letters next morning, exposing the way in which the examiner had been done. This, considering that the examination is not competitive, was a very unnecessary attention on the part of the writers.

For the first three days there were papers, morning and afternoon; and then an interval for those at the end of the alphabet, as only a limited number could be examined at once, *vivâ voce*. Villars therefore was kept going until the day the general world went down, and then repaired, very fairly satisfied with his papers, to London.

There was no Aylesbury steeplechase this year, as Castleton and Exmoor, and the other riding men, refused to agree to the conditions proposed by Oxford. Nearly every one, therefore, went straight up to London, either to go to, or to hear about, the boat-race.

CHAPTER XXV.

'Considunt transtris, intentaque brachia remis;
Intenti expectant signum, exultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido.'*
VIRGIL.

'*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar.'*—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

ALTHOUGH Charlie had vowed the year before, that he never would go to Evans' again on the night before the boat-race, he was obliged to face the brawling mob of Oxford and Cambridge men once more, to see the Little Go list. Townsend had promised to telegraph to him, but had either forgotten, or missent the message.

There was the list on the glass, and there was his name in the First Class; and he heard that there were over ninety plucked. There is no great credit in getting a first class in the Little Go, the greatest ignora-

* 'All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign;
They gripe their oars; and ev'ry panting breast
Is raised by turns with hope, by turns with fear
depress'd.' DRYDEN.

mus often finds himself there, after a proper course of cramming; but Villars thought it looked rather well, and felt a little superiority over Marston, who came out in the second. The latter was not there, however, to be crowed over, probably fast asleep in preparation for the next morning's race; for he was rowing in the Cambridge boat. The time was a little more convenient this year—half-past eleven—and Charlie drove down in a Hansom with Egerton.

The morning was fine and fresh, and the road all the way past Kensington to Hammersmith was like the Epsom road on a Derby day. The cabmen sported their colours on their whips, and there were carriages of every kind and degree filled with excited fair.

It's a curious thing that everybody should crowd down to the Thames to have a momentary glimpse of a couple of boats. The race is never to be seen except from a steamer, and even then it's doubtful whether you see much after all. Fashion certainly is a mighty god.

Half-a-mile before our Hansom arrived at Hammersmith Bridge, it came down to a walking pace, and finally to a dead stop, without much prospect of getting any further. Egerton suggested that they should walk, and after taking the man's number they did so, telling him to drive round and meet them at Mortlake. The driver liked their appearance, knew that they were staying at the St. James' Hotel, and showed a proper trustfulness of disposition, which might have cost him half a sovereign;

for of course he was not to be found in the crowd when the race was over.

Hammersmith Bridge was gaily festooned with human beings, the iron suspenders being completely hidden by youthful humanity, almost up to the top. The first gun fired as they passed the bridge, and they turned down on to the towing-path to the right. Foolish young men! do you forget that people are wont to ride after the boats along this towing-path?—*docet experientia.* The last gun has fired, and soon the roar of voices approaches, is taken up by the crowd on Hammersmith Bridge, and swells into a mighty shout as the boats pass beneath it, Cambridge leading by a length. Odds are laid all round on Cambridge, and the boats sweep on to the corner—Cambridge still leading. Egerton catches the prevailing excitement, and runs along the path, with Charlie in his wake, shouting 'Cambridge! Cambridge!' till a man galloping behind treads unmercifully upon his heel, and his enthusiasm is pulled up short by an ejaculation of wrath at the offender, who gallops on unheeding. Charlie had not come off much better, having been all but ridden into the river, and they retire to a little promontory of grass until the Cossacks have passed; and then pick their way through the trampled mud, and find themselves in a labyrinth of carriages. The race is over, and they hear that Oxford was creeping up as they passed the Church—Cambridge looking done. Bad news flies fast, and soon it is known all down the line that Oxford has

won again. Cambridge had made a splendid effort at the finish, but failed to get up within half a length.

'Well, I shall not try this on again,' said Egerton, as they threaded their way through the carriages. 'You haven't seen our Hansom, I suppose?' he asked of an acquaintance on horseback.

'No,' laughed the other, 'I haven't; and I don't think you're likely to, either.'

Nor did they, and after walking along the road for some distance, took advantage of another which had also lost its fare, and drove back to London, to be chaffed by their friends and relations on having again lost the race.

On Monday, Egerton returned to Cambridge to continue to read for his degree, but his reading was very considerably interfered with by the Craven meeting at Newmarket the following week. Going over every day to Newmarket makes a hole in the time in which it is natural to read, and Egerton consequently did but little work that week.

Villars went over to Paris for a few days with Grey, ostensibly for the purpose of passing the time, but also because he had heard from Blanche that the Charlemonts were on their way home from Nice, and were to stay some days in Paris *en route*. Emily, no doubt, wished to lay in a stock of Parisian embellishments for the coming season. Charlie accordingly went over on spec, and persuaded Grey to go to the Hôtel Bristol, which he knew they always frequented.

'Why not Meurice's?' Grey had asked, 'the Rue de Rivoli is much pleasanter than that stupid Place Vendôme.'

But Charlie had urged the extreme comfort and civility of the other establishment, and Grey had been persuaded. — (*N. B.* I am not connected in any way with the Hôtel Bristol — this is not an advertisement.)

The former was disappointed therefore, to find that his fair *in-amorata* was not there. He inquired, however, when Grey was not in the way, if they had been heard of, and was rejoiced to find that rooms had been ordered for the end of the week.

'You remember the Charlemonts, don't you?' he said to Grey, next morning, as they sauntered into the gardens of the Tuileries, 'they were staying with us the winter before last when you were there.'

'Oh, yes; I remember them. Miss Charlemont was an old friend of yours, wasn't she? what about them?'

'Only that they're going to have the sitting-room next to ours to-morrow,—so that talkative waiter informed me. Coming from Nice, I believe.'

'That's rather luck for you. I suppose I shan't see you any more when they come?' rejoined Grey, laughing, but innocent of anything but 'badinage.'

'I don't see why,' laughed Charlie, with pretended indifference. But Grey found afterwards that his random shot had about hit the mark, for on the next day the Charlemonts did arrive, and were

rejoiced at the happy coincidence which had thrown Charlie in their way; and Grey did *not* see much of him from that time except in their company.

Mrs. Charlemont was, as usual, voluble, 'So very lucky; being without a gentleman too, and you 'll be so useful, I 'm sure. You 'll go with us to the theatre. I 'm devoted to the play, and then you can escort us to the Bois de Boulogne next week for Longchamps. In fact it's quite the most charming thing that could have happened,' &c. &c.

'And how did you like Nice?' inquired Charlie, when he could get in a word to Emily.

'Oh! the evenings were very nice. There were a good many balls and parties; but the day-time was, oh! so stupid,—nothing to do but walk up and down that uninteresting promenade. There were a good many nice people there—oh! and your friend Mr. Murray—he's quite too charming.'

Charlie winced. Had Emily's woman's penetration detected his jealousy? Did she think he required stirring up? or was it the love of teasing only that prompted that little thrust?

'Oh! was he?' answered Charlie. 'I didn't know what he was doing. Was he there long?'

'No, only a few days. He went on to Rome.'

'But he's not a very great friend of mine,' Charlie continued; 'so don't praise him to please me.'

'Oh! but I really think he's too delightful; *so* amusing, and *so* good-looking.'

'Well, I dare say he is. I never could see his good looks.'

'Why, he's perfectly lovely,' said Emily.

'He seems to have made an impression.'

'Oh! I assure you he has. I missed him dreadfully when he went away,' she added, maliciously.

'How long are you going to stay in Paris?' asked Charlie, to change the subject.

'Oh! I dare say a fortnight. We have a good many things to do. Would you like to come and help me to choose some dresses to-morrow? Have you any taste?'

'A great deal. I give Blanche very good advice about what she is to wear.'

Mrs. Charlemont here re-entered the room, and said that Mr. Villars wouldn't like to be dragged about to shops. Young men didn't know anything about this kind of thing.

'You shall do your shopping in the morning, Emily; and Mr. Villars and Mr. Grey will come and dine with us in the afternoon, and take us to the play in the evening.'

'Oh! do let us dine at a café,' exclaimed Emily. 'It would be so nice—just four, quite perfect. Mr. Villars, I'm sure you'll order dinner for us to-morrow, at Phillipe's, the Trois Frères, anywhere. Won't it be fun, Mamma?' and Emily clapped her well-shaped hands at the notion.

She was very anxious to pay a visit to Mabille, but Mrs. Charlemont would not hear of it—'The idea of such a thing! my dear. What would

people say? and with a young man like Mr. Villars, too, dreadfully improper. I can't think how you could propose it.'

Emily, therefore, was obliged to comfort herself with seeing proper life in Paris, and getting out of the carriage for *tête-à-tête* walks with Charlie in the Bois de Boulogne.

Grey began to get tired of Paris after a week, particularly as Villars was so much preoccupied. He persuaded him, therefore, much against his will, to return to England; representing to him the propriety of going to Mottistone for a few days before going back to Cambridge.

They went down into Gloucestershire together, and Charlie was once more in the bosom of his family.

Lady Mary was much annoyed in her own mind at the unhappy mischance (as she considered it) which had thrown Charlie and Emily together in Paris; but she treasured up her thoughts, and pondered them in her heart, not again confiding in her husband.

Blanche was delighted; and attributed it to her own judicious management, and listened happily to Charlie's account of Emily's blooming looks.

Let us leave Mottistone, and take a glance at Cambridge again, where Egerton is in daily attendance at Newmarket, reading for his degree; and Russell just going in for his Scholarship examination.

These foundation scholarships are open to all

second-year men. Unsuccessful candidates may go in again the following year. There are usually from ten to fifteen, sometimes more, vacant each year, and an average, I suppose, of seventy or eighty candidates.

Two or three are given to each year for the best classical papers; two or three for the best mathematical; and two or three for average papers in both. The majority are generally given to the third-year men, who cannot try again; and who, having had more reading, are more likely to do the papers well. It is a considerable distinction to any man getting one at the first trial. They are held for four years; and if the required number of chapels are kept, are worth sixty or seventy pounds a-year. This is mostly paid in kind; allowance for rooms and dinner in hall free, dependent on keeping chapels; and the remainder, a dividend of five and twenty, or thirty pounds from the College funds.

The scholars have a table in the hall to themselves, and are a little better waited upon than the rest of the pensioners. They may order their own second course too!

Although the College authorities are so particular in requiring attendance at chapel, they don't apparently acknowledge the truth of the maxim that 'Example is better than precept;' many of the fellows rarely go at all except on Sundays. Some years ago there was a society formed among the undergraduates for the purpose of taking observations of the dons. One or more members of the

society used to be present at every chapel, take down the names of the fellows present, and publish the list at the end of the week on the screens. This soon had the effect of improving their attendance, and at the end of the term the society presented one of the tutors with a tenpenny Bible as a reward for having been the most regular during the term.

To return to the Scholarships. Russell had been reading hard during the Lent Term for this examination, and found it a great pull, having got through his Little Go with its odious mathematics, in October —(men going in for either classical or mathematical honours have to take in extra mathematical subjects for their Little Go—an absurd arrangement as regards the former, which it is to be hoped the reforming tendencies of the day will do away with).

It was only a three days' examination, with no Greek composition, and the mathematical papers he didn't attempt.

Home for a week, and then back again to hear the names read out from the chapel steps on the following morning.

Great joy was there in that country rectory when he telegraphed his success. How proud the father felt of his son, who was treading in his own footsteps! what happy augury for the future! Energy, talent, power of application, ambition, were all elements in that success; and the fond mother looked upon it as the first only of a series of distinctions, which, in her day-dreams, she fancied were to enrol his name upon the history of the time. And

did Russell hear his name read out unmoved? without a thrill of gratified pride, of satisfaction at the thought that he had not worked for nothing? No; although at school he had won many prizes; although he had been in the freshmen's first class; although he had been *proxime accessit* for the Bell (a University scholarship for the sons of clergymen); yet this was the first real success which raised him in his own estimation, as it did in that of his fellows. His self-respect increased when he saw that the improvement of his talents was already bearing fruit in a tangible result. Visions of a long career of brilliant triumphs—affluence, and high position in the future, moved panorama-like before his mind, when it recovered from the momentary inebriation resulting upon the announcement of success. High thoughts of boundless ambition gave place to fixed determination to succeed; roused up the dauntless energy of will; and firm resolve was strengthened by the present contemplation of success. Man's nature is not all made up of grand and stirring impulses; and smaller thoughts crept in upon Russell's mind. *Monstrari digito prætereuntium,* has something pleasant about it at first, it tickles the chord of vanity with a pleasant movement.

> 'Oh, Popular Applause, what heart of man
> Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?'

Russell was not entirely without the power of appreciating the admiration of the inferior crowd.

He felt a trifle taller as he took up his position in chapel in the raised seats of the scholars. He felt that there was a certain dignity in the position, that he was raised above the common herd, and felt an inkling of the superiority of mind over matter. He could understand too, from his own feelings, without sympathizing in it, the indulgence of the pride of intellect, the possibility of minds of vast and varied power looking down from their heights of intellectual eminence upon the earthy soulless bodies below, whom no divine *afflatus* had ever inspired, who were as innocent of the τὸ θεῖον, the divine, as they themselves were conscious of it, and grandly superior from that consciousness. Surely the man who is not all clay, who has a soul to think and know, can raise himself at times in moments of solitary meditation, from out this plodding life of practical deadness; can soar upwards to spiritual heights, whence the magnificent vanities, the enormous trifles, the futile passions of human existence, can be contemplated in all their gigantic nothingness, when compared with the vast, the infinite, the illimitable sublimity of the divine. Can he not leave for a space this earthly mould, and look down from an imaginary height of soul upon the little specks in the little universe below, who are plotting, striving, toiling, fighting for ends indefinitely small, unimportant, and worthless? What do the pomp and majesty of kings appear from such a height? what the researches of the learned? the splendour of the great? the glare and glitter of the

pageants of the earth? He can laugh as he contemplates the busy ant-hill, as it were through the wrong end of a telescope, ejaculating, *Oh! quantum est in rebus inane.* But his laughter cannot last, he cannot always look through the wrong end. He is man — he must descend again; he is not a god, he is not a divine essence, he has human passions like other men, and like other men he must be content to live. Let not the great man indulge the thought that his superiority of intellect divests him of his humanity. The greatest are subject frequently to the smallest of human infirmities. Let him not look down upon his fellow-men as though his place were not amongst them,—

> 'Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st
> Live well.'

He must conform to the requirements of the human society in which he has been placed, and conduct his life in accordance with God's precepts for man's guidance. If he has been gifted with a more subtle intelligence, which enables him to detect the worthlessness of human wishes, when compared to the sublime and the infinite; he should not abuse it in despising others for passions to which he himself is subject; but rather use it to fashion himself yet further in the divine likeness, and to improve the moral condition of his fellow-creatures, by directing them to higher and nobler aims. Let him not repine that his soul cannot free itself from this earthly

surrounding, but, submitting to the inevitable, await the dawn of a brighter existence. His wanderings in the air must not interfere with his duty upon the earth, nor his communings with the infinite make him forgetful of the finite — the kindly forbearance, the courtesies, and brotherly affection one towards another, which are inculcated by the religion we profess.

Unde quo veni ?—the ballast has been neglected —the reader is getting giddy—quick—let off the gas — quicker — gently now, let us down again among the scholars — these balloon experiments are dangerous.

The morning after the announcement of the Scholarships the successful candidates had to appear in chapel at nine o'clock 'in sober livery clad,' with white ties. A Latin form was read, which each subscribed to, taking his oath to respect the interests of the College, and uphold them in every way. (I wonder if calling attention to its abuses is a violation of one's oath.) Each in turn knelt down before the Master, in presence of the Seniority, and was admitted in Latin into the Society of the College. He then signed his name in a book, and the ceremony was complete.

Early in the following week the University returned to the maternal bosom, and the May term commenced. On the whole, the second May term is the most enjoyable of the three. The Little Go is

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXVI.

'Vincant divitiæ; sacro nec cedat honori
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis.'—JUVENAL.

'It's never too late to mend.'

ON the Sunday preceding the Two Thousand week there is a special train from London, conveying bookmakers, and the sporting fraternity generally, to Newmarket. Egerton persuaded Charlie to accompany him to the Cambridge Station to meet this train, and was soon engaged in discussing the chances of this horse scratching, this one breaking down, or that winning, with sporting friends on the platform, or inquiring from bookmakers the latest odds.

The following week he went regularly to Newmarket, and began to have doubts about his degree in consequence.

'I'm going to get some flowers, Harry,' said Charlie, on the Saturday morning. 'Come to the Market-place.'

Most rooms have a *rus in fenestrâ* (a little garden on their window-seat) in the May term.

* Let riches be all in all; and let the veriest *parvenu* give place not even to the most honourable rank.

'Can't, my dear boy,' was the reply. 'I *must* read. I've hardly done a thing this week.'

'You can read afterwards.'

Egerton was not *tenax propositi*, and went. Having thus began to idle, he continued to do so till luncheon. Tossed for ties at Clark's; read the sporting papers; watched the arrangement of Charlie's flowers; and the morning reading was lost. The afternoon, of course, was devoted to amusement, cricket, or bathing, or sauntering about, eating an ice at Litchfield's, and so forth; and in the evening he had promised to dine with Castleton. Day's work, *nil.*

Poll coaches lead a dreadful life with pupils of this kind, trying to induce them to read; for their own credit is damaged if their pupils are plucked. It must be almost as wearing as the attempt to induct the requisite amount of knowledge into the heads of hopeless dullards, in whom, like Sydney Smith's Scotchman, in the case of a joke, it requires almost a surgical operation to induce intelligence. I can fancy them returning to the bosom of their families at night with the parrot's monotonous lament, 'poor poll-coach,' 'kiss pretty poll-coach.' It may have a soothing effect; some consolation must be required.

Charlie this morning paid a congratulatory visit to Townsend in respect of his fellowship, of which he had but just heard. The fellowship comes off about the same time as the scholarship examination, during the Easter vacation. A bachelor can try for three years in succession

before he is finally cut out; and Townsend having been fourth classic, got his at the second try. They are worth, counting allowances of all kinds, about 300*l.* a year, and last, under certain conditions, if the holder does not marry, until his death.

'You'll come to dinner with me next week, I hope?' said Townsend; 'my fellowship dinner, I mean.'

Charlie said he should be most happy; and looked inquiringly for further information, which Townsend furnished, saying that it was the custom for every man to give a dinner to all his friends on getting a fellowship. Some have a series of dinners if the circle of their acquaintance is large.

'Egerton tells me you sat upon him awfully this morning for coming in late to your lecture,' said Charlie, in the course of conversation.

'Did I?' laughed Townsend. 'I hope his feelings were not hurt. But he makes a point of coming in late. He can't expect one to take no notice of it.'

Egerton was never known to be in time for anything.

Young lecturers often make themselves very unpopular with the undergraduates, whose society they have only lately left, by too great an assumption of authority. The undergraduate does not like to be treated as a schoolboy; he sticks out for a certain amount of deference and civility from men with whom he is not acquainted, even though they have it in their power to limit his freedom of

action by gating him. On the other hand, if he chooses to act the schoolboy,—play silly tricks in lecture, and not consider the feelings of his lecturer in any way,—he must be content, since he has put off the gentleman, to be taken for what he seems. Many vulgar and ill-regulated minds affect to look down upon dons and lecturers as inferiors, because in some instances they have not the advantage of the accident of gentle birth; and profess to think it immaterial how they behave towards them. Such opinions in the estimation of gentlemen meet with the utter contempt which they deserve. The man who has raised himself by his talents, has far more to be proud of than the descendant of a long line of ancestors, who has nothing to recommend him but his pedigree. χρήματα χρήματ' ἀνήρ—'Money makes the man' is the watchword of others, who consider a limited income a reproach. At the risk of incurring their contempt, I confess I would rather be a gentleman of brains upon a limited income, than a man of commerce with a princely revenue;—I have no sympathy with the money worship which characterizes society at the present day. Where in a few years shall we look for the ancient nobility that we used to be proud of? Where, indeed, but in the purlieus of the City, among the money-bags which they have filled in their shops or by their speculations? The shades of our ancestors would stand aghast with horror could they see how their descendants are lowering their caste. What would a scion of England's old *noblesse* have thought

fifty years ago, or even less, if it had been proposed to him to turn shop-boy. The bare suggestion would have caused 'each several hair to stand on end.' No hair is similarly affected now. Distinction of class is put aside. Aristocracy opens its arms to plutocracy, and even goes out to meet it. Men of rank, who ought to have a certain pride of family, think nothing now of sending their sons into counting-houses. Aristocrats are emulous to become plutocrats; and, therefore, they scruple not to stoop from their high position, and foul their hands with the dirty arts of money-making. Thus it is that the blood of ancient families is rapidly becoming tainted with the connexions picked up in the back streets of the City, among warehouses and shops, and traffic and barter establishments.

'Quo ruis? o generosa domus.'

If you must fall, yet fall with dignity, like the Roman senators awaiting the Gaul and his rabble rout. Why imitate the monks of La Trappe, digging their own graves, by rushing forward to meet the tide which is to overwhelm you? The democratic spirit which is abroad will soon enough level all distinctions, and leave you but the name of your former state. Why help to swell the flood which is slowly approaching to bury your ancient edifice?

The more the aristocracy forget their position, the more the ἄριστοι fuse with the shopkeeping class,

the ἀγοραῖοι, the sooner will plutocracy triumph and democracy ensue. Directly nobility lowers itself, and becomes common, it will cease to be respected, and will be trampled upon, and England will have to lament over the infatuation of the men who have brought the catastrophe upon their own heads.

Revenons à nos moutons:—Townsend's fellowship dinner was given a few days after Villars' visit, in a room which he had borrowed for its size, around the walls of which tables were arranged, horseshoe fashion, capable of accommodating five-and-thirty guests. Unnatural tax upon the capabilities of the room!

The company, according to the *Morning Post*, was numerous and select. Among others, we noticed Drummond, Russell, Peyton, Villars, Preston, &c. The rest were composed of young dons or incipient such, contemporaries of Townsend, and a sprinkling of undergraduates.

Townsend's health was proposed in felicitous terms after dinner, and responded to 'in a neat speech.'

There were other toasts and other speeches, and the hilarity of the evening was increased by an occasional song. The proceedings terminated in whist, cigars, and the usual accompaniments. The wines were furnished by So-and-So, and gave universal satisfaction.

On the following day Rowley (who was up this term, and hard at work at cricket) gave Charlie half an hour's coaching on the Trinity ground, while a

field-day was going on. Returning afterwards together to get marked in hall, they found Russell and another scholar in sole possession of the screens, the undergraduates' dinner having been over some minutes.

'Why stand ye here idle all the day?' asked Charlie of Russell.

'Waiting to say grace,' was the reply, and Russell went on to inform him that the scholars took it in turns, two each week, to say grace for the fellows. This is a custom of the college which I cannot find words strong enough to express my abhorrence of—

> 'Tis my perfect scorn,
> *Sub*-ject of my implacable disgust.'

These two scholars are obliged to wait outside the door till the head fellow finds, from a contemplation of the surrounding faces, that the rest are sufficiently gorged. He then waves his hand to the butler. 'Haw! You may ring for the menials; we are ready—we fellows—to hear them repeat the grace.' The butler beckons to the porter, who orders in the under-servants, the scholars, who march up the hall, and are generally kept standing at the top of the table for a short space, while the master, or whoever may be at the top of the table, finishes his conversation. A printed grace is handed to them by another servant, and they proceed to thank God for the fellows' dinner, while the latter suspend for a moment their digestive

talk, and concoct jokes about the pronunciation, and the attitude of the scholars reading. One was said to have read grace as if he thought God heard him; his reverend attitude, I suppose, being inconsistent with the gratitude he professed for the full stomachs of the fellows. (The grace is in Latin, and partly in dialogue.) But that such a custom should be continued, that two undergraduates should be made to dance attendance upon the gormandising pleasure of these fellows, forsooth! why the most ordinary comprehension must see that it is a stigma upon the college, a disgrace to its government, and a reproach upon its pretension to civilisation, or even common courtesy. To clog the holding of a scholarship with such a degrading condition as that of waiting upon the high table, dodging about till they are pleased to require one's attendance, is almost enough to make a man forego the advantages, in consideration of the insulting accompaniment. Do they desire to make the scholars feel their dependence upon the college, that they are in its pay—part of its staff? If so, why don't they offer them perquisites out of the extortions for fines and other matters, besides their pay? Why should the other servants be privileged? Why don't they allow the senior scholar to take off the covers from the table, or to stand behind the master's chair, or wait upon the chief eater? or why, if they must be left out in the cold with the outer servants, the porters, and such-like—why don't they provide them, as the others are provided, with long gowns to keep their legs

from the draught? The insolence of that head porter, on the strength of having a long gown, and two other attendants under his command! He actually had the impudence to tell me to hurry on one occasion, that the fellows were waiting! But enough—the contemplation of the indignity stirs up my bile even at this distance. Air your importance as you please, you inflated fellows; insult gentlemen to your heart's content, and then cry up your college, with its manifold glaring abuses, as a model institution, admirable in its arrangement, and perfect in its discipline.

CHAPTER XXVII.

'Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool.'—THOMSON.

'Wherein I (tell) of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes.'—SHAKESPEARE.

THE young May moon was pouring down a flood of silver light upon the elms overshadowing the green sward at the back of King's, as Charlie and Egerton strolled up and down in the quiet solitude of the early night. A grave subject was under discussion. Egerton was talking of putting off his degree until November.

'I don't think I should have a chance of passing. I don't know anything at all of some of my subjects.'

'I wish you would, old boy,' returned Charlie, 'I shall be miserable when you go down—no one to talk to in the evenings, and some one I don't care about in your rooms.'

'Well, I'll tell you what,' said Harry, a brilliant thought striking him, 'if I do scratch, will you come and read somewhere in the Long? You

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The quarters struck one after another as they talked; and, as twelve approached, they wandered back to their rooms.

Egerton announced his intention of 'scratching' to his coach, and turned his attention to amusement instead of reading; basked in the sun by the river in the mornings, instead of cramming 'Reformation' in his rooms.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, one morning, when the weather was unusually fine, and nature unusually attractive. 'Why shouldn't we have a picnic up the river?'

The idea was taken up by others, and they started off to find recruits; and mustered at one o'clock a large party by the bridge. Cold food of all kinds was sent from the kitchens, and champagne and sherry, and knives and forks from various rooms. Some went up in canoes, some in outriggers, and some in tubs. The boats were hauled over the lock by natives, and the whole party proceeded, more or less rapidly, up the river, past the bathing sheds, till the first boat halted at a place where bushes overhung the long green grass, and promised a cooling shade. The rest came up, liked the spot, and disembarked. Hampers were unloaded, and everybody was soon hard at work arranging the various contents.

Much eating, much laughing, much drinking —champagne going down very pleasantly after rowing. The empty bottles are stuck in the trees to be pelted, the knives and forks (and glasses

which were not broken) bundled back into the hamper; and they continued their cruise up to Granchester. Some make for Byron's Pool by a shallow by-stream, and get stuck; the others going round by the mill. The heat of the sun and the exercise assisted the wine to work upon the brain; and notwithstanding that some sheep had just been washed in the pool, one or two of the party undressed, and plunged into the dirty water, running about afterwards, *au naturel*, in the costume of the ancient Briton. 'The best fun you ever saw,' as Egerton said, recounting the day's incidents in the evening to some who had not been of the party. 'Ananias drunk as a fiddler, running about without anything on. The wretched Boots was standing at the edge of the water, clothed and in his right mind, and Ananias coolly ran up to him and shoved him, clothes and all, into the river, laughing like a maniac; and then, a few minutes after, he did the same to Luther. You ought to have seen him half way into the water, trying to save himself, and gradually subsiding—and then his face, when he came up spluttering to the top—you'd have died with laughing.'

'Wasn't the "boiled one" awfully savage?' asked one of his listeners.

It may be as well to mention, that the real name of Luther, or "the boiled one," was Savile. He was a person of high complexion, particularly after much wine, or when he was in a passion, which was often

the case; and had received in the first instance the name of Vermilion. Nicknames derived from personal peculiarities are as common as they are objectionable. However, from Vermilion, by a curious series of corruptions, such as *sobriquets* frequently arise from, he had become 'Vermy,' then 'Wormy,' 'Worms,' and eventually Luther. By others he was known as the 'Lobster,' or 'the boiled one.'

'I should rather think he was savage,' continued Egerton; 'but it wasn't any use—Ananias bolted into the water and laughed at him.

'Charlie and I and the Snipe and Drummond left him storming to the Earl on the bank, and bathed further up the river. The Snipe had a tremendous canoe-fight with Drummond, and ended by upsetting him awfully neatly. The best joke of the whole thing, though, was the way they tried to serve out Ananias. The crafty Boots abstracted his trousers when he wasn't looking, and he and Luther quietly walked off home with them. The ancient Briton, not being able to find his bags, took possession of the boat, where a lot of fellows had left their clothes, to save them getting ducked—put on Castleton's bags, and rowed away down the river with the rest while the others were up above.'

'You don't mean to say he went away with all the other fellows' clothes?'

'A boatful. The Snipe and I had gone to look for something he'd dropped where we fed, and it

was killing to see these fellows paddling past as hard as they could go, to catch their clothes. Castleton with only a waistcoat on, and the apron of the canoe, and Charlie with nothing but a pair of bags, and somebody else with his legs through the arms of a coat.'

The recollection brought the tears to Egerton's eyes, and there was an interval for refreshment.

'Decency, Mrs. Pottle, decency!' laughed one.

'Did they catch him?' asked another.

'No,' answered Egerton, recovering; 'he saw them coming and left the boat at the trees, below the bathing sheds, and started across country back to Cambridge with the Earl's bags on.'

'Then what did Castleton do?'

'He had to wait at the boat-house, on the other side of the loch, till his servant brought him down a pair to put on. You ought to have been there. I never laughed so much in my life I think.

'It's the 'cutest thing Boots ever did.'

'Quite. Hallo! here you are, you scoundrel!' exclaimed Egerton, as Stopford grinned into the room. 'Where are Castleton's bags?'

'In my room. You didn't suppose I was coming home in bare legs, did you? I wonder what that devil Boots has done with mine.'

Castleton registered a vow, that the next time he got Stopford on the river it shouldn't be his fault if

he didn't get a ducking; and Exmoor and Savile joined him in his pious resolve. Stopford, however, went to no more picnics that term, and so escaped for a season.

Solvuntur risu tabulæ.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below;
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.'—*Il Penseroso.*

'Asse, Perambulatores, jacto, sibi inire
Constituunt; his nunc experienda salix.
Illi mox capiunt agrum, queis furta parentur
Insidiæque manus, turba dolosa, pilæ.'*—*Fragment.*

Next Sunday, while Egerton was engaged at the A. D. C. committee meeting, Drummond carried off Charlie to hear a University sermon, neither having been to one before. Nor were they much edified when they did go. The heads of houses and chief men of the University assemble at St. Mary's, at two o'clock every Sunday, to hear a few prayers read; to offer thanksgiving for the various benefits which the University has received from time to time; and

* The Perambulators win the toss and take first innings; these now make trial of the willow, while the others take the field, and warily take advantage of every chance.

to listen to a profoundly learned discourse from some profoundly learned brother. The sermon on this occasion was as usual dry, learned, and unimproving; and after watching the great men, and proctors, and University officials file off in their respective grooves, Drummond and Villars strolled on to King's.

'Shall we do the whole business?' said the latter, as they lay on the bank of the river, whence they were soon to be dislodged by an angry porter. 'Shall we go and hear the anthem here at half-past three?'

Drummond was willing, and to chapel at half-past three they accordingly went. I don't propose attempting to describe the effect of the organ pealing through that lofty aisle; or the soothing charms of the choristers' voices dying away in faint echoes beneath the fretted roof. The reader who has not been inside King's Chapel must imagine a very noble structure well calculated for acoustic purposes, with fine painted windows, oak-carving, and so forth; and fill up the empty space with the most thrilling harmony which his imagination can provide.

Charlie had intended to go to hall, but the anthem having interfered, he chopped with Egerton in the evening at the A. D. C. instead—a very pleasant way of getting through the early part of Sunday evening. Dinner in the green room, and a drawing-room to adjourn to before looking up a friend at tea.

Charlie's friend to-night was Rowley, who still kept in his old rooms in college. Two or three

cricketing men, with whom Villars had a slight acquaintance, were talking cricket as he entered, and Rowley had a small slip of paper with a list of names upon it in his hand. 'Would you like to play at Abingdon on Tuesday?' he said, as Charlie took off his cap and gown. 'You *are* a Perambulator, I think?'

'Yes, I believe so. But where is Abingdon?'

'About six miles off. Drive there in half an hour.'

'All right, I'll come. That's to say if I'm fit. It's the True Blue anniversary to-morrow, which I think you said you were coming to.'

'I'm afraid I shan't be able to now. I'm going to play a match a long way off, and shouldn't be back in time.'

Enter Russell with Wilson, another Perambulator, whose name is already on the list.

'Do you ever go in for country matches?' asked Villars of the former.

'No. I always read in the morning, so I haven't time. I'm going up to-morrow to eat law dinners.'

'You keep your term by eating dinners, don't you?'

'Three a term; twelve per annum. It's very like a college dinner. There's a high table for the benchers, another for the barristers, and the students have another.'

Keeping law terms is an excellent excuse for an *exeat*, if any one wants change of scene for a few days; and going down to feed at the Temple at half-past five in summer is wonderfully enjoyable.

On Tuesday morning Charlie was ready with his bag at Ransom's at ten o'clock, and a drag from Pratt's soon after made its appearance. The rest of the eleven turned up, and a knowing hand took the ribbons, and piloted them safely out of the town, wonderful to relate.

Driving four-in-hand has lately been prohibited, or rather, I believe, an old statute forbidding it has been trumped up again. Pity some more of the old statutes were not revived! There is one which provides that bachelors bathing in the Cam shall be whipped in the Market-place; and another forbids the playing of marbles by the undergraduates on the hall steps of Trinity (this one, probably, belongs to the College). It is said that at Oxford there is a fine of twopence, according to an ancient statute, for striking a lecturer. 'In for a penny in for a pound.' A sensible man would, of course, take sixpennyworth while he was about it. *Hæ autem observationes*, as a man once wrote in a Senate-house essay, *neque hic sunt neque illic*,— these observations, however, are neither here nor there.

'You ought to have been at the True Blue last night,' said Charlie, as they drove to Abingdon. 'Boots was the greatest fun, he said the most absurd things. I can't remember half of them now. Oh, one thing was, that he'd bet any one anything they liked that King Richard (the Derby favourite, you know) would be head of the river. Then, coming home, he cheeked a peeler, and came running after us grinning in the most insane way; said he'd given

him a bit of his mind, "and you ought to have seen the colour that his waistcoat grew." Luther was rather screwed too, though he doesn't look it this morning.'

'I'm a-lookin' at yer,' cried Savile from the back of the drag, hearing his name. (Savile was in the University Eleven.)

'I suppose you don't remember fighting with Carter?' laughed Villars.

'Oh, you 'orrid story!' was the reply; 'you're as bad as Stopford. I couldn't have believed it of you.'

'Well, you were making row enough in the Court,' suggested some one else, 'tootling that old horn.'

Savile laughed, 'Ah, I remember I had a horn. I wonder what I did with it—it belongs to Castleton.'

'Drummond, I believe, addressed a select circle from the fountain till he fell backwards into it, when Collyer came out,' said another of the party.

Collyer was an irascible don, who was weak enough to show his irritability by coming out and telling any one he met, or fancied had been making a noise, to go to their rooms. The consequence was, that on any festive occasion one of the chief post-prandial amusements was to draw Collyer; and Collyer seldom refused. His door, or keyhole rather, had more than once been obstructed with new bread, so as to obviate the possibility of his entering his room without considerable trouble, and on the whole he would have found discretion to have

been the better part of valour. There are many *men* among the undergraduates who are boys enough for practical jokes of this kind, who make hay in each other's rooms, upsetting all the furniture, and turning the pictures with their faces to the wall; devising fantastical arrangements of pokers and tongs upon the table, and so forth, who have not yet put off childish things, and who think nothing of kicking a friend's door open, or putting their foot through the panel, upsetting the coal-scuttle in the middle of the room in the exuberance of their spirits, and pretending to sweep it up with a quill pen. Windows and flower-pots are never safe from them, they glory in a bear-fight and the crash of falling glass, or the dilapidation of furniture. Innocent little dears! why shouldn't they? What would life be without the frolicsome gaiety and animal spirits of the bear-fighter? 'But what has bear-fighting to do with cricket at Abingdon?' you ask.

'Here y'are, sir!—Here y'are!—Carry yer bag, sir!' proceeds from a couple of small boys at the gate of the field, who touch their hats with the rapid movement peculiar to the University or school-cad. The field is a small field, and the ground, with the exception of the actual pitch, was a bad ground; but the squire of the parish was very hospitable, and claret-cup flowed freely, and made a merry match. Abingdon provided a rustic team with a few University men, to make a very poor stand against good bowling, and by luncheon-time they were all out, and three or four wickets down on the other side.

What a charm there is about cricket dinners! Although the tent is generally dirty, and the waiters hot, and the space aptly described by the old woman, who said she had plenty to sit upon, but nowhere to put it—yet the freedom and unceremonious gobbling of lamb and mint-sauce, hot potatoes, &c., and the popping of ginger-beer corks, make it a very enjoyable meal, particularly when well seasoned with that *optimum condimentum*, *fames*,—that best of sauces, hunger.

'Salad dressing, please,' cried Charlie to a warm old woman who was waiting. 'One feels rather like Nebuchadnezzar,' he added to Rowley, 'feeding upon raw green food.'—Unquenchable laughter for a moment or two.

Tarts of curious pastry followed upon cold joints, and were succeeded by cream-cheese and more green food; after which a solemn grace was said by one of the party, finishing up with—'and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

Cigars, or pipes, and cricket again—the inside basking under the shade of leafy boughs (this is a license), or strolling round the ground. Match over at half-past six — drag again, and back to Cambridge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ταὶ δὲ γυναῖκες
μαχρὸν ἀνάϋσαν.—THEOCRITUS.

'My mother is going to give a ball next week, Harry,' said Villars, one morning as they sat over a late breakfast in Egerton's rooms. 'Will you come up for it if I tell her to send you a card?'

Of course Harry would go. Wasn't it a certain opportunity of seeing Blanche Villars again, whom he had not even had a glimpse of since his visit to Mottistone at Christmas? A card was accordingly despatched with 'Mr. Henry Egerton,' in Blanche's writing on the top, along with two or three more, for other friends of Charlie's.

Some regular London men, dancing young men, almost live upon the line between London and Cambridge in the May Term. How they manage to get so many *absits* on such frivolous pretences, I never could understand; except that the noble lord and the commoner hold a very different place in the estima-

* Loud applause from the ladies.

tion of the disciplinarians of the College. Dons who are proof against a title, consider that the lordly butterflies who flit for a few terms about their college halls, are by no means desirable members of their society. These stern Catos think that it is trifling with their dignity for a man to come up just for two or three terms to pass the time, and see a little variety of life, and then go down again without attempting to benefit by the education of the place, or conform to its rules or discipline. It must be rather aggravating to men who can see no other end in coming to the University than to acquire learning and take a degree—to hear young fellows saying that they are only going to stay for a short time, and not going in for a degree, and so the examinations don't much concern them. Be that as it may, Charlie went up to his mother's ball, and many of his friends who had come up to London, either with that or other objects, turned up there too. Blanche was looking charming, and being in her own house, more than usually in request for dancing; so that Egerton, although he was received with a lively blush, and a look of gratification, had to wait some time before he could claim her as his partner.

'So you're not going to desert Charlie after all, at the end of the term,' said Blanche, when they were at last together.

'No; did he tell you that we were going to read together in the Vacation?'

'He said you were going to Scotland. I think it's too cruel of you to take him away from me—

I'm not sure that I'm not a little angry with you.'

'Oh! don't say that, or we shall have to give it up,' answered Egerton, looking laughingly at his partner.

'Then you mustn't keep him away too long—I'm very selfish about Charlie—It's quite bad enough to be left without him all the time he's at Cambridge. Don't forget now,' added Blanche, with playful archness as they resumed dancing.

'Have you seen Lord ——?' asked Charlie, hurriedly, as they were borne up against him in the crush, when the dance was over. 'My mother wants him to take the Duchess of —— down to supper, and I can't find him anywhere.'

Mr. Villars was already making his way across the room to conduct an acclimatized Royalty to the private supper-room downstairs, where some fifteen or twenty of the biggest wigs were to sit down to their long-expected refreshment. Charlie, despairing of finding his man in the crash, made for a noble Duke who was standing not far off, and commended the Duchess to his arm, taking his mother's name in vain, and confusing her arrangements thereby; this noble creature having been intended to escort some other distinguished dowager. However, it probably made very little difference in the end, and Charlie having seen them all well into the supper-room, returned to look for Emily Charlemont, who was keeping a valse for him against high pressure from one or two Lotharios, who were hanging about her.

'Ah! you're only just in time,' she said, as Charlie approached; having been for the last minute casting his eyes in all directions to find her out among the crowd.

'I'm really so sorry,' he said; 'my mother sent me to look after some people, and then I couldn't find you. Will you forgive me?'

'This time,' answered Emily, flashing her dark eyes up into his, and causing a gentle emotion in Charlie's heart.

'Did Henry Mainwaring tell you that we were coming to Cambridge very soon?' she continued presently.

'No; are you? When?'

'Whenever the boat-racing is; next week, I think.'

'Oh, that'll be delightful!' said Charlie, with animation. 'Come down the week after next, and then you can see the A. D. C. at the same time. I'll get you tickets. Private theatricals; men dressed up as women. You've heard of them, haven't you?'

Emily had not heard of them, and Charlie proceeded to explain how good they were; and it was decided that Mrs. Charlemont should make her arrangements for staying a couple of nights at Cambridge in that week. 'Besides,' Charlie said, 'that'll give you a longer time for putting off engagements.'

The scene, again, is Cambridge. The Derby is over, and Egerton, who accompanied Villars to

Epsom, has not won his expected stake. The Valley races are a thing of the past, and Exmoor is beginning to question whether making matches and running his horses fairly, pays in the long run. The Beef Steak anniversary is over, and Castleton has been fined for taking a scavenger's horse and cart from the Market-place down Rose Crescent. Russell's week of reading the lessons in chapel is also ended, and his voice has been heard to the far door. Rowley has played many matches with varying success at Fenner's; and the eleven is getting into form, and being filled up for Lord's. Many men have loitered about, and bathed, or strolled, or looked on at cricket-matches, or driven pony-traps, or played tennis, and the interest of the University has been carried nearly to the end of the May races. It is the last day of these, and Charlie is reading a twisted note on the morning of this day in his room. The Trinity Hall arms adorn the top of the paper, and the note is from Mainwaring, asking him to come and lunch to meet the Charlemonts.

Some men like squiring dames about the colleges and lions of the University. Charlie had had as yet no experience of it, and thought it would be delightful. The contrast of the gay dresses and bright smiles, with those gloomy halls,—particularly such dames. Of course he wrote to say that he would come to luncheon; and spent the afternoon in amused interest in the surprise which Emily betrayed at everything which he was so accustomed to.

'And one said smiling, "Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair."'

They wandered through King's and round by the bridges, and were joined by others for a few minutes every now and then, who knew Miss Charlemont in London, and who made jokes when they left about Charlie's obvious spooniness;—horrible word, I admit, but 'spoony' was the expression they used. In the evening to Grassy 'all in a chaise and pair;' where Emily gets quite excited at the novelty of the sight; and her animated face, as she asks questions of the men who are standing by her carriage, attracts general attention. Mainwaring was rowing in the Trinity Hall boat, which had not succeeded in dislodging Third Trinity from its place at the head of the river, and had indeed its work cut out to avoid being bumped by First Trinity.

The last gun is fired, and the boats appear;—a roar, a splash, a disturbance of the water, and they are past; Emily having recognised Mainwaring when his boat was pointed out, and waved her handkerchief; which he, having his 'eyes in the boat,' naturally did not see, except perhaps 'in fancy's eye.'

'How well he looks in his black and white ribbon,' she said, as they past; 'quite good-looking, isn't he?'

One of the remaining boats judiciously timed its bump to come off at the ladies' corner; and was gratified by much enthusiasm on their part — innocent souls! They thought it was an important incident in the night's racing that Christ's should bump Corpus, or Peterhouse suffer at the bows of some other equally obscure establishment!

There was one really very fine piece of—what shall I call it?—pluck, displayed. One of the Jesus crew when their boat was almost into the one in front, putting it on perhaps too much at the beginning, snapped his oar, and the other boat began to draw a-head again. An oar was thrown to him from the bank—he caught it, and in a moment was pulling away again with renewed vigour, and they made their bump in the Long Reach.

The next night was the ladies' night at the A.D.C., and Charlie provided Mainwaring (who was not a member) with tickets for himself and his lady friends; joining them in the evening when the first piece was over.

'I think this is quite too charming, Mr. Villars,' exclaimed Emily, as he brought her a cup of tea; and Mrs. Charlemont, although she was talking under difficulties from the other side of her daughter, was full of admiration also. 'Do you really mean to say that that was Mr. Vivian who acted that pretty woman in the last piece?' continued the former.

'Yes, it really was. Didn't he do it well?'

'Oh! I think it's quite wonderful. I wish I knew some more who have ladies' parts,' said Emily, glancing down the play-bill.

'And such a pretty room!' said Mrs. Charlemont; 'it's quite equal to any small London theatre, and really the acting, and the scenery, and dresses, are quite superior.'

'And do you not act yourself? I should so like to have seen you dressed up as a lady,' interrupted her daughter.

'Would you? if you had been here a year and a half ago, you might have seen me as a goddess.'

Female laughter, amid which the gas is turned down; and the curtain drawn up for a drama; Charlie lingers about for a few moments, and then retires to the next room; chats with casual friends who are wandering in and out; eats an ice, and strolls into the green room; chaffs Egerton, whom he finds in dishabille; returns, takes another look at the acting, and reads the paper.

'Did you hear that Castleton was going to be hauled up for furious driving through Barnwell yesterday?' asked Savile, coming up to the chimney-piece, where Villars was leaning.

'I heard Ananias saying something about it this evening; but I supposed, of course, that it was a mild fiction of his.'

Charlie had been occupied all day in looking after his fair visitors, and giving them luncheon in his rooms; so that he had hardly seen any of his male acquaintances.

'What was it?' he continued; 'what did he do?'

'Well, I believe he nearly killed a child—the father lodged information about him, and he has to appear in the court-house to-morrow.'

'What fun! I shall go and see him. He's a regular Jehu; he came to awful grief last year once coming back from the boats.'

Applause and clapping of hands announced the end of the performance, and the room is immediately filled with men anxious to get away before the ladies come out; then, with ladies, and intermingled old and young men who look for cloaks, and make vain attempts to find carriages along that narrow way.

There used always to be a Trinity ball in the May term, but of late years it has been superseded by others, given by different clubs,—First Trinity, the A. D. C. itself, the Athenæum; and lately, I believe, the Freemasons gave a ball. If the boat-races, the A. D. C., and the balls come in the same week, and the weather is fine, Cambridge is seen to advantage; for many who wish their friends to see the place, take the opportunity of the extra inducements, and the town looks actually bright.

There are no Commemoration festivities at Cambridge as at Oxford. Trinity Commemoration takes place in December, generally after the end of the term; and consists in a service in the chapel, and an assembly of dons and ladies in the hall, for the purpose of seeing the college prizes given away, and

hearing the prize declamation read by the composer from a very mean-looking rostrum, which is peculiar to the occasion.

The Charlemonts returned to London early the next morning, and Villars repaired at eleven o'clock,

> 'Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
> Of the great Duke of Buckingham.'

There was a large attendance of undergraduates; and the Mayor threatened once or twice to have the Court cleared if the noise did not cease. Castleton had commissioned a very poor specimen of an attorney to conduct his case, and looked on at the proceedings with great indifference. The result of the investigation was a fine, and a recommendation pompously delivered by the Mayor to be more careful in future. The fine was paid at once, and the recommendation laughed at, as soon as Castleton was outside the Court;—he spared the feelings of the Mayor as long as he was in the somewhat ludicrous presence.

The following week the May examination commenced, and continued into the middle of the week after. Charlie contented himself with doing some of the mathematical papers, and the Shakespeare, which interested him — (an excellent introduction this Shakespeare paper) — enough, as he thought, to place him above the last class.

Egerton was highly indignant at having to go in for this examination, when it could be of no possible use to him for his degree in November.

'What use are rigid dynamics and percolating hydrostatics to me?' he exclaimed, pointing to a mathematical paper of which he didn't understand a single term — 'or Butler's Analogy? — An examiner came round and pointed out to me some mistake in a term in one of the questions. I hadn't an idea what either of the expressions meant, but I thought it might please him to pretend to know all about it, so I made a very careful correction, and came out at the half-hour.'

Household affairs are arranged, some few bills paid, and Cambridge is emptied for the Long Vacation. Charlie and Egerton have secured a young coach, who is to take two or three pupils, and precede them to Scotland, where they are to join him after the Eton and Harrow match in the middle of July. Until that time they stay in London, and contribute to the enjoyment of feminine youth. The rest of the world has separated in various directions; some to London; some to play cricket; some to the Continent; some to climb mountains in Switzerland; some to read; and others to relax before returning to Cambridge for the same purpose.

CHAPTER XXX.

'These are the charming agonies of love
Whose misery delights—but thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's Paradise.'—THOMSON.

'Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum seniorum
Unius æstimemus assis.' *—CATULLUS.

IT is nearly a fortnight since Cambridge arrived in London. The University match has been lost and won, and hot July is near at hand.

One sultry night towards the close of June — a night when lumps of ice in the windows, and thorough draughts were ineffectual to cool the dancers' heated forehead — Charlie had retired with his partner to a quiet corner away from the dancing-room, and was whispering sweet nothings into Emily Charlemont's ear. She was particularly gracious

* Let us live, my Lesbia, and love,—a fig for old men's talk.

this evening, as, in fact, she always was now. The carelessness of tone with which she was accustomed to reply had been left off in a great measure, and a tenderness of manner assumed of late, which stirred at times the very depths of Charlie's heart, and sent him home with strange sensations.

'Tell me, my heart, can this be love?'

he had unconsciously asked himself more than once during the last few days; for before this he had never acknowledged even to his own self, possibly had not been aware, that his heart was anything more than damaged.

Emily is saying how unkind it is of him to go away before the end of the season, and accompanies her words with such a soft look, that Charlie feels inclined to throw over Egerton altogether.

'Shall you be sorry if I go?' he asks, with all the naturalness of their young days, as he plays with the button of his glove.

'Why, of course, I shall — you dance so well,' answered Emily, raising her bouquet to her face.

'You only care for my dancing, then?' returned Charlie, rather absently.

The colours deepened on his fair companion's cheek as he looked up for a reply, but another voice met his ear instead:—

'At last I've found you, Miss Charlemont; I've been looking for you everywhere;' and Murray stood before them.

Did Charlie barely suppress that little word ex-

pressive of wrath and vexation, as Emily rose and took Murray's arm, saying, 'Was this our dance? I had quite forgotten it.' But the look she left behind as she swept away, full of regret and sympathy, made a silver lining to the cloud which had settled upon his brow. One of those bright looks it was which outlive the hour, which may light up at times with a transient gleam the despondency and gloom of after years of sorrow, breaking in upon the darkness of the heart like a stray sunbeam intercepted on its path to heaven. Would existence be tolerable without a few bright moments like these to relieve its laborious monotony, to leave behind the seeds of happy sunlight, which memory may warm up into rainbow hues? Could man live without a little romance, a little sentiment, a little enthusiasm, to round off the sharp corners of practical existence? Surely not. The most rigorously ascetic, the most coldly stern, the man whose heart is entrenched with frigid apathy and immoveable insensibility, who has fenced himself about with outworks of indifference against all softer feelings, must yet have been conscious of moments, when some little thought beyond the practical has crept in upon his mind; when he has unconsciously been stolen from himself by some passing recollection, which, though quashed as soon as recognised, has left, as it fled, a lingering ray upon the mind, to illumine the dark shade of his life. 'Lives there a man with heart so cold,' as not to feel at times—in moments of solitude, in the midst of nature's

sublime grandeur, or more alluring beauty—the softening influence of poetry penetrating the adamant of his being? Let him stifle it as he may, let him coat himself about with solid ice, but there are powers that can penetrate that frigid covering, and stir up at certain times the *divinæ particulam auræ*—the little spark of divine essence, which must exist in every nature.

> 'Tis born with all; the love of Nature's works
> Is an ingredient in the compound man,
> Infused at the creation of the kind.'

But Emily was gone, and gone with Murray—bitter antidote to Charlie's happy reverie.

Although Villars was not keenly sensitive in his friendships, it was a different thing when the softer passion of love exercised its enthralling power over his heart—he was not by any means impervious to jealousy, 'the injured lover's hell,' and found it impossible to continue in the neighbourhood while Emily was dancing with 'that odious Murray.' He persuaded Egerton, therefore, to come away, saying that it was a stupid ball.

They wandered down the street almost in silence for some way, until Egerton asked where they were going.

'I haven't an idea,' answered Charlie, trying to shake off his irritation. He was very nearly going back again. But no, he couldn't be in the same room with him—no—the hateful creature! 'Let's go to Cremorne,' he said, 'it isn't one o'clock yet, we're sure to meet a lot of fellows there.' (The one o'clock

closing act had not yet been put in force.) A passing Hansom was called, and they got in, the driver inquiring instinctively, 'The Gardens, gentlemen?'

Egerton saw there was something wrong with Charlie, and delicately refrained from obtruding conversation upon him. He couldn't quite understand why he presently introduced Murray upon the conversational *tapis*, and proceeded to express such extreme dislike for him. He knew that he had not had much fancy for him for the last year; but why bring him up at this moment? What could he have done? Harry was at a loss, and the blazing star at the entrance to Cremorne put an end to his conjectures.

They were soon in the midst of the throng beneath the glittering illuminations, being jostled on every side by painted Aspasias or bedaubed uglinesses. There was much glitter, much lace and flowing silk, many elaborate heads,—

> 'Indebted to some smart wig weaver's hand,
> For more than half the tresses they sustain'd;'

much pink and white, much laughter, and a great deal of strong 'badinage.'

There were fresh arrivals from the Argyll, or the *cafés* of Piccadilly and the Haymarket; who rushed from one scene of dissipation to another, for fear their excitement should flag; and pressed into the refreshment bar for more artificial aids to keep it up.

Charlie and Egerton leaned against the railings,

smoking their cigars and watching the stream flow round and round in its accustomed circle.

'I don't think Cremorne goes down,' said the former at length, 'if you come straight out of a ball-room into it.'

'Nor I. The proper time to come here, I think, is to smoke a cigar after dinner. Then I rather like it. There's always lots of light, and it's gay, and one generally meets a few fellows. I don't see any one hardly I know here to-night.'

Anxious mothers are about right in thinking that though balls may be very insipid, and unimproving to the mind, yet they keep their youths out of mischief. Dancing men are not often seen at Cremorne, and places of a like nature, where there are plenty of balls going on. It is a place to lounge about when there is nothing better to do. Men who frequent the place regularly, will naturally in time fall into the manners and customs of the *habitués;* and acquire tastes, the indulgence of which may prove expensive, and are sure not to be improving either to mind or body.

'I see Carter over there,' said Charlie, as they leant over the railings, watching the antics of the dancers.

'Shall we stroll round, and talk to him? he's rather amusing at this sort of place; knows everybody, and has lots of chaff.'

Charlie was agreeable, and they walked round to where Carter was standing with another man inside the railings.

'What about the July stakes?' said Egerton, touching him on the back.

'I haven't backed one yet,' answered Carter, turning round, 'are you going down?'

Egerton had not made up his mind yet; and the conversation continued upon racing topics, till Carter drew their attention to a window, where Travers was seated with a friend, who was evidently the worse for supper, and gesticulating violently.

'That's a regular devil, that woman!' he said.

'But how can Travers show his face in public?' asked Villars. 'I thought he was broke.'

'So he is, bless you. Shot the moon for seven thou; there's a touch of class about that, I rather think.'

The polite reader may like to know that 'shooting the moon' is a slang term for going through the Bankruptcy Court.

Charlie didn't say much, as Travers was a friend of Carter's; but, like the parrot, he thought the more. It was new to him that a man could undergo the disgrace of being 'whitewashed,' and then appear in the world as if nothing had happened, and begin the same reckless and unprincipled course of expenditure over again. A little more experience showed him that such a thing was by no means an uncommon occurrence among a certain class of men.

After talking for a short time longer with other acquaintances, whom the circle brought round in its revolution, they retired from the scene, and drove back to the civilised part of the town. Egerton was

put down in Eaton Place, and Charlie continued his way to Grosvenor Square, his mind a medley of sweet and bitter thoughts, the former now preponderating.

Murray's inopportune intrusion gradually faded from his view, and he fell asleep in a soft trance of imaginary happiness, no longer hesitating to acknowledge that Emily Charlemont had full possession of his heart.

CHAPTER XXXI.

'It is a sweet thing friendship ; a dear balm,
A happy and auspicious bird of calm,
Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous ocean ;
A god that broods o'er chaos in commotion.'

SHELLEY.

'How chang'd the scene ! in blazing height of noon
The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.'

THOMSON.

THE course of true love never did run smooth, and Charlie Villars was destined to prove no exception to the rule.

Two days after he had acknowledged the *veteris vestigia flammæ*,—the footprints of his early passion, Mrs. Charlemont's sister was taken seriously ill, and she and Emily were obliged to leave town to go down to her in the country. A few days after, she died, and there was consequently no more gaiety for Emily Charlemont this season.

London had now lost all attraction for Charlie. Rotten Row seemed deserted—no one to ride with, no one to see in the Park in the afternoon, and balls all stupid. He was not sorry, therefore, when the

Eton and Harrow match was over, and he was on his way with Harry to Scotland.

Egerton was not so glad: he would have been well pleased to stay in town till the Villars' house was shut up, but Charlie was anxious to be off, and as he had himself proposed the arrangement, he thought it would be odd for him to suggest the delay.

Blanche had noticed the listlessness of Charlie's manner of late, and he had at last confided his hopeless condition to her sympathising ear. For she *could* sympathise with him in more than fancy. Was there not one object to her, too, dearer than all the world—even than her brother? whose approach, even in the callous crowd of the ball-room, sent a thrill to her heart, and at times suffused her soft cheek with a flush of expectation.

Although Blanche's beauty had attracted round her many admirers, and more than admirers; she had never yet seen one who had left an impression upon her heart, whose advances she had cared to encourage; and thus she felt with greater intensity the passion to which she had at length fallen victim. Little cared she for London after Charlie and Charlie's friend were gone; and anxiously did she look out for letters which should bring news to her solitary heart. How naturally, then, and how tenderly she had promised to further Charlie's cause with Emily, and send minutest tidings of her proceedings, and her confidences! And did he suspect that Blanche had more than ordinary cause to enter so feelingly into his troubles? He might, indeed, have

thought at one time that she talked of Harry more warmly than his affection for himself would justify. But of late he had been so engrossed in the one object of his pursuit that he had not had eyes for the affairs of others, and Blanche's maidenly reserve had, of course, never breathed of her love even to Charlie, to whom all else was confided.

Lady Mary was too keenly alive to the interests and happiness of her children not to have observed the change in Blanche's manner, the pensive and absent look which she sometimes wore. But as yet she was unable to divine the cause, and waited for her confidence. As to Charlie, she made up her mind to accept the inevitable, and was neither surprised nor grieved when Blanche retailed his confessions; still hoping that some happy combination of circumstances would obviate what she more and more thought was undesirable. She had thought, too, that hearts are not lost and won in the midst of the whirl of a London season, where it is difficult enough to retain old friends or old love, much less to make new ones.

During the season every one is in a constant succession of excitement, which leaves no room for contemplation and meditative repose; out of which friendship and love are reared. From one gaiety to another, continual change of scene, and so-called pleasure; which in the case of most natures bars the entrance to the calm enjoyment of quiet happiness and affection. Love is a tender plant, which does not flourish under the glare of chandeliers, and

in the bustle of fashionable crowds. Its native soil is in the country, 'under the greenwood tree,' feeding upon the beauties of nature in rural solitudes. I speak generally; we have seen that warm natures can harbour such emotions in spite of external agencies, combining to oppress them. They are the exceptions, not the rule. 'Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly,' in London drawing-rooms.

To turn from love to friendship, let us follow Egerton and Villars on their road to Edinburgh. And here, by the way, may be noted the danger of taking a real friend as a travelling companion. It has been said that an old friend is much too valuable to be subjected to so severe a trial. 'New friends and old clothes on a journey' is a good maxim. There are few who can stand the test; the intimate familiarity with all the minutiæ of his character, which is obtained during the trial, generally leaves us a little less satisfied and firm in our attachment than we were on starting. We are irritable ourselves at times, and magnify some little trifle into a mountain; and having once found a hole, are continually on the look out for another, till we find our friend to be a honeycomb of faults when we had imagined that he was a pink of perfection. It is only, indeed, a morbidly inquiring mind which would detect so many little flaws beneath so fair a surface. But once we are on the *qui vive*, imagination will supply plenty of food for the observation. This is an abstract view of the position. There are,

of course, individuals too good for this world with whom it is impossible to be angry; whose amiability and anxiety to do as you wish, to go your way, invariably makes you go theirs, and feel more satisfaction in doing so, than you would had you gone your own. Such companions a kind Providence has provided at rare intervals for travelling mortals, and happy is the man who has his quiver full of them, one would amply suffice to fill it.

Although neither Villars nor Egerton were so exempt from the imperfections of human character as to come up to the ideal which has just been placed before the reader, yet their long and close intercourse, and the fact of their friendship having survived a joint establishment at Cambridge, justified them in making yet further trial of it in travelling together.

We catch them up in Edinburgh, where they stay for a day to lay in some necessaries which had been forgotten, in the shape of fishing-tackle, waterproofs, &c. Charlie, too, not having been to Scotland before, was curious to see something of the town of Edinburgh, about the picturesque site of which Scotchmen are wont to go into such raptures.

Their ultimate destination was Loch Inver, a small village with a good inn on the west coast of Sutherlandshire, far away, as Egerton hoped, from the tourist, and his knapsack, and his vulgarity.

Their coach was an embryo fellow of Trinity, of poor but respectable parents, as the expression is, and who found it pleasant enough to see Scotland

at the expense of three or four agreeable companions. He rejoiced in the name of Simpson, and had been quartered at Loch Inver since the beginning of July with two other pupils, Whyte and Massy, with whom Egerton and Villars had a slight acquaintance. They were ordinary harmless individuals, who belonged to no particular set at Cambridge, but lived a quiet, unobtrusive life, with one or two others like themselves, took walks in the afternoon, or played racquets, and sometimes had a little mild *vingt-et-un* in the evening. Whyte had scratched, Massy had been plucked for his degree in June, and both were going in with Egerton in November; they were sensible and intelligent, and at times could see a joke. Simpson was clever, but shy; occasionally made a shrewd remark, liked bathing and walking, and knew when he was in the way. There was no reason, therefore, why this mixed reading party should not live like a happy family. It is a mistake taking an elderly man as a coach on these occasions, for it is necessary to pay a certain deference to his wishes, and to suit the conversation rather, so as not either to exclude him by talking upon youthful subjects in which he takes no interest, or offend his notions of propriety by expressions which may not harmonize with his clerical calling. The real enjoyment of a reading party is to go without a coach at all—three or four men who know each other well, and can get on without more than occasional quarrels. Fine weather, picturesque scenery, and fishing, or other

amusements, make these parties delightful; but, to tell the truth, they are not *reading* parties. Idleness is contagious, and however much one of the party may wish to read, he cannot help being put off it by the laughter and careless merriment of the others.

On the day after their arrival in Edinburgh, Charlie and Egerton continued their journey, and arrived at the end of the Sutherlandshire railway towards evening. Thence they had to post next day some sixty miles to the other side of the country, and arrived about nine o'clock (the latter part of the drive through magnificent scenery) at the sea-coast and Loch Inver. The rest of their party were just coming out from dinner as they drove up to the door of the inn; and Egerton's exclamations of rapture at the beauty of the spot, and the rosy light which was just fading off the hills, died suddenly away as he beheld before the door a long row of palpable University men—smoking the post-prandial pipe in every variety of boating or cricketing jackets, hats, and ribbons.

'Who on earth are all those fellows?' he enquired, in an undertone of one of the others, when the business of shaking hands was over. 'Imagine, Charlie,' he said, turning to him—'two other reading parties here already!'

Charlie's face of blank dismay sympathized with Egerton's horror. 'Rather hard lines,' he said, when they were inside the door—'finding the Uni-

versities turned loose upon the wilds, when one expected a quiet corner!'

One party was from Oxford—no one they knew; and the other from Cambridge, with one or two they knew by sight, but had never spoken to.

'Why, I expected, Simpson, from your description,' said Egerton, 'that it was a place no one had ever heard of—never been profaned by tread of man—where one wasn't to see a creature.'

'So I thought from the description I had of it,' replied Simpson, 'but some of them seem very pleasant men. Do you think it matters?'

Egerton didn't say more at present; but he and Charlie decided as they walked on the beach afterwards that it wouldn't do.

'I can't stand the regular University man,' said Egerton—'the sort of fellow who always wears his boat-club ribbon and hat, and smokes a pipe, and looks dirty.'

'It's a very jolly place,' said Charlie; 'it's an awful bore.'

'I'll tell you what we might do,' said Egerton; 'you know that place at the head of Loch Assynt with an unpronounceable name. The man at the inn there said he had a lot of men reading last year, and it looked very clean; why shouldn't we go there?'

'Did he say he could put us up?'

'Yes; he said his rooms were not taken. I don't suppose those other fellows would mind changing;

and we could keep the trap we came in and go and see about it to-morrow.'

The result of the consultation was, that the others, who had come round by sea from Glasgow, were quite willing to go into the interior to see more of the country; and the landlord being very civil and making no objection on the score of rooms, it was settled that Egerton, Villars, and Toddy, who had accompanied them, should go over on the afternoon of the following day and write back word about rooms.

The next morning after breakfast they strolled about and inspected the neighbourhood; Egerton almost changing his mind about going inland, when he found there was a salmon river, the Inver, within two or three hundred yards of the inn—open to any one at ten shillings a-day.

It was a heavy sultry morning, the heat intense, though there was a breeze outside the bay. 'Fancy this in London,' said Charlie, as they lay sweltering on the grass in the front of the inn.

'We're well out of it,' answered Egerton. 'Why shouldn't we have a sail?' he added, as his eye fell upon a boat, alongside of which lay a mast and canvas.

And they did have a sail, out to sea as far as the island off the mouth of the bay, where they landed and drank in the fresh breeze from the top; and back again, with many a tack, which Egerton accomplished without upsetting the boat, into the heat again on shore. After luncheon, the double

dog-cart, in which they had come, and their horses of yesterday, were brought round; luggage re-packed, and they started for the unpronounceable place at the head of Loch Assynt, Inchnadamph, fourteen miles inland.

Dull, heavy masses of clouds, had been lowering around the sea-line all morning; and the fantastic forms of the mountains along the coast had been barely visible through the haze from the island on which the boat had landed. The whole sky now began to be overcast, and assume the same inky hue. The black clouds gathered up.

> 'And now the thickened sky
> Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
> Impetuous:'

and as they approached the lower end of the loch, the pent-up fury of the storm burst upon them. Clap succeeded clap with fearful rapidity, and the surrounding mountains re-echoed to the crash. Before, behind, around, the lightning flashed; and the whole side of the face in front of them was, at intervals, a-flame with the lurid glare. They were in the very middle of the storm. It seemed as if each successive crash of thunder was rending the mountain-tops, and precipitating the fragments upon them. The horses took fright, and became almost unmanageable — galloping down the unprotected road which overhung the loch, some twenty or thirty feet below, leaving sometimes but an inch or two between the wheels and the brink. The

driver was afraid to put the drag on, for fear, he said, of attracting the lightning; and the horses had to be wrenched round the corners by main force. The pace became frightful, and the whole scene was exciting enough for the most ardent lover of adventure—rain coming down in torrents—horses galloping at full speed down a precipitous road—lightning at one time gleaming in forked flashes across the mountain face, at another burying itself behind them in the loch—while peal after peal of deafening thunder seemed to shatter the mountains to their very base, reverberating, with a fearful rattling, from peak to peak, above their heads.

'I don't half like this, Charlie,' exclaimed Egerton, who was sitting in front, as the lightning struck the ground before the horses' heads (the driver swore positively afterwards that it sat upon the pole).

'Nor I,' replied Villars. 'Isn't there a house anywhere near?'

There was none in sight.

'Get on out of the open,' said Egerton to the driver, as they were passing a flat piece of moor.

'Better here than in the trees,' was the reply, as one was struck not far off upon their right.

A little further on they came upon a cottage by the road-side, and didn't hesitate to pull up. The horses were taken out, and the inmates made them welcome to the shelter.

'Eh! sirs, but it's an awfu' storm!' said an old woman, who was rocking herself before the fire.

'It is indeed,' said Charlie, feeling very thankful that they had escaped; and looking out thoughtfully upon

'The rapid rushing of the river rain.'

'Were you ever out in such a storm, Harry?' he continued. 'I never was.'

'And I don't hope to be again,' said Egerton.

The thunder crashed less immediately above them now; the storm had crossed the loch, and was passing from one range of mountains to another till it rumbled away in hoarse murmurings into the distance.

The rain ceased; the horses were put in again; and they continued the remaining seven miles of their road, after thanking the cottagers for their civility.

'Heaven his wontèd face resumed,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled.'

Every little burn for the next two or three miles came tearing and foaming down its rocky bed; in one short half-hour having been changed from a trickling stream to a thundering torrent. But after three miles or so the roads were dry, and there was no sign of a storm having been anywhere near; and they found, on arriving at Inchnadamph, that there they had entirely escaped—it had burst upon the cluster of mountains in the middle of which they had been caught. Reports came in next day of

cows having been killed, and an old woman's cat which was sitting beside her; and the oldest inhabitants agreed that they never remembered such a storm,—oldest inhabitants' memories, however, are often defective.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'We fared but ill at our inn here (Fochabers); and Dr. Johnson said that this was the first time he had seen a dinner in Scotland that he could not eat.'—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

'Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the tumbling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank,
Reverted plays in undulating flow;
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly,
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.'

THOMSON.

A COUPLE of days after, the coach and pair arrived; and took up their quarters in the inn. The landlord was exceedingly civil, and the rooms moderately comfortable. Landlords in Scotch inns are generally as civil as their establishments are comfortable. The most fastidious person often could find no fault with the clean white napkins and bright silver forks and spoons, which astonish one at these out-of-the-way places. Then the cooking is so good;—of course I mean comparatively. They give you a different soup each night for dinner; a salmon cutlet or a dish of trout; fowls and excellent

mutton, with well-made domestic puddings, or tarts, all for the nominal charge of half-a-crown. The vegetables, too, are generally excellent, fresh from the garden; and breakfast,—but Dr. Johnson has already made Scotch breakfasts famous, and the reader of *Waverley* may gloat over the various cakes and marmalades, and milk and cream, he will find therein detailed. All the charges at these places are on an equally small scale. To be sure, it is sufficiently profitable to the landlords; for oatcake and these kind of wholesome luxuries, which are so pleasant as a change after the elaborate civilization of ordinary cooking, cost next to nothing.

'Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.' *

There was one inn, by the way, in the south of Scotland, where I once stayed; which hardly came up to the usual Scotch mark. But this perhaps was owing to its being in not quite such an out-of-the-way locality. They sent us up dinner one night without soup (which is a preliminary weakness of

* 'It is the rich who relish best
To dwell at times from state aloof;
And simple suppers, neatly dress'd
Beneath a poor man's humble roof,
With neither pall nor purple there,
Have smooth'd ere now the brow of care.'

THEODORE MARTIN.

mine). On inquiry, the slip-shod Hebe said that we could have some in a minute if we wished: and reappeared at the end of that time with a decoction of chopped cabbage and hot water. Cabbage-soup *à la minute!*

At the same establishment, I happened to mention that ham and eggs were apt to grow monotonous after the tenth morning, couldn't they let us have an omelette (don't laugh) or something of the kind for a change?

'Oh! yes, certainly, if you wish,' was the reply; and the next morning (*horresco referens*) a *black currant* omelette was sent up for breakfast in a soup-plate!

This sort of thing, however, is very exceptional, and in the wilds of Perthshire very respectable *entrées* and excellent trifles may be met with.

The post came and went on alternate days from Inchnadamph, and the arrival of the mail with papers and letters was an event which interrupted the morning's work considerably.

As to work, neither Egerton nor Villars gave very much of their time to that. It took them a few days to get accustomed to the charming contrast of mountain-scenery to the hot pavements of crowded London; and they didn't all at once get out of the way of keeping London hours; sat up late playing whist or smoking, and got up late to breakfast; coming down generally when the others had finished. Then a little reading for an hour or two, and then an excursion to a neigh-

bouring loch to fish. Sometimes the whole party went up to the one at the foot of Ben Mohr, and tried to catch the fabled Gillaroos; and came back to dine together, and cut out for a rubber afterwards. At other times they would pair off, and Egerton and Villars would drive to some distant fishing-ground, while the others flogged Loch Assynt. The matutinal cigar ate into the reading hours very often till post time, and then the papers prevented further reading for that day.

Charlie, indeed, didn't consider that he had much occasion to read, and smoked his cigar on a haycock usually, while Egerton was coaching, and thought of the dark eyes that he had left behind him.

They persuaded the innkeeper one afternoon to let them ride the two apologies for horses that he kept in the stable to do an odd job of posting or carting; taught them to jump, and at last worked the wretched beasts up to such a pitch of excitement that they actually rushed at their fences—which were generally little ditches at the side of the road, or small banks—and began to fancy themselves steeplechasers. Egerton suggested a race, and the miserable screws were pounded along the road, finished up the hills, and eventually raced home. The excitement of a near race obscured the judgment of the riders, and they actually finished down the throat of the landlord, thwacking the sides of his posters and lifting them into his very mouth. The owner's civility prevented him giving expression to the darkness which

had gathered upon his face; but he didn't let his horses out for riding again, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced a few days afterwards to improvise a tandem with rope harness to take them to Loch Inver. There had been much rain, the loch had risen, and there was prospect of fishing in the river, which ran from the loch to the sea.

The start was accomplished without the leader turning round to return to the stable; and they proceeded gaily along the road with a man to pick up the pieces, into which Charlie had every expectation of being shattered round some precipitous corner.

To their triple surprise Loch Inver was reached in safety. A gillie was engaged, and they started for the river—Charlie to look on, and learn. Until this visit to Scotland he had never had a rod in his hand, except with a float at the end of it.

The first pool was tried without success, and the second; but in the third, as the fly is skilfully drawn across the stream above that rock, there's a movement on the surface, but the line comes back without acknowledging a jerk. Egerton was excited: it was the first time he had fished this year. 'Sure to come again,' he said, as he laid down his rod for a few minutes to rest the fish.

'Did many salmon come up in the last spate?' he asked, turning to the gillie.

'Waal,' answered the gillie, 'I mak no doot but there's a good few saumon runnin' up. I see twa

vara fine fush aboon the bridge i' th' marnin'.' Egerton resumed his rod, made a couple of casts above the spot where he last rose, and gradually brought his fly across the place again. A curl in the water—a jerk—and a whirr, as the reel runs out, and the line is right across the pool. A jump at the end of the line shows a salmon of at least twelve pounds. Nervous moment—raising the point of the rod after lowering to the leap. Is he off? Reel up,—quick! No—intense relief!—the line is tight again, and away goes the fish as hard as he can pull down stream, Egerton helter-skelter over the rocks, up the bank, and down again after him, trying to keep opposite; reeling in his line to keep it taut, barking his shins, and half breaking his leg by a fall between the rocks. At last the fish stops in deep water—the line doesn't move—he's sulking at the bottom. Gillie comes up breathless: 'Dinna bear too hard on him; give him time!' and looks about for one or two small stones to stir him up with. But he won't be stirred, and Egerton stands over him pale and trembling with excitement, keeping his eye upon the line.

'Try him a wee bit,' suggests the gillie, and the line is tightened, moves a little to one side, and gradually is taken to the middle of the stream. He's near the surface—looks half done—and Egerton tries to bring him up. 'Eh, dinna hurry him; he'll no be ready to coom for a wee bit yet,' says the gillie, as the fish gives a flick with his tail, and is down again to the bottom. One or two nervous

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'*Viator.* Oh, how pleasant now, is this angling; which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse.'—HOOD'S *Whims and Oddities.*

> 'Who can recount what transmigrations there
> Are annual made? what nations come and go?
> And how the living crowds in crowds arrive?
> Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
> And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.'
>
> THOMSON.

PLEASANT and lazy it was on sunny days to lie at the bottom of the boat on the loch, with a book, pretending to read, the boatmen pulling along the wooded shores, and the rods hanging over the stern, with a long line out and a phantom minnow at the end. To be startled out of a dreamy state of inaction by the running out of the reel, and to find a large loch trout, or *Salmo ferox*, at the end of the line. Whether it *was* a *Salmo ferox* in reality, or not, was always a question for discussion, and *adhuc sub judice lis est*,—it has not yet, I believe, been decided.

'Too cold, isn't it, Sandy?' said Egerton one day, wrapping himself in his plaid, in the other end

of which Charlie was ensconced, with Toddy snoozing at his feet.

'Ay, it's no so vara warm,' answered the boatman, 'but ull no say that a fush wouldna' rise for a' that.'

'Did you ever see one taken when it was so cold?' asked Villars.

'Ay, mony a time; and fine fush too — vara fine fush,— I mind the day,'—and Sandy proceeded to draw upon his memory (or imagination) for a gigantic haul.

'Don't you think it 'd be warmer rowing?' suggested Charlie, presently.

'Yes, let 's row,' said Egerton, and proceeded to unfold himself; 'this is very good fun in warm weather,' he continued, 'but not on a day like this.'

The boatmen were relieved, and one of them took up his position on the plaid, and glanced through Charlie's novel, while the other helped himself from Egerton's tobacco-pouch — the whole picture of the reversal of the social table was worthy of *Punch*.

The *dolce far niente* life of the wilds has its disadvantages— cold weather is disagreeable, rain is disagreeable, and a long growth of hair is disagreeable. If a barber in the shape of a 'towrist body' does ever penetrate to these out-of-the-way localities, which are not entirely free from the casual explorer, he disguises his calling, and doesn't 'waste his sweetness on the desert (h)air.'

Egerton had taken the precaution of having his cut before leaving London. Charlie had not, and

was rapidly assuming the appearance of a Valentine, or any other wild man of the woods. To relieve him from the incubus, Egerton proposed to cut it for him, and Charlie, after much persuasion, consented; a sheet was spread upon the floor, and Harry equipped in an apron, and a pair of scissors borrowed from the landlady. Notwithstanding much laughter and occasional jags, the performance was really creditable, and Charlie perfectly satisfied.

A careful attention to the glass while the operation is being performed in Bond Street, leaves a very good impression upon the mind of how it ought to be done; and it is always useful to cultivate a variety of accomplishments.

Early in August the whole party made an expedition from Loch Inver to an island some distance up the coast, which is frequented by living things innumerable, in the shape of sea-gulls and sea-birds of various kinds. The innkeeper at Loch Inver had offered to lend them a small yacht which he used as a coaster, and they started one morning in this; making the island with a fair wind and tide in about five hours. Many innocents were massacred, and thrown away the next day; and the night was spent in the inn of Scourie, on the coast near by. On the following morning they started to return, with a light wind, which very soon died away, and left them becalmed off the point, drifting back with the tide, on the top of a calm swell—sails flapping, and vessel going up and down with a heavy, thudding motion.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

'Keep her well before it!' cries the sailor from the forecastle to Egerton, in whose steering he had not much confidence: and he was right; for a few minutes after, a heavier sea struck her, and turned her from her course. Egerton lost his head, put the helm down, and a moment after she jibed. And this jibe was no joke. Slap—bang—rattle,—across flies the boom, knocking down Massy, and almost dashing Charlie overboard; and half the tackle snaps and rattles in the wind. 'Here's a jolly go,' thought Egerton, somewhat discomposed; as one of the sailors hurries up, snatches the tiller from him, and tries to bring her up in the wind. Breakages notwithstanding, this is eventually accomplished; and they lay to for repairs,—Simpson having made up his mind that he should never see Cambridge again. *Quid multa?* To make a long story short, the wind fortunately moderated, and they reached Loch Inver, cold, wet, and weary, long after night had spread her sable mantle o'er the place. The inn was full; not a bed to be had; sofas in the coffee-room the only available accommodation, and on these, after devouring much cold meat, they slept till daylight did appear.

Inchnadamph again, with a firm resolve in the other minds to avoid amateur steering in future.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'At evening, too, how pleasing was our walk
Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way
To view the last beam of departing day.'

KIRKE WHITE.

IT was a late grouse season; the reports from all the moors, and Ross-shire particularly, were that the grouse would hardly be fit to shoot by the 12th.

Egerton therefore continued to *read* for a few days more before going with Charlie to his father's shooting establishment; hoping to finish one of his subjects before he left.

'We haven't been up a single mountain, Harry,' said Villars, a couple of days before they went away. 'We ought to go and look at the view once; these other fellows say it's awfully fine.'

'Just think of the grind,' said Egerton: 'do you think the view from Ben Mohr would repay one for the exertion?'

'Oh! not Ben Mohr, such bad walking. Why not up there?' and Charlie pointed to a sharp summit in view from the inn door.

'Well, I'm game,' was the reply; 'only it's so awfully late, isn't it? we shouldn't get up there till sunset.'

Charlie looked at his watch, and found that it was only half-past three. Thick boots were substituted for thin, and they started soon after four.

The height of a mountain and the nature of the walking is most deceptive from below. What appears to be a comparatively level slope, is probably intersected with valleys or ravines, which double the walking calculated upon; and this one, Ben Squighr (sometimes called Quinaig), was no exception. After walking along the road for a couple of miles, and turning up a mountain path, they joined issue with the heather, then with large stones, and soon entered upon the region of perpetual rock. The summit was immediately before them—fond hope! On arriving at the imaginary top, they had to dive into a ravine of rock, where they startled the unaccustomed minds of a flock of ptarmigan; and then to breast an opposing face of rocks yet steeper than before. With a perspiring 'Excelsior!' Egerton lays hold of a boulder, and Charlie following in his wake, they soon reached the actual summit.

'Hurrah!' cries the latter, as he arrives panting at Egerton's side, and the startled rocks repeat the sound.

'This is worth coming up for, now we're here,' exclaimed Egerton, as they gazed down from their eyrie height upon the wide prospect. It was a curious as well as a fine sight. The sun was de-

clining in the heaven, and not a speck was on the sky above them; but stretching out to the far horizon in front, was a fleecy sea of cloud below, which at first appeared to be the sea itself. But as they looked, it split and parted like a floe of ice, and gathered off in a thousand airy shapes to the distant sky; leaving open to the view the glancing sea, and hill-bound coast, Loch Inver, and the wide promontories on either side, stretching out into the deep. Mountains, and giant forms of rock, towered against the sky till their outlines were lost in the blue distance, or merged into the horizon line. Below, the mountain tarns gleamed in the sunlight, like so many mirrors of fantastic shape interspersed among the brown heather of the hills. There was not a breath of air where they stood, to cool the dry atmosphere, which parched the lips; but the shimmer of the dancing ripples on the loch at their feet showed that a breeze was playing over the water giving it the appearance of a little sea of diamonds. For awhile they gazed upon the shining ocean, and its barrier of lofty hills; and anon they turned their eyes upon the blue loch far down to the left, with its wooded points, and undulating masses of purple heather relieving the pine-woods' sombre tint.

The light changes, the sun is sinking in a gorgeous *entourage* of gilded cloud,—

> The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Is bathed in floods of living fire:'

and the grey stone of the surrounding hills is being lit up with the burning tints of fiery sunset. Shadows are creeping over the surface of the loch, which lately shone like molten gold; and the heather on its shores, and along the low hill-sides, is suffused with a ruddy glow. Here and there a soft mass of down-like cloud blushes rosy red as it rests upon the mountain-side, as it were lost among the glens; and a sympathetic tint overspreads the sky above. It was indeed a sight worth climbing for; and Egerton, whose enthusiastic nature was more keenly alive to the beauties of the natural world, exclaimed rapturously at intervals, 'Lovely!' 'Splendid!' as the deepening hues added fresh and more gorgeous beauty to the scene. It was a prospect which, though in solitude it must have had its charms, was yet peculiarly to be enjoyed in the society of a friend; and under the mysterious influence of nature, Egerton and Charlie felt more and more closely drawn to one another. Sympathy is a powerful stimulant to enjoyment; and the electric chain which bound their two hearts together, was strongly moved, as they contemplated this gorgeous sunset from their lofty solitude. The feeling that the one being by your side is the only link between yourself and the far-off world, invests him with a tenfold attraction. All your interest centres round him; nothing whatever to obstruct the full flow of affection, and the sense of dependence upon him adds a value to his presence. Charlie and Egerton felt the gentle influence of the situation; and lay gazing in a dreamy

trance, giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the soft feelings which the scene called forth, but forbearing to give utterance to them in words. Not a creature moved within their ken; not a sound was to be heard, save the tinkle of a bell upon the mountain-side; or when at times there floated upwards from the world below the notes of far-off melody,

'Like the faint exquisite music of a dream,'

—borne across the waters of the loch, and mingling in its passage with the soft tints which lent a warmth to the evening air.

Long and delightfully they gazed, forgetful of aught else, save the enjoyment of the present; heedless that the sun was sinking in a glowing mass beneath the ocean line; that the rosy light was creeping up the mountain sides, and that summit after summit behind them had said its last good-night and melted into shade.

'Time flies when it should linger most,
The brightest joys are soonest lost;
The fairest scene that earth can bring,
Adds a new feather to its wing.'

Charlie started up at length, throwing off his delicious reverie.

'I say, old boy, we shall not be down before dark if we stay here any longer.'

'No, by Jove! I forgot we had to get back,' exclaimed Egerton, jumping up. 'This is certainly, bar none, the best thing I've seen for a

long time;' and linking his arm for a moment within Charlie's, they took one last look at the disappearing sun, and turned to descend again.

A few steps, and they were in the shade—the cold, raw shade, with the night wind already rising, and beating chill upon their faces, as they jump from boulder to boulder, down the steep incline.

There was light enough to bring them to the mountain road; and once upon this, they continued at speed to the loch, and along the shore for a couple of miles of good road to the inn. Dinner in prospect precluded the feeling of fatigue; and dinner, when they arrived, was done ample justice to.

Two days after, they had said good-bye to the rest of the party, who were to stay on to the end of the month; and were on their way with fishing-roads, guns, and all their paraphernalia, into Ross-shire.

CHAPTER XXXV.

'Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!'—COWPER.

'The antler'd monarch of the waste,
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky.'—SCOTT.

THOSE delightful Highland houses! Such hospitality! such freedom! such unceremonious ease! where every one puts off, under the influence of the scenery and bracing air, their unnatural worldliness, and assumes, with easy garments, a natural, childlike delight in simple sports and amusements.

Inverballoch Lodge was situated in the most perfectly charming retreat for such a house that could have been found,—perhaps, anywhere in Scotland. The road to it wound down the side of a range of hills, and entered near the bottom of the glen, at a small lodge-gate, built on the outskirts of an extensive range of planting, which crept almost the whole way up the mountain side. As you

proceeded through the noble wood of dark pines, a loch opened upon the view, with beetling crags on the opposite side; and at the far end of the glen, of which this loch was the centre, the lodge was placed, embosomed in trees of luxuriant foliage, and at the foot of the heath-covered hills, which rose around on every side. It was a solitude for a poet —the retirement, the variety of scenery, the pretty cottage nestling in the trees, with the blue loch and its bold crags before the windows; the mixture of dark pine and lighter green upon the mountain side, and the purple heather stretching away from the burn, which brawled in white foam over its rocky bed at the end of the glen—all combined to make an enviable seclusion. No road had yet been made to it for tourists; and a walking infliction was all that was to be feared.

The house itself was a fair-sized one, with a good dining-room, and drawing-room, and bedrooms for half-a-dozen visitors; and Mr. Egerton was a man who liked a good dinner after his day's work, and kept a good cook.

What can be the enjoyment of taking a moor for the season, as London and Manchester so often do (to say that they have been in Scotland), and living in a miserable shepherd's house, where there is hardly room to turn, and where the good woman of the establishment hardly knows how to grill a chop, much less make bread-sauce for their daily grouse? One would think the pleasure of shooting a certain number of grouse was dearly bought at the expense

of such discomfort. The real enjoyment of Highland life is to combine comfort with amusement. To have a fair house, with a good dinner and well-lighted room to come home to in the evening, after a hard day's walking; and a slight infusion of ladies' society to relieve the conversation, and divert the ideas occasionally from deer and grouse.

Mrs. Greville and her daughter were staying at Inverballoch; and Colonel Monk, whom we have met before. There were also Lord Apsley and his wife; the former a crack rifle-shot, and the latter a gentle follower of Sir Isaac, on a small scale. To Charlie's intense relief, Philip Egerton was not there. The only amusement he cared for was hunting, and he accordingly reserved his leave for the winter months.

'You shoot, I suppose, to-day, Henry?' said Mr. Egerton at breakfast the morning after Villars and Harry arrived.

The latter looked across to Charlie, and replied in the affirmative.

'Shall we go and see if we can't beat these youngsters, Monk?' continued Mr. Egerton. 'Apsley is going out stalking. I gave orders for the stalker to meet you at the end of the glen, Apsley, so you'll order your pony when you please.'

'Shall you be anywhere near the house at luncheon time?' inquired Lady Apsley; 'we might come up the hill and meet you.'

'Certainly, we can arrange that,' said Mr. Egerton; 'my sister can drive you and my niece to

A fishing party was organized; and luncheon taken out to an island, where they landed, lit a fire, and proceeded to clean and cook some of the trout they had just caught. Egerton and Villars did the dirty work of cleaning the fish, while Miss Greville helped the boatmen to light the fire, and Lady Apsley showed them the most approved method of spitting the trout. Potatoes were roasted in the ashes; and the *al-fresco* entertainment enjoyed as such meals always are.

More visitors arrived in the evening; and the Apsleys and Colonel Monk made way for others the following day, which poured with rain and made the billiard-table a great resource;—general walk in the rain in the afternoon.

The next day Charlie was sent out stalking, having expressed a wish to see what it was like; and Egerton accompanied him to look on, or take the second shot. The day was misty, and for some time after they arrived upon their ground, they were unable to spy; the stalker, a taciturn party, as stalkers always are, answering almost monosyllabically and in a subdued tone, to the various questions the two continued to put to him.—He wouldna say but what the must micht rise off the hull;—he was no sure that they would see a staag if it did;—aye, there was a good many staags aboot the glen;—had seen a vara fine staag on yesterday wi' ten points.

Mr. Egerton's deer forest was only part forest and part sheep ground; and Harry and Villars had

not been sent to the best part of it; as the chances were, that if Charlie got a shot he would either miss or wound the stag.

It gradually became less thick and the mist rose from the lower ground; the stalker slings his spy-glass round to the front, uncovers, and presents. For some minutes he sweeps the opposite side of the glen, and makes no sign; while Charlie looks on in curious admiration, and Egerton asks if he sees one. The spy-glass is shut up, and the stalker quietly observing that there were plenty of hinds, 'but I dinna see a staag'—leads the way on round the next shoulder. Posting the others behind a projecting rock, he advances on his hands and knees to a corner overlooking a small dip in the hill; and proceeds to reconnoitre as before. After some minutes he returns, and saying that 'there's a vara fine staag yonder,'—he takes them back, without further conversation, by the way they came; over the crest of another hill to avoid the eddies of the wind, in the broken ground; and down into another corrie, at the end of which Charlie is allowed a look at the noble beast they are stalking. From this point it is hands and knees (the stalker in front) crouching along behind every little knoll, sometimes lying flat in a bog-hole, and at others sitting cooling in a burn, while the stalker goes forward to see that the coast is clear; no sheep or hinds or other stag to give warning of their approach. Charlie begins to tremble with excitement; and Egerton, though it is not his first stalk, is with difficulty kept down by

'I should like to have seen T——'s face,' said Mr. Egerton.

The conversation continued for some time upon deerstalking experiences, and Charlie heard of so many equally egregious misses that he recovered his self-respect by degrees; and went out a day or two after and killed a six-pointer. Truth to tell, he was only twenty yards off, but the nearer the animal the greater the excitement.

Ten days passed away very quickly in constant amusement of this kind; and Charlie announced to Egerton that he must be going south. Harry assured him that there was no one else coming, that he had much better stay on; but Charlie had promised to go to his uncle, Henry Villars, in Perthshire; and said good-bye to the house with much regret.

After staying a few days in Perthshire and shooting more grouse, he returned to Mottistone, where his family had already arrived from the Continent, and spent the remainder of the vacation either at home or in the neighbourhood—excepting the last few days towards the end, when he went down into Warwickshire, for Mainwaring's coming of age.

With what a flutter of excitement he drove up to the door of the house, which he knew must hold the owner of his heart; and what a constraint there was on both sides as they met! Emily, however, was too much engaged in the business of the occasion to devote much time to tender feelings, and,

amid tenants' balls, and dinners, and festivities of other kinds, her attention was fully engaged. A few sweet moments were occasionally snatched from the confusion, and Charlie returned to Cambridge more in love than ever.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ὁ δ' αὖ πάλιν.*—THEOCRITUS.

φίε' ἴδω, τί ὀφείλω; †—ARISTOPHANES.

'HERE we are again,' as the clown said in the play; the 'redit' book is full of names, and Cambridge is engaged in the usual October occupation of looking over freshmen and renewing interrupted love. Egerton is reading hard for his degree, and has been up for some days before the term commenced, amusing himself in the evening at the Barnwell Theatre, which is now closed for the term. He begins to feel rather melancholy at the prospect of going down.

'I don't half like the idea,' he said to Charlie, as they talked after twelve one night, 'of leaving all you fellows up here; I shall never have such a jolly time again. It was bad enough leaving Eton, but it seems as if one was going to put off childish things for good and all, when one goes away from Cambridge.'

* Here we are again.

† Let me see, what do I owe?

'I sometimes fancy,' said Charlie, who was lying on the sofa puffing a cigar, 'that one will have had about enough of it after three years; I'm beginning to think that it's rather a routine.'

'Ah! I thought so once, too, but when you come to face going down in a month or two, you'll think differently. I don't think, though,' continued Egerton, 'that I could live up here with any satisfaction as a don, and see all my old friends die off! I should get tired of loving dear gazelles when I found that as soon as they came to know me well they were sure to die.'

'But you'll come up next term, won't you? I shall miss your gentle footstep at night awfully.'

'Oh, of course, I shall come up; but it won't be the same thing.' After a pause he went on: 'Another thing is, I don't know what I'm to do about my bills. I don't know what my father would do if I sent them to him, and *I* can't pay them. The scoundrels know devilish well that I'm going down, and they have heavy payments to make accordingly. If one were to believe all they say, there must be a great scarcity of money somewhere else besides with Harry Egerton, Esquire.'

'I've paid a good many of mine, and I shall pay the rest after I go down.'

Egerton was meditating, and Villars continued, 'Do you think any one up here ever lives within his allowance?'

'I should think scarcely any one. Stop though, I don't know. There are a lot of men who live

very quietly, and economise in small ways. I dare say some men do.'

'I suppose lots of fellows haven't more than 300*l.* a-year to do everything with—clergymen's sons and that sort of fellow.'

'God bless me! I don't suppose two-thirds of the University have more than a couple of hundred, and manage to get on swimmingly. Why, there are very few clergymen that could afford to give their sons 300*l.* a-year out of their income. I think if one's father has lots of money he ought to let a fellow have an allowance according. Then if he comes to almighty smash it's his own look-out. But it's deuced low form, I think, for a parson's son to let him in for his debts, when he has enough to do to keep himself going. Them's my sentiments.'

And, as youthful sentiments go, they are not bad. Certainly, it does seem a mistake on the part of a stern but wealthy parent, to refuse to his son the means of enjoying life at the time when life is most to be enjoyed. Of course, I treat of legitimate amusement. Heaven forbid that he should provide him with money to fritter away in gambling or other dissipations of a like nature. But, supposing him to be fond of riding, why not let him keep a horse?—of a hospitable turn, why grudge him his hospitality?—of any other harmless but enjoyable propensities, why not let him gratify them? Perhaps he is a younger son, and parent will say, 'He must not be allowed to form expensive tastes which he will afterwards have no means of gratify-

ing.' Very judicious and provident; but, being a younger son, he will naturally go into a profession the proceeds of which, with his allowance, will enable him still to gratify his moderate taste for amusement.

'Est inter Tanain quiddam socerumque Viselli.'*

Of course, he is to have an allowance; or papa dies, and he comes in for the younger son's provision. And here is another point worth a moment's notice. Why are younger sons of large properties obliged to be content with a hundred or two per annum, when the elder brother, by the accident of previous birth, comes in for his thousands? No offence against primogeniture—far be it from me—a most desirable institution! but if rich men choose to have large families of sons, why do they not make provision for them in their own lifetime, laying by annually from their own expenditure, so as not to lessen the influence of the head of the family by diminishing his property through heavy rent-charges? The gulf between the eldest son and the rest is most unfairly wide, and might be very easily lessened by a little consideration and self-denial on the father's side during his life. If he will have children he should pay for his amusement, and not leave them at his death to be turned adrift from all the comforts and luxuries they have been accustomed to. Some one will say—If younger sons were better provided for, the professions would go begging; we should have

* There is a mean between the spendthrift and the miser.

no officers, no clergymen, no barristers. I don't believe it. If their education has been properly conducted, the majority will not be content to lead a life of ignoble ease. Why, even elder sons, though their education is generally neglected as superfluous, even they interest themselves sometimes in their professions. But to return. If parents were to consider a little more what their own appreciation of enjoyment was when they were young, they would not be so eager to stint their offspring, and cramp the free play of their more high-spirited impulses, generous instincts, or whatever you please to call them. Besides, it does not at all follow that the same tastes accompany a young fellow into the world which he has found agreeable at college. If it is the nature of a man to be extravagant, he will always be so, and condemning him to a small allowance will not remedy the evil. On the other hand, if he is not naturally extravagant, giving him a liberal allowance will not necessarily make him so; he will enjoy himself while he is *in statu pupillari*, and his expenditure afterwards will be regulated by the life he adopts, or the change of taste which advancing years and increasing knowledge bring with them.

Doubtless, these remarks will be severely commented upon by the wise, if they ever come under their notice, and no doubt many excellent arguments may be produced to prove their folly, but I don't hesitate to repeat that parents ought to give their sons allowances according to their means. A judicious

indulgence loses them no respect, while it increases affection: but an unnecessary stringency lessens the latter, and has no effect on the former. I have even heard of a father who thinks the heart of his son for ever a little too open. This is a dangerous doctrine, but with due reservation and explanation it may be made palatable. Don't let it be supposed for a moment that I am defending such a thing. Going into debt in the abstract is indefensible: and a misdemeanour which no son has any right to be guilty of. It is when he is in debt that the parent has an opportunity of showing a wise forbearance and judicious leniency which may conciliate their increased affection at a trifling pecuniary loss. A general view of the question must of necessity be qualified by circumstances.

'Credit jam filium petenda Cæsar
Fatis esse suis.'

'These are circumstances under which Mark Tapley might almost be cheerful,' exclaimed Egerton, as he entered his room next morning, and found a little row of little bills upon the table. They were ranged with much respect round a lawyer's letter, which treated of another little bill, which was a disputed bill, and which Egerton had refused to pay. As he seldom kept receipts, this was not the first occasion that he had paid a bill the second time, though morally convinced in his own mind that it *was* the second time. He never cared much about receipts; it was an expensive taste, that of collecting

receipts; and, as he said, he made a point of avoiding unnecessary extravagance. The consequence was that the material of which receipts are chiefly composed, was now being forced upon him against his will by every variety of greedy creditor.

When considered analytically the species *dun* is almost interesting. There is the passive dun and the active dun—lawyers live upon the victims of the latter—then there is the comparative dun, who only suggests; and the insinuating dun, who only implies; the dun positive, who is sometimes hastened down the stairs; the dun collective, who combines in his own person the interests of many; the dun provocative, who demands payment at the point of his tongue; the frequentative, who is sometimes found in your arm-chair; the operative, who works upon your feelings; the peripatetic, or stoic, who lingers fondly about your threshold, and generally partakes of the collateral nature, sticking to your side down the street, touching his hat at intervals—it were long however to enumerate the many characteristic features of this undesirable species. Fortunate are they who have arrived at the happy haven of opulence, where duns are unknown quantities; which require neither squaring nor elimination.

> 'Tis a very good world we live in,
> To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
> But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
> 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

'And sad amid the social band he sits
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinished period falls: while borne away
On swelling thoughts, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair.'—THOMSON.

'Scilicet ingenium, et rerum prudentia velox
Ante pilos venit; dicenda tacendaque calles.' *—PERSIUS.

ABOUT a fortnight after the beginning of the term, Charlie's feelings received a severe blow from the morning post, which brought a letter from Blanche to the following effect:—

'*Mottistone, Oct.* 29.

'DEAREST CHARLIE,

'I am *so* sorry, you will be *so* disappointed. The Charlemonts are going abroad again for the winter. Emily writes in despair, she said I was to be sure and not to tell you, but she can't bear the idea of not seeing you again till next year, and I know she is quite devoted to you—it is *too, too* provoking. I

* A most precocious youth.

had arranged it all in my own mind — they were to come here in the vacation, and it was to have been so nice, and I should have been *so* happy with you both, and now it is all disarranged. I am quite angry, I think, with Mrs. Charlemont for being delicate, but she has not got over her sister's death yet, and I suppose I ought to be very sorry for her.

* * * * *

'Is Mr. Egerton really going away from Cambridge so soon? *How* you will miss him! I hope he will pass his examination, but I 'm afraid that you didn't read very hard in Scotland.

'With much love from us all,

'I remain your loving sister,

'BLANCHE.

'P.S.—The Charlemonts start next week, so I 'm afraid there is no chance of your seeing them before they go. I am going to write to Emily, and I shall tell her how sorry you are.'

Charlie had no objection that she should know it, as he really was not a little disappointed, having been turning over in his mind weighty considerations of late. His preoccupied air and altered spirits had not failed to attract the notice of the world in which he moved; and Rochfort, who was up for a few days to see his old quarters, was about right when he said that he believed Charlie Villars

was in love. A casual visitor to his room would sometimes find him lying on the sofa with eyes fixed on vacancy, hands folded beneath his head, and a *distrait*, absent manner would result upon the interruption of his reverie.

Egerton might have afforded much subject for chaff against Charlie, if he had not been too fond of him, to even indirectly cause him a moment's annoyance. His own observation had told him nearly the whole story, and the half confidences begot of moonlight walks in Scotland, when

> 'The stars shone bright amid the breathless air,
> And every crag and every jutting peak
> Stood boldly forth, and every forest glade,'

as they wandered by the loch or by the stream, and gazed upon the rippling light upon the water, or upon the clear gleam in the eastern sky which heralded the still distant morn — these confidences had filled up what links were wanting, and Egerton sympathised, and forbore to treat lightly feelings which he would not have liked to be rallied upon himself. The confidences of friendship! what power they possess to soothe the gnawing pain of grief! what new delight they add to our joys! These confidences of calm moments of happiness when the mind reposes upon the down of affection, and throws off its oppressive covering of reserve. When yielding to the gentle influence of nature in her sweetest mood,—'at the coming on of grateful evening mild,' or under moonlit sky, the hidden thought, the secret

hopes unconsciously come forth. When all around is wrapped in softest calm, and sentiment and romance usurp the place of the practical and the hard, and reciprocal unbosoming of inmost feelings lights up a warm glow of tender interest between two loving hearts. Has Providence provided for man many greater consolations upon this earth than the sympathy of a friend, to whom in every sorrow he may turn for comfort,—for fresh happiness in every joy?

Days became weeks, and Charlie gradually recovered his gaiety. There was to be a debate at the Union on Tuesday night, which promised to be amusing, and Russell, who was president of the club, had given him his card for a pass; as he was not a member of the Union.

Russell had just left the room when Egerton entered, fresh from riding, after a reading dinner at two o'clock with Castleton and three or four more, who were going in for their degrees.

'I'm going to a debate at the Union to-night, Harry, will you come?' said Charlie. 'You can get in on this, I suppose. Stick an "s" on to the end of "bearer."'

'*Must* go to my coach,' answered Egerton, pouring out a cup of tea (five o'clock tea is an established custom at Cambridge). 'I go in, you know, in ten days. We had awful fun this afternoon, larked our hacks across country, and Boots came to frightful grief in a ditch. I believe his horse is there still. We left him pulling his hind-legs off with a cart-rope. My screw hadn't the slightest idea of

jumping, till I forced him through a couple of small fences, and then he got on a little better. Rather like the posters at Inchnadamph. Do you remember our race?'

'Don't I?' laughed Charlie. 'I shall never forget that unfortunate man's face of disgust, as he saw his screws finished past him. Who was out with you to-day?'

Egerton proceeded to enumerate, and continued, 'I expect my horse is rather badly staked. Pratt 'll probably turn up in the morning, and say he's obliged to shoot him, or something of the kind, and come down upon me for a tenner.'

'But you 'll have to pay the whole value if you only took him as a hack, and then larked him. Somebody had to the other day.'

'He takes the risk. One needn't give him anything if you don't like. I never used to give them more than a fiver if I killed a horse; but Castleton came the Earl after staking that brute Teazer, and spoilt the market.'

'Yes, but if you take a horse as a hack that isn't supposed to be a fencer, they can come down upon you if you damage him.'

'Well, I don't think he 'll get much out of me. Besides, the beggar may recover. His inside wasn't damaged, I don't believe.

'A scoundrel of a drayman,' continued Egerton, 'nearly drove over me at the corner of Jesus Lane. I was turning sharp round down Sidney Street, and the brute drove right into me, and

hollered, "Keep your own side, old fellow." I felt awfully inclined to cut him over the head with my whip;' and Egerton brought his whip heavily down upon the sofa-cushion instead, and then proceeded to his room to take off his boots and breeches preparatory to the evening's reading.

Charlie found some one else to accompany him to the Union, and marched up into the gallery which was supposed to belong to members, and was filled with an eager crowd of undergraduates and obsolete dons. From this exalted position he was dislodged with his friend, by a busy functionary of the establishment, and posted on the floor. They returned again, however, immediately the functional back was turned, and took up their position at the far end free from intrusion. The motion upon the book was,—

'That this House views with suspicion and dislike the measures of reform introduced by the present and preceding governments, and considers that the safety of the Constitution will be endangered by a further lowering of the borough franchise.'

Russell, as president, was seated on a raised dais above the vice-president and secretary, who occupied a table a little below. There was tremendous cheering going on—evidently a shining light upon the floor—and as soon as Charlie could get his ear to the front, he opened it to the remainder of the speech which, accompanied with much gesticulation and frequent interruption, was as follows:—

'Did the honourable opener talk of progress,

sir? Who, I should like to know, wants progress? Who desires progress towards destruction? Does this short-sighted, imbecile ministry fail to observe that they are going to let in a horde of ruffians upon the Constitution, who will not leave one stone upon another; who will run riot among our ancient and time-honoured institutions, and bring down our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave—sorrow to see our once fair country so ruthlessly defaced. Do they think that freedom will any longer rear her proud head among the nations—that that glorious freedom which we have inherited from our ancestors will continue to exist under the despotic rule of a mob? Will our Queen be safe upon her throne, our old nobility in their palaces? Shall we not rather have enacted again the bloody scenes of France? Will there not be found a Danton, or a Murat, or a Robespierre, to wrest the sceptre from the sovereign's hand, and grasp it for the mob? Have they no knowledge, these infatuated ministers, that they cut from beneath our feet the ground of our liberty? Do they design to drench their country in the blood of their noblest countrymen? to see their Queen at the mercy of a reeking populace? to hear from the far corners of the land the groans of a dying constitution, and the mournful laments of the true lovers of freedom? Such, sir, will be the results which will ensue upon the carrying of this inconsiderate and ill-judged—nay, more, this impious measure. No longer will the flag of England wave dominion over land and sea; no longer

shall we hold high our heads in proud consciousness of the superiority of our country; no longer be an example for the imitation of the world. No, sir; I pretend not to the gift of prophecy, but the meanest capacity may foretell the gloomy future which is in store for us. I see the gathering thunder-clouds already lowering over my native land, the angry surge of democracy beating against its shores. I see this measure carried, and the waves pour in upon the land, and hold in undivided sway our fair territory. The gloom deepens, the horizon grows darker and more obscure, and flashes of lurid light break through the murky shade; fitful at first, but soon more terribly frequent, and the fury of the storm breaks upon the devoted island. Fire, destruction, bloodshed, and all the horrors of civil war, revolution, anarchy, and misrule,—and I shut my eyes to the appalling sight with the thought, "Can there be a minister or a statesman who would give us over to such an inquisition?' and the echo of my heart tells me there cannot.' The honourable gentleman resumed his seat amid prolonged cheering from the Conservative side, and jeers and laughter from the Opposition.

Several members of liberal or radical proclivities started up to reply, but there were loud calls for one in particular, who had the reputation of being a hard hitter.

'I forbear, sir,' he began, 'to criticise the bombastic and extravagant nonsense of the honourable gentleman who has just sat down. Any hon-

ourable gentleman who can calmly—did I say calmly?—calm is hardly the word to apply to a red-hot poker,—however, let it pass,—any one who can ask us "Who wants progress?" is, indeed, beneath our contempt. The honourable gentleman evidently does not subscribe to the maxim of our country—*non progredi est regredi*—he would have us become, instead of an enterprising, enlightened community an useless, inert mass of stolid conservatism. Should we be the country that we are without the progress party? *Quieta non movere* is a poor principle indeed for government. This, sir, was Walpole's principle; and in what way, or connected with what measures, for the good of England is his name recorded on the page of history?' The honourable gentleman proceeded to enter upon the various treaties which had been made during the last century; and being at last recalled to the actual subject by repeated cries of 'Question,' proceeded to make further remarks upon the speech of the honourable member who had preceded him,—which he forbore to criticise. 'The honourable member tells us that we have an imbecile and short-sighted ministry; that they are leading us to destruction. It is a pity that they cannot have the advantage of his keen sight and acute foreknowledge of probable consequences, to help them to steer clear of the gloomy prospect which his fancy paints for him. But, sir, I take issue with him on this point. Is our ministry imbecile because it respects the rights of the people? Are we going on the high-

road to destruction because we give our countrymen a voice in the government of their country? I say we are not. I say the ministry correctly guages the necessities of the time; it sees that Englishmen will fight for their acknowledged rights, and claim them forcibly if they are not willingly granted. It sees that the mass of their fellow-countrymen have determined to be no longer at the beck and call of a bloated aristocracy, the slaves of a few territorial despots. They have a stake in the interests of their country, and they declare that they will have a voice in the disposal of its resources; and when the will of the people is made up, I defy a factious oligarchy to resist them. I call that government imbecile which should attempt resistance to their rights, and sow the seeds of the revolution would would inevitably ensue. Does the honourable gentleman call it freedom that a large portion of Englishmen are obliged to submit to the offensive dictation of haughty magnates,—are condemned to a serfdom as ignominious and galling as the yoke of Russia over Poland? Talk of the old days of feudalism, indeed! What have we now but feudal institutions, when the people are at the mercy of a grasping aristocracy, who care but for their own aggrandizement, at the expense of the rightful owners of the soil? It is not, sir, from the passing of this measure that a revolution is to be apprehended; but, throw it out, and I hesitate not to say that a Danton or a Robespierre may rise out of its ashes to enforce its resuscitation?' The honour-

able gentleman dilated at some length upon the rights of the people, and the advantages of a republican form of government; and although the interruptions were frequent and violent, continued to heap bitter abuse upon the higher classes. 'Why, I affirm,' he continued, 'that the tyranny of the Grecian despots was as nothing compared to the degrading servitude which we are forced to submit to under this constitutional oligarchy. Constitutional, forsooth! The day will come—I doubt not has already come—when the mighty force of right will carry all before it, and the majesty of the people will be pre-eminent. *I*, sir, am no frenzied Tilburina. *I* see no gloomy thunder-clouds, and fitful flashes of lurid light; no murky obscurity and raging elements on the distant horizon. No, sir, I see but the glimmering of the early dawn; which, as the clouds of obstruction disappear, will brighten up into a brilliant future of peace, prosperity, and happiness to this country.'

Cheers and groans intermingled: after which several other less interesting and tedious members, including one bumptious freshman, addressed the house, and Villars heard the shouts of 'Divide' following him down the street, as he left with Rowley, discussing the evening's experience.

As a bear-garden the Union is not a whit behind the House of Commons; and I believe an honourable member has been known to throw at an opponent's head the water-bottle from which he was lubricating his throat.

Rowley accompanied Villars to supper, and the latter afterwards retired early to bed with a headache bred of Union heat and eloquence.

Shortly after twelve he was awakened by a knock at his door from the female servant of the establishment, who informed him, in agitated tones, that Egerton was in the station-house, and that a neighbouring householder, one of whose lodgers was another victim to the vigilance of the force, had just called for his landlord to bail him out. Charlie rubbed his eyes to clear his intelligence, and called out that he was very sorry, but he didn't see how he could help him, that his landlord had better get up at once and go. '*Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère,*' he thought; and after chuckling under the clothes at Harry's misfortune, he fell asleep again; only to be again awakened by the subject of his dreams, who burst into the room and detailed his adventures. Three or four of them had gone out in high spirits after supper, amused themselves by baiting policemen for a time, and making a general disturbance — had been detected smashing *Nulli Secundus*' lamp — one of them seized — the others had attempted to rescue him, and Harry had possessed himself of the policeman's truncheon 'unknownst.' This he displayed and flourished in the air with intense satisfaction. 'The beggar never knew I had it, he collared me for rescuing "Baby." Another peeler got hold of Boots, and we were hauled off for a couple of hours to the station-house.'

The next day they had to appear in Court, and

were fined ten shillings each. Egerton hung up his truncheon as a trophy over the chimney-piece, with a little ticket round it, as on other curiosities from China and elsewhere, 'Stolen from No. 17, Nov. 12th, Cambridge;' and means to hand it down to remote posterity for the admiration of his sons and grandsons.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

'Ut illi
Nil respondebam, "Misere cupis," inquit, "abire;
Jamdudum video: sed nil agis; usque tenebo,
Persequar; hinc quo nunc iter est tibi."' *—HORACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Egerton was going in for his degree the next week, he dined at the Beef Steak on the Saturday night preceding, and had a narrow escape of being obliged to give up his degree for that term. The whole party managed to get into a row near Magdalene, between eleven and twelve o'clock, on their way to supper; and a hulking rough, 'with knotted veins and gleaming eye,' according to a popular novel, 'took one step forward and felled Egerton to the ground.' He was taken into Magdalene senseless, and Charlie immediately sent for a fly and a doctor who assured him that no bones were broken, and that he would be all right the next

* When I didn't answer him, 'Poor fellow,' says he, 'you want to be off; I've seen it for some time; but it's no use, I shall stick to you, I shall go with you from here, whichever way you're going.'

day,—which, with the exception of a headache, he was.

'Have you seen the account of your row the other night that the Bore has written?' asked Villars two or three days after, meeting Egerton coming from the Senate House.

The Bore rejoiced in the name of Talbot, and was a man of some parts and no tact. He would hook himself on to any given arm for any length of time; and entertain the owner of the arm with a series of stories—'linked sweetness'—on the subject of his own sayings and doings; what he had said or done, or would have said, or would have done, such a sharp fellow was he. He occasionally said a good thing though, and was guilty every now and then of a passable squib. He used to contribute to the entertainment of the University public, in a magazine, till that publication went the way of all such publications, and died for want of appreciation, or lack of talent for its internal support. Talbot's was not a peculiar nature by any means. The world is full of funny dogs, who forget that there is a time to laugh and a time to cry, and that their witticisms may sometimes be more productive of irritation than amusement. I'm not sure which is the greatest bore, the egotist who occasionally amuses you, and more often is cheerfully irritating; or the silent friend who treads noiselessly by your side in whichever direction you turn. The former is the greatest when you are disinclined for conversation; and the latter when you

are in high spirits and require something more than monosyllabic interest. It is not easy to strike a balance and say which is the least objectionable.

However, Egerton had not seen Talbot's squib, which was not worth much really—a parody on Hohenlinden, headed 'Ecce iterum Campbell.'

In Bridge Street when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the stones below,
And darkly bright became the glow
Of gaslight gleaming fitfully.

But Bridge Street saw another sight,
When the Beef Steak came at dead of night,
Commanding gay young sparks to light
The darkness of its scenery.

By Dobbs and Scroggins fast arrayed,
Each rough he drew his battle blade,
And furious each Steak essayed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the stones with hobnails riven,
Then rushed the Earl to battle driven,
And swifter than the bolts of heaven
Came down his fists' artillery.

But fiercer yet that fight shall grow,
On Bridge Street stones now stained below,
And bloodier yet the stream shall flow
Through gutter rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens; on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave! Beef Steak, all thy banners wave;
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Falls Harry ere the battle close,
The Earl quick retribution shows,
And dark as midnight grew the nose
Of Scroggins, bleeding hideously.

'Tis o'er; but scarce yon peeler X,
Can pierce the Roundchurch waving sticks,
Where furious Dobbs and fiery Hicks
Shout in their murd'rous panoply.

Egerton thought it rather cheek Talbot's introducing him as 'Harry,' and Castleton as 'the Earl,' when he hardly knew them. But it was pleasant to be written about, and as he didn't know it was a parody, his vanity was a little flattered at being made the subject of an ode.

Any production which concerns itself with well-known circumstances or persons, however small its literary merit may be, is pretty sure of obtaining a temporary appreciation.

'He must be a cutish fellow to write that,' said Egerton; 'I wonder he doesn't go in for honours.' Cleverness, as we have seen, is generally measured at Cambridge by a classical or mathematical standard.

'He's going in for stinks, I believe,' he continued, in answer to Charlie's inquiry of what he was going to do.

'What on earth is that?' asked the latter, laughing.

'Don't you know? Chemistry, and all that sort of thing. Natural science, I believe they call it. You can take a degree in that.'

I believe it's a mistake to suppose that 'chemistry' means merely the analysis of pills and decoction of black draughts; the papers, I am informed, go somewhat deeper into the science, and even reach as far as the nice measurement and proportion of different kinds of powders; an eminently useful and interesting study for those whose minds incline towards such pursuits. Egerton's did not, and he finished his ordinary degree examination in the following week. Rejoicing in his regained freedom, he started next morning, with Charlie and a few others, to a near meet of Selby Lowndes, and having, as usual, allowed twenty minutes to dress, breakfast, and catch the train in, he was obliged to take his hunting things in a heap in the fly, and finish the horse with his hunting-whip from the box all the way to the station, dressing in the train, and breakfasting at Bedford. We see on the stage, and in books occasionally, pleasantly drawn pictures of the larky undergraduate, in a surplice and red coat, exulting in his rollicking effrontery under the unobservant eye of his tutor or dean. This may be a common practice; it never came under my notice. Boots and breeches, however, often go to chapel or hall, after the drag, under trousers, and it is not very long since a degree was taken in boots and breeches (covered of course)—after riding for the Whip—soon after steeplechases had been prohibited. Some people would say that 'there was a touch of class about that'—perhaps there was.

Egerton's last term was at its last gasp, and the

thought that the extinguisher was rapidly descending upon his career, seemed to make the remaining time go yet more swiftly than are wont to—

> 'Pass the hours away,
> When friends are near and hearts are gay.'

He had stayed up to the end of the term after taking his degree, and wound up his affairs, as far as in him lay, with a heavy heart. The more urgent of his creditors he appointed to meet him at ten o'clock on the morning of his departure, and at half-past nine he was on his way to Leicestershire for a few days before going to Charlie at Mottistone.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?'*—HORACE.

THE Vacation is over, and Charlie has spent it in the usual way. Egerton has been at Mottistone, and Blanche has retired early from talking with her young lady friends, to gaze into the fire and conjure up shapes among the shining coals. Harry, too, has sat long and thoughtfully in his arm-chair after leaving the smoking-room, till the second hour of morning has startled him from his reverie, and he has dropped off to sleep wishing that he was not a younger son. Who can peer through the misty veil which shrouds the future, or penetrate the depths of time, and say what joy or sorrow shall hereafter befall these two? who is confident enough to conjecture? Even I pretend not yet to any certain knowledge.

'O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.'

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* What restraint or limit can there be to my longing regret for one so dear?

At any rate, for the present, we have other interests to follow.

Charlie felt on his return the blank where Egerton was not,—

> 'As in a theatre the eyes of men,
> After a well-grac'd actor leaves the scene,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,'

so other minor friends had little interest at first in his eyes. The feeling, however, soon wore off under the exhilarating effect of skating.

The frost, which had put an end to his hunting in Gloucestershire, had provided amusement for Cambridge on the ice. The river was inaccessible to boats, and accessible for skates. Every ballast-hole or pond large enough to turn round upon, in the neighbourhood of the town, had its quota, and that no small one, of undergraduates and sweeping cads. Madingley being the largest, was the most popular, and therefore soonest spoilt. Chesterton, Waterbeach, even the Rifle Butts puddle, creaked to the passage of many an iron keel, and Charlie was brave enough to face sixteen miles of the roughest of ice—to skate from Cambridge to Ely with two or three equally brave friends. They arrived with light enough to see the Cathedral — a noble building, of which a description may be found elsewhere — and returned by train in the evening to crow over less hardy spirits. A select few drove over in flys on the following day, with luncheon, to the round pond at Wimpole, whiling away the nine-mile drive in rugs and whist, and escaping the importunities of 'Put

your skates on, sir,' 'Don't forget the sweepers, sir,' and such-like nuisances in the nearer and more crowded places.

The frost disappeared, to the delight of rowing and riding men, and the friends of men whose ablutions in the morning, like the Frenchman's, depended on the thermometer (every one, I suppose, knows the Gaul who put his nose out of bed, and said, 'It is very cold, I shall not wash')—and the exotic amusements of the ice died a natural death.

For men who neither ride nor row, the Easter term hangs rather heavy on hand. Some pass their afternoons in the Gymnasium, contorting their bodies, and increasing, I suppose, their muscle, fencing, boxing, or playing singlestick. My recollections of the latter amusement are not very pleasant. I only attempted it on one occasion in the Gymnasium, for a few minutes, with the gigantic descendant of 'the Great Twin Brethren,' who own the premises; and happening 'not wisely, but too well,' to touch him rather sharply on a soft part of the body, I left the place a very different colour to what I had entered it. The Ethiopian may not be able to change his skin, but the white man, under heavy punishment from a singlestick, undoubtedly can.

Eton men harden their hands at fives, or play football. Others run so many miles in the day round Fenner's: and others look at others running so many miles a-day round Fenner's. The latter is an amusement which it is hard to understand. Charlie rode an occasional drag, took a constitutional ride to

work off the morning's reading, or went for a walk with a constitutional friend, sometimes to Fenner's, to see a better class of sports; sometimes to the river to look at the University boat; and sometimes anywhere else. Looked on at a tennis-match, or played tennis; went to hall, and afterwards occasionally adjourned to coffee or a rubber till chapel time in Drummond's or Russell's rooms; read, dined, or teaed in the evening—'so runs the world away.' His first letter to Egerton gives a pretty fair idea of his sentiments on the term:—

'DEAR HARRY,

'It's awfully slow up here this term. Every one has gone down nearly. Hardly any one rides the drag, and the world is in a state of stagnation. Boots was up last week for a few days, and the Snipe came up for a night. I'm reading regularly hard now, and intend to stay up here at Easter. When are you coming up? it's awfully slow without you. Another man has got your rooms that I don't know; I don't care much about his looks. We had rare fun last night with Ananias at Wombwell's Menagerie on Midsummer Common. He took the part of showman; and went round all the animals, telling the most awful lies to an admiring crowd. It was awfully good. There was very nearly a row; the manager came up and objected. I went out in a pony-trap with Luther the other night, to see a fire near Trumpington, and he was so tremen-

dously energetic that he came out without any eyebrows, and looks a most curious beast now. He gets in such a jolly rage if he's chaffed about it. There are a good lot of dinners going on, and the A. D. C., I believe, is going to be very good. Come up soon, and let me know when you are coming.

'Yours ever,

'CHARLES VILLARS.'

There had been a great clearance of Charlie's immediate friends the term before; but there is always a constant succession of material for making friends out of—one down, another up—and one is no sooner off with the old love than on with the new. Freshmen begin to take the place of old men, and the absence of former friends, without whom it seemed that the place must appear a desert, soon begins to be unnoticed.

Egerton braved his creditors, and came up for the A. D. C. week; simply answering their applications for money, by saying that he had none; he should be very happy, indeed, to pay them if he had.

'Tui Catulli plenus sacculus est aranearum.'*

The Easter vacation arrived; and Villars went down for two or three days, returning to read some

* Your Catullus' purse is full of cobwebs.

of his mathematical subjects by himself till his coach came back.

None of his friends were up. The clubs were not open; and the fortnight would have passed slowly enough, if he had not been reading hard. As it was, he managed to survive it.

CHAPTER XL.

'Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow.'—THOMSON.

WHITE flannel trousers and cricket ribbons are again to be seen at every corner of the street, and the usual amusements of the May term are going on. Freshmen are reading for their May, and Charlie hard at work for his degree, attending morning chapels, and strolling out to Trinity bridge to look at the fresh May foliage in the cool morning air while

'Gyps across the court are hurrying with the early breads and butters—'

Then back to breakfast, coach, and read.

Mainwaring was in his year, and going in for the same examination in June. They went to the same coach, and Charlie had heard both from him and Blanche that the Charlemonts had returned to London. The latter gave glowing accounts of Emily—in such beauty and subdued spirits. He couldn't resist the temptation of going up to more than one ball at which he knew she

would be; and came back each time more unfitted for application, and more inclined for dreaming under the willows at the backs. Often he would take his eyes from his Reformation, and lean back abstractedly, lost in visionary fancies, till recalled by stern necessity to his work; when he would strive to fix his attention again on the dry analysis, which he was cramming up; and inwardly chafe at degrees, Examiners, and everything and everybody that obliged him to divert his thoughts from such pleasant subjects.

Egerton was in London for the season and came down to Cambridge occasionally for a night; when his engagements were stupid ones; and then Charlie would waste the evening in talking, and have to read yet harder next morning.

The first day of the examination at last arrived; and he entered the Senate House in the morning a little nervous, though well up in all his subjects.

Rowley, Marston, Gordon, and several others of his own year that he knew, were in at the same time, and it was interesting to compare notes on coming out from the several papers and discover the frightful mistakes they had made, either in happy unconsciousness, or owing to θέοθεν τὶς ἄτη—some momentary infatuation.

The Examiners stalked up and down, stern and frightful, as in the Little Go; and one unlucky wretch, two doors from Villars, was detected with his neighbour's papers in his possession. Hard upon his neighbour! who had his papers torn up as well, and

the two were requested to leave the Senate House, and try again in the October term.

For the best part of a week the examination went on, two papers a-day, with an interval for luncheon and fresh air; and at last it was over.

The list was not to be out for a week or so; but Charlie was satisfied, from what his coach said of his papers, that he had passed; and in the meantime betook himself with a light heart to Ascot. He had been asked, with the rest of his family, to stay at a place in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water, and —ecstatic thought! which interfered much with his work in the Senate House,—he was to meet the Charlemonts there.

The party was a large one, and the resources of the house in carriages and vehicles were taxed to the utmost each day to convey them to the course. Some of the elder ladies sometimes stayed at home, one being considered sufficient to chaperone the young ones; and on the Cup-day many stayed behind to avoid the crush. The weather was all that could be desired, and it was altogether a delightful week; particularly for those who had been in London all the season, and could thoroughly appreciate the change to a fresher air and country scenery.

On the Friday some of the party were to return, having engagements that evening in London; and among them were the Charlemonts. They had driven down in their own carriage, and were going to drive back, to escape the changing and crowding on the railway.

Charlie made an excuse for not going to the races that mornng; and having joined the others in a walk before luncheon, he soon found himself some way behind with Emily, who was looking handsomer than ever from the fresh country air and change. Was it unconsciously they took a different turn in that wood to the direction the rest had taken? I hardly think it was—at least, the conversation became more subdued and conscious as they went on. Perhaps they were listening to the varied notes of the birds that sang so gaily overhead among the green branches, which provided such a cooling shade. Perhaps the soft warm beauty of the summer morning was carrying their thoughts to a romantic future. At any rate neither had spoken for more than a minute, when Charlie proposed they should sit down upon a rustic seat, which stood under the shade of a patriarchal oak. Emily sat down, saying absently, 'Isn't it a lovely morning?' She was leaning forward, her parasol trifling with the end of a perfect little boot.

The soft enchantment of nature had worked its charm upon Charlie to fill up the measure of his love, and he burst out, after a moment or two, with a passionate declaration of his feelings. Need I say that they were not poured out in vain? Emily's dark eyes were turned upon him with such obvious acquiescence that he wound his arm round her unresisting waist, and the compact was sealed at once upon the blushing cheek which now rested on his shoulder. Long it rested there, and long did

Charlie drink in rapture from those eyes which looked up so brilliantly into his with such burning love. Moments these to feed upon in after days, in absence, in solitude, in tranquil ease.

The minutes flew by and became hours; neither would break in upon such delight till Emily's sense of propriety came to her rescue; and they wandered back, treading upon the lightest air, to find themselves considerably late for luncheon, and Mrs. Charlemont volubly anxious.

Emily went to her room to prepare for returning to London, and Charlie rather confusedly explained that they had lost their way, which nobody believed. *Affaires du cœur* going on in a country house do not escape the notice of vigilant mothers or observant young ladies; and it was quite arranged among the rest of the party that this was to be a marriage; so that they were not surprised to hear from Mrs. Charlemont before she left that it was as good as a *fait accompli.*

Charlie returned to town in the evening also, and it was generally known that night that Miss Charlemont was engaged to be married. Charlie Villars, as he passed through the dancers, was frequently pointed out as the man who was going to marry her; and while old ladies speculated on his eligibility, young ladies smiled to each other as they watched the two together, and young men ejaculated, 'Poor devil!' I suppose they were mostly younger sons, who couldn't afford to marry.

CHAPTER XLI.

'This went by
As strangely as it came, and on my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy.'—TENNYSON.

'The sails were filled, and fair the night winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam.'—*Childe Harold.*

THE degree-list came out, and Charlie figured in the first class—an honour which at any other time he would have been proud of. At present he had other thoughts to occupy his mind. Now that he was actually engaged, what was he going to do? Where was he going to live? It had never occurred to him to think of this before. The settlement of the important question was taken out of his hands. Mr. Villars was really angry at his becoming engaged so young, before he had time to make up his mind, or see anything of the world. He was the more provoked, too, because a year or two before he had pooh-poohed his wife when she had suggested her fears of such a result, and he had accordingly determined to send Charlie abroad for a year to

think about it, refusing in the meantime his consent to their marrying. Lady Mary, though it grieved her to consent to what she knew would occasion great pain to Charlie, was forced to agree that the arrangement was a wise one; and he was made acquainted with his fate at a private interview with his father the night before he returned to Cambridge to take his degree. It seemed hard, he thought, almost unkind; but he had sufficient respect and affection for his father not to irritate him by resistance, when he saw that his mind was made up. Blanche was all sympathy, and thought it *too* cruel; but a year would soon pass, and they would write every day, and he mustn't look so melancholy.

Egerton was very indignant at the shameful way, as he called it, in which Charlie was being treated. 'What's the use of being an eldest son,' he said, 'if you can't marry when you like, and who you like?' He went down with him to Cambridge to see him take his degree, and was a guardian-angel to him from chaff when he was out of hearing.

The congregation for conferring degrees on those who had passed in the recent examination was held at two o'clock, and the morning was spent in running about paying fees to proctors and others, signing names in the University register, getting certificates from tutors, and so forth.

The floor of the Senate House was thick with a motley crowd of incipient bachelors, dons, strangers, ladies, and others; while the galleries were filled

with the usual mob of undergraduates, who made the usual inept remarks. There was the customary delay, while the Vice-Chancellor, proctors, and others, examined certificates; then a few Masters of Arts degrees were conferred; and then the bachelors, in black clothes, bands, white ties, and sheep-skin hoods, were led up in handfuls by their respective tutors, each taking hold as best he might of any portion of the tutorial paw. The Vice-Chancellor sat in his scarlet robes and chair, and they were presented to him in Latin, each, as his name was called, kneeling down and undergoing a short Latin formula; rising—if he was a popular man, like Villars—amidst the applause of his friends in the gallery, a Bachelor of Arts—a full-blown B.A.

At the door, each man had a bedmaker, or gyp, or servant, waiting to take as a perquisite his undergraduate's gown, and invest him with the long-stringed black one of a bachelor—and the object of his three years at Cambridge is now accomplished.

Charlie remained up till the next day to settle his affairs, dispose of furniture, and pay a few bills; and then spared a small corner in his happy heart for a little regret at leaving for ever the scenes, where he had spent among such pleasant companions three such happy years—years that could never come again with their bright fresh life, and youthful zest of enjoyment—with their sparkle, and their effervescence, and their light-heartedness. Leaving college behind seemed like putting off youth. When he returned the place indeed would not be changed,

but the associations which made the place so dear, the friendships which gave it its attraction, the companions who had shared in his pursuits and his pleasures, and ministered to his enjoyment, they would be all changed and strange. The light laughter and gaiety of their successors would not ring so pleasantly in his ear,—would not have the same magnetic attraction to his heart. No, he had shut the door behind him; and when next he entered, occupants, ornaments, everything that lent a charm to the place, would have been swept away, and the memory of them alone remain.

The melancholy of regret kept but brief possession of his mind; it soon again reverted to brighter thoughts, and pictured in airy castles a blissful future of Emily and love. The present was the worst to bear. The recollection that in a few days the gulf of a year would be between them, occurred at times to dash the brightness of his prospect, but only rendered more precious the short space which yet remained.

Mrs. Charlemont was rather annoyed within herself at this postponement. She thought in the interest of her daughter that a bird in the hand was worth any number of others in prospect; but she agreed of course with Lady Mary that Charlie was certainly very young; and that it was very desirable that he should see a little of the world before tying himself down to married life. Emily was inconsolable, and almost refused to speak to

Lady Mary or Blanche, although the latter, poor, innocent soul! was as sorry about it as herself.

The last day came at length, and Charlie had to take a fond farewell, with passionate promises on either side of constant correspondence.

Egerton went to the station to see him off in the night-train for Paris, and was almost as melancholy himself as Charlie was — first, at the prospect of not seeing him for a year, and next, at his hard case in having to go away—'You 'll be sure and write, old boy, and tell me how you're getting on, and where you are,' he said, as they shook hands through the window of the carriage. Charlie promised he would, and the train moved off. Egerton gave him a last wave of the hand, watched the train out of sight, and then turned and wandered back, feeling rather desolate, into the busy streets again.

A few hours afterwards Charlie was on the sea. It was a calm, clear night, not a ripple on the vast extent of shining water. The moon shone down serenely from out the starry heaven, and there was nought to disturb the tranquil calm, save the passage of the vessel as it left its white streak of foam behind. He was ensconced in a rug upon the deck leaning against a coil of rope, and was gazing upon the glancing light which shot from the white foam as the moonbeams played upon it. Far away, though, were his thoughts from the snowy froth on which his eyes were resting; the dancing light

gave but a sparkle to his joy, and he leaned back and gazed up into heaven, picturing a happy world of light beyond that shining orb, in which one star should far outshine the rest, and brighten with its pure light his own future life. Dissolved in a dreamy ecstasy he lay, delicious visions floating through his mind, rapt in a soft reverie of blissful thought.

'Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st—
* * * * * *
Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart, and bloom of brow,
Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely—
Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoyed,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroyed.

THE END.

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